MARCH 25c

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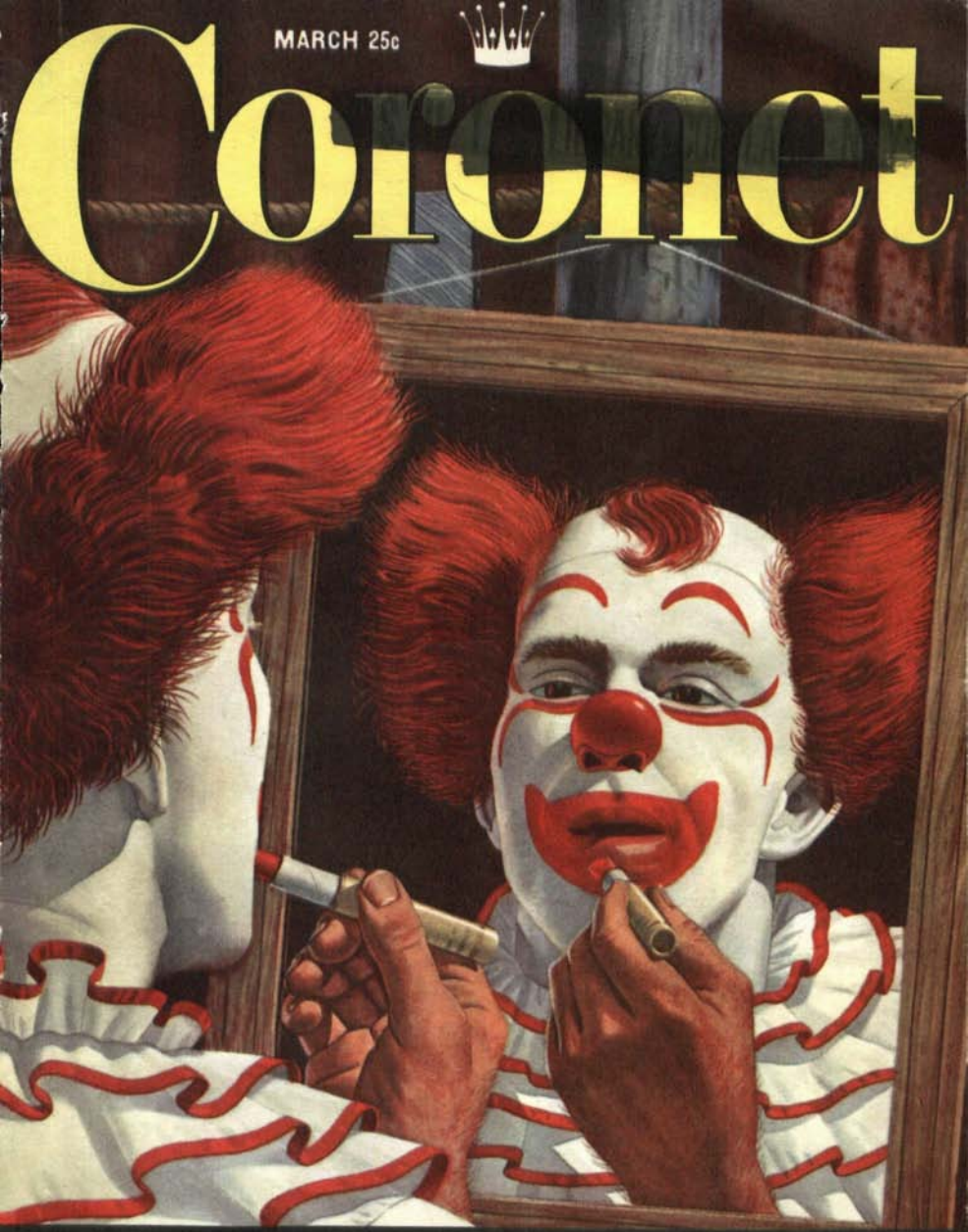

If I Had Five Wishes, by Ed Sullivan

Judy Holliday's Greenwich Village

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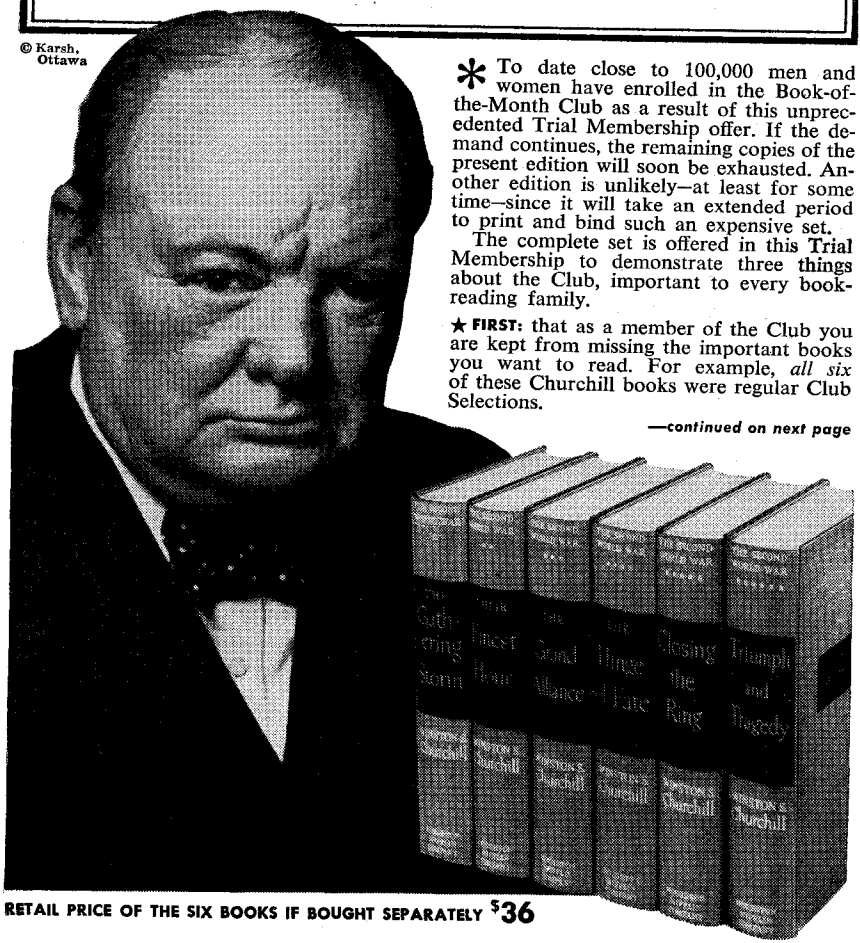

RETAIL PRICE OF THE SIX BOOKS IF BOUGHT SEPARATELY $36

* To date close to 100,000 men and women have enrolled in the Book-of-the-Month Club as a result of this unprecedented Trial Membership offer. If the demand continues, the remaining copies of the present edition will soon be exhausted. Another edition is unlikely—at least for some time—since it will take an extended period to print and bind such an expensive set.

The complete set is offered in this Trial Membership to demonstrate three things about the Club, important to every book-reading family.

★ **FIRST:** that as a member of the Club you are kept from missing the important books you want to read. For example, *all six* of these Churchill books were regular Club Selections.

—*continued on next page*

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ALL SIX VOLUMES

The Second World War by Winston Churchill

Given to you... IF YOU JOIN THE CLUB NOW AND

AGREE TO BUY SIX BOOKS OF YOUR CHOICE DURING THE NEXT TWELVE MONTHS

— continued from previous page

★ **SECOND:** that you get such books from the Club at a considerable saving. For example, the regular retail price of each of these Churchill volumes is $6.00; the price to Club members is only $4.00. Last year, on the average, the price paid by Club members for Selections was around *18% less* than the retail price.

★ **THIRD:** that, on top of this, you share in around $12,000,000 worth of free books distributed during the year to members as Book-Dividends. These six Churchill volumes may be considered "advanced" Book-Dividends, earned by the purchase of the six books you engage to buy later.

CONDITIONS OF THIS OFFER

★ **YOU AGREE TO BUY AS FEW AS SIX BOOKS** within your first year of membership from among the Club Selections and Alternates. During the year at least 100 good books will be made available to you, from which you may choose. You receive a careful advance description of each Selection and if you think it is a book you would *not* enjoy, you send back a form (always provided) specifying some other book you may want. Or you may say, "Send me nothing."

★ **YOU WILL RECEIVE ALL SIX VOLUMES OF *THE SECOND WORLD WAR* AT ONCE.** They will be sent with the first book you order from the Club. For a list of good books from which you can choose your first selection please see coupon below.

★ **AFTER BUYING SIX BOOKS** — and as long as you remain a member—you will receive a Book-Dividend with every second book you buy—a beautiful or useful library volume. This can be afforded because a fixed percentage of what each member pays is set aside in a special fund, and then invested in enormous editions of other books, each of which is a Book-Dividend sent *free* to members.

★ **YOU MAY CANCEL YOUR MEMBERSHIP** any time after buying six books. Membership in the Club is for no fixed period, continuing until notice of cancellation is received from the member.

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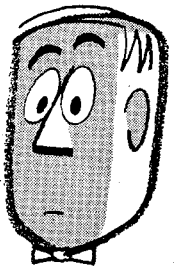

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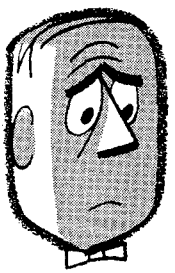

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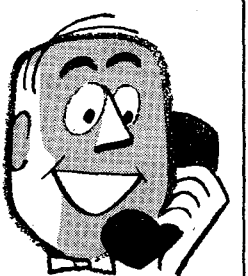

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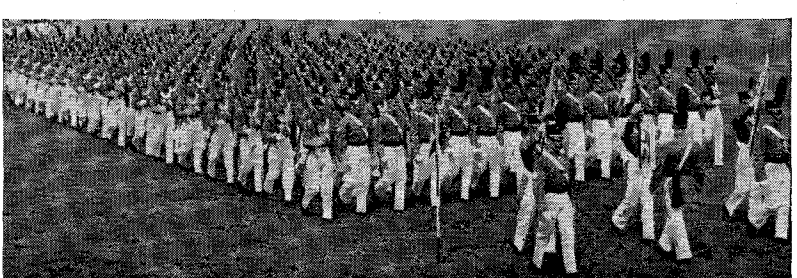
Marty Maher, from 23 to 75, as portrayed by Tyrone Power.

THE MONTH'S BEST...

THE LONG GRAY LINE

JOHN FORD'S expert direction guides Tyrone Power in a superb performance—followed closely by Donald Crisp—in this gentle story of an Irish immigrant. First as waiter and later as sergeant, he devotes 50 years to "bringing up the brass" at West Point. Maureen O'Hara and Robert Francis also contribute strongly to this Columbia picture, in CinemaScope and Technicolor.

United States Military Academy cadets parade in honor of athletic instructor.



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Because Only New Colgate Dental Cream—Of All Leading Toothpastes—Contains GARDOL* To Stop Bad Breath Instantly... Guard Against Tooth Decay Longer!

Your dentist will tell you how often you should brush your teeth. But whether that's once, twice, or 3 times a day, remember! Brushing for brushing, New Colgate's with Gardol gives the *surest* protection ever offered by any toothpaste! Gardol, Colgate's patented new decay-fighter, forms an invisible shield around your teeth that won't rinse off or wear off all day! And Colgate's stops bad breath *instantly* in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! Fights tooth decay 12 hours or more! Clinical tests showed the greatest reduction in decay in toothpaste history!

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TRAVEL

SUN, SNOW AND SAND

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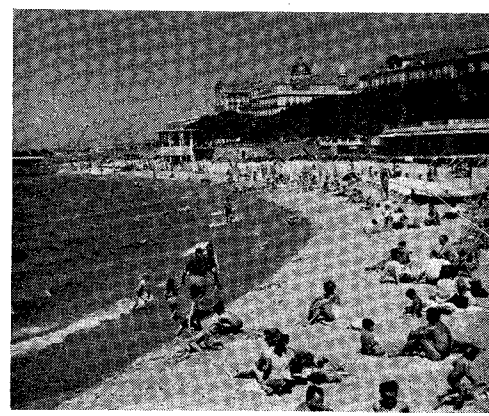

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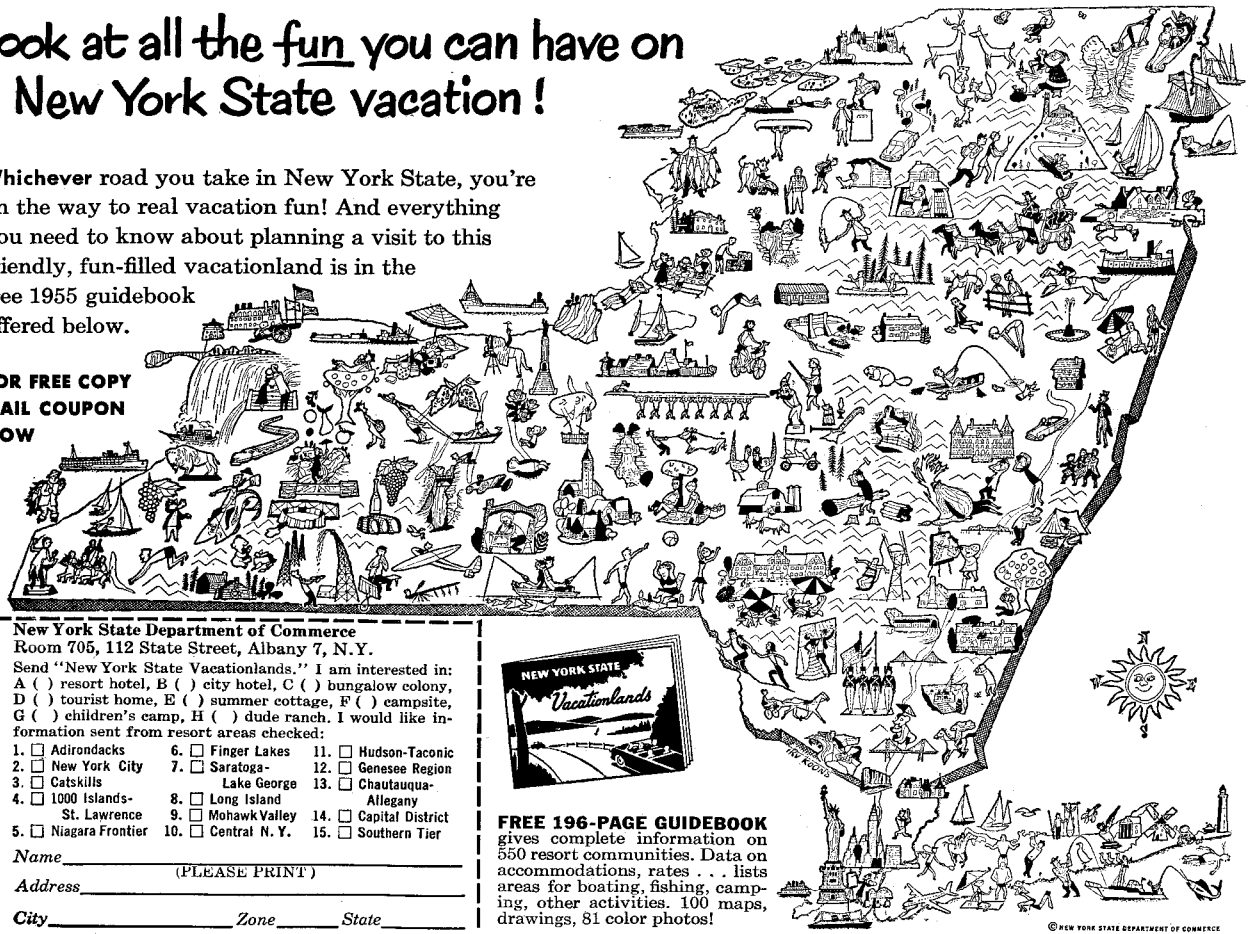

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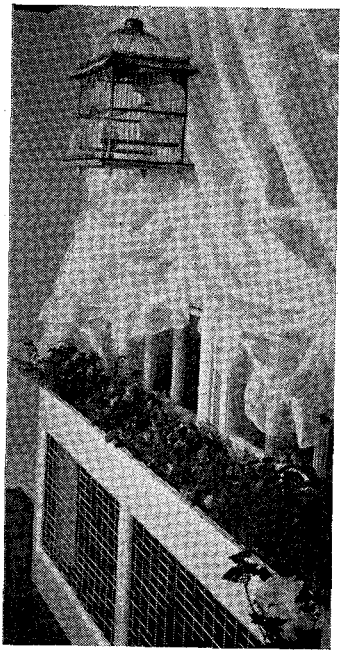
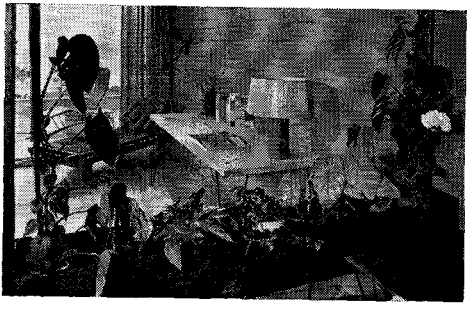
HOMEMAKING

PLANTS INDOORS

YOU CAN GROW a wide variety of plants indoors, including orchids. Arrange them in window boxes (below, *left*) or on glass shelves in windows (*right*); on tables and wall shadow-boxes (center, *right*) and, for climbers and big-leaf plants, in a long, low box as a room-divider (bottom, *right*). For best results, choose foliage plants which flourish in light but don't require sunny spots. In rooms which get only a few hours of daily sun, try wax begonia, African violets or sweet olive. Forced bulbs, like lily of the valley and paper-white narcissus, thrive; but shrimp plant and spathiphyllum need more sun. On a low coffee table, use maranta or baby's tears for added color.





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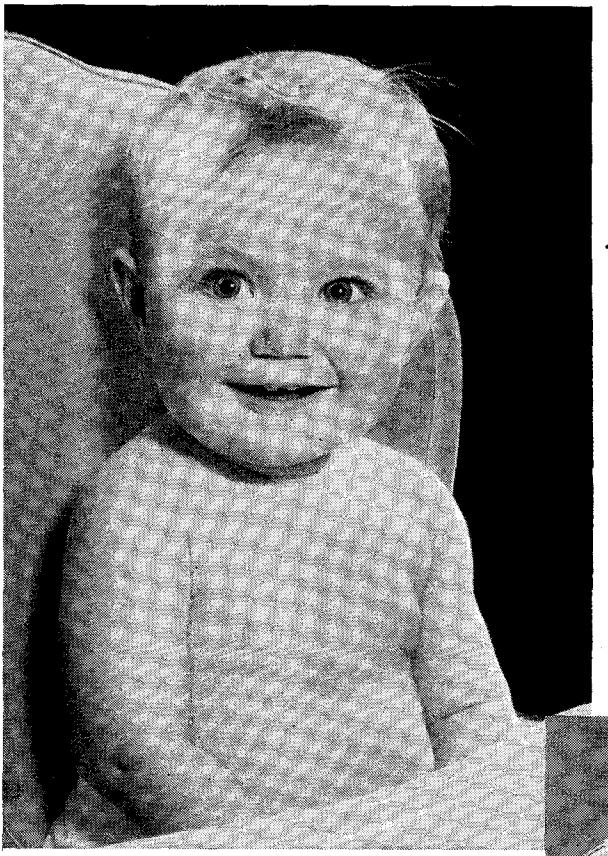
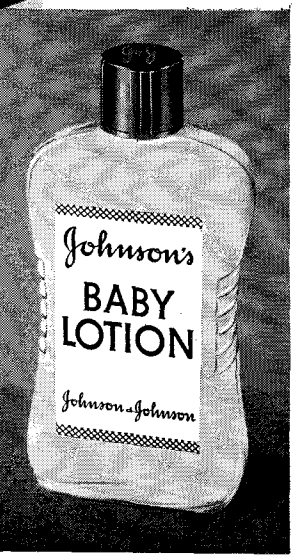


Keep him rash-free



Keep him happy with Lanolin-rich, oil-rich

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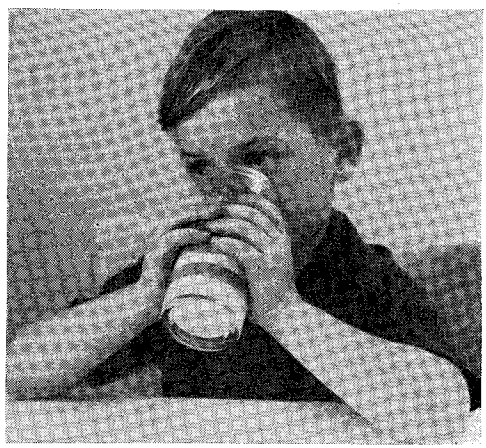
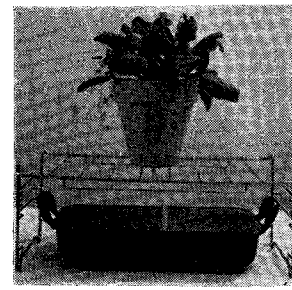
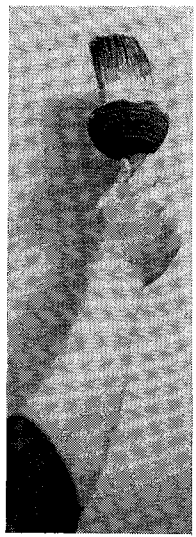
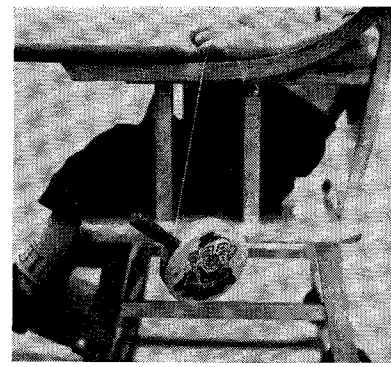
Easy Does It





If your youngster has trouble holding his drinking glass, wrap several colorful rubber bands around gripping area (*above*). For plant care while you're away, place flower pot on oven rack over pan of water (*right*). Connect a wet lantern wick from hole in pot bottom to water.





When painting walls, you can prevent paint from trickling onto your arm. Cut a child's rubber ball in half and make a hole in it large enough to insert paintbrush handle (*left*). Ball will catch the paint drips. Babies love to throw toys from high chairs and watch parents pick them up. Tie a string to each toy (*right*) and save unnecessary bending.

(Continued on page 14)

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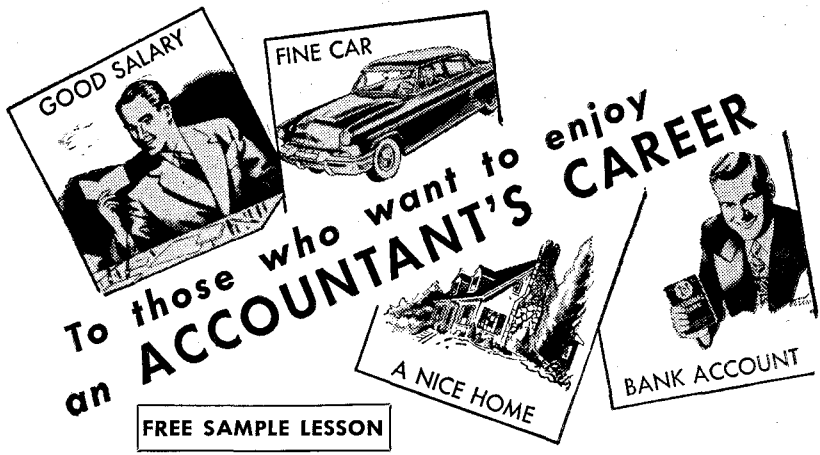

To those who want to enjoy an ACCOUNTANT'S CAREER

FREE SAMPLE LESSON

IF you're one of them, here's something that will interest you.

Not a magic formula—not a get-rich-quick scheme—but something more substantial, more practical.

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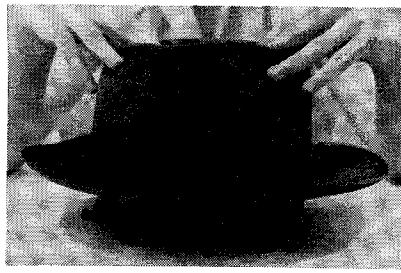
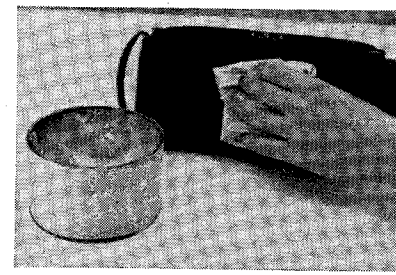


If felt hat loses shape in rain, turn sweatband down and stand hat on it. Then shape hat; edges won't curl in drying.



To spotproof and shine a pocketbook or briefcase, gently rub a thin coat of floor or furniture wax over leather surface.

After large pieces of broken glass are swept, wipe area with a piece of absorbent cotton to pick up any tiny slivers.

To freshen slightly stale rolls, place in paper bag, hold under cold water until barely damp, and heat bag in oven until dry.

Preserve the soft topping on pie by coating blade of a thick knife with a thin film of butter before cutting into serving wedges.

Too much salt in soup? Add thin potato slices, boil several minutes; remove, taste soup. If needed, repeat with another potato.

Adapted from NBC-TV's "Home" Show (11 A.M. to 12 noon, EST, Monday through Friday).

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You wouldn't hesitate to wear glasses if you needed them...

Why should you hesitate to wear a hearing aid if you need one?

Research reveals that the most frequent reason for not wearing a hearing aid is *vanity!* But hundreds of thousands of people know that a small ear-button doesn't change their appearance. They wear a hearing aid proudly and happily because they are as eager to put their friends at ease as they are to be at ease themselves. If your physician recommends an aid, and *if you know the facts about hearing aids,* you will wear a Zenith. You'll find other aids selling at two to three times as much, but you can't buy a better hearing aid than a Zenith at any price! Choose from a complete line of 3-transistor models...including the latest achievement in Zenith's crusade to lower the cost of hearing: the tiny, new, "75-X", Zenith's finest quality, and only $75!

ZENITH® HEARING AIDS

By the Makers of World-Famous Zenith TV and Radio Sets

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, 5801 DICKENS, CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS

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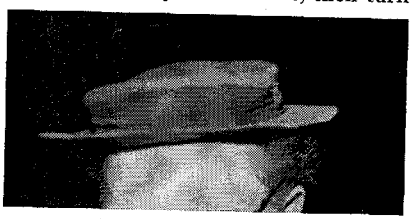
TELEVISION

TV TOPPERS

BY MAX BRANDEL

THE HATS PICTURED below cover the heads of ten famous television personalities and have become almost as well known as the stars who own them. See if you can identify the wearers, then turn page upside down to check your answers.

1



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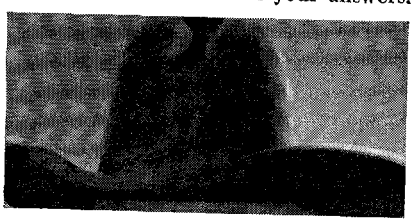

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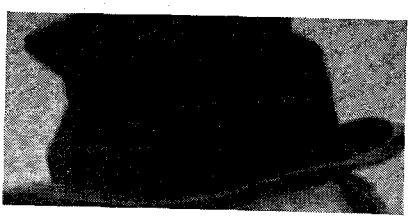

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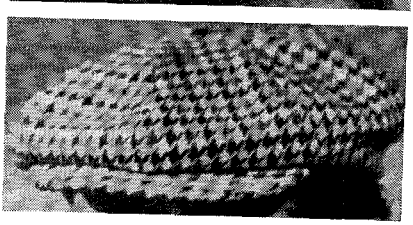

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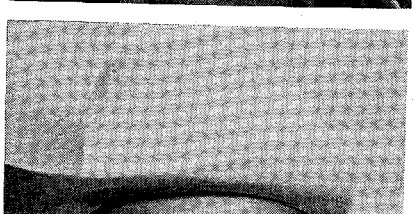

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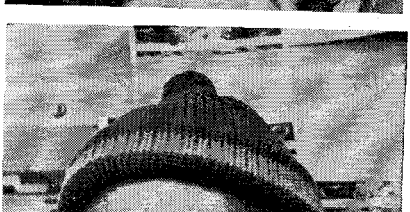

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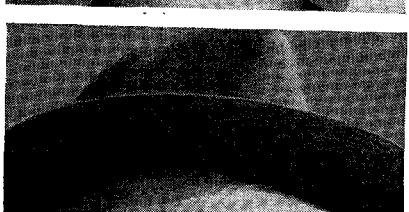

Answers: 1. Ed Wynn, 2. Sid Caesar, 3. Jackie Gleason, 4. Red Skelton, 5. Red Buttons, 6. Hopalong Cassidy, 7. Kingfish, 8. Jack Webb, 9. Roy Rogers, 10. Jimmy Durante.

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"NOT A SINGLE CAVITY IN OVER 2 YEARS"

. . . thanks to ANTIZYME, the first continuous-action anti-enzyme tooth paste.

"MY DENTIST FOUND FIVE OR SIX NEW CAVITIES EACH YEAR. IN THE PAST TWO YEARS, SINCE USING ANTIZYME, I HAVEN'T DEVELOPED A SINGLE NEW CAVITY."

Mrs. Jean Warneke
Grayslake, Illinois

Actual, Living proof . . . this new completely different kind of tooth paste, really stopped decay! Here's why . . .

1. No other type of tooth paste—regular, ammoniated or chlorophyll—protects for more than ½ hour.

2. Now, Antizyme, the first continuous-action anti-enzyme tooth paste, *stops the major cause of tooth decay 12 to 24 hours* with each brushing. This has been proved for 9 out of every 10 people tested.

. . . stops the major cause of tooth decay every minute of every day

Here's how you can discover Antizyme—and save!

½ PRICE SALE

Two 33¢ tubes of Antizyme. You pay regular price for one, get the other for one half price. You pay only 49¢ for both!

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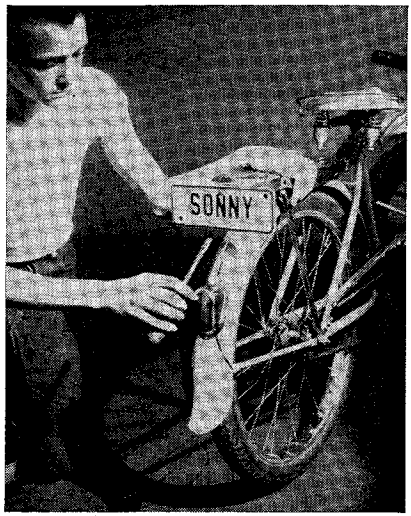
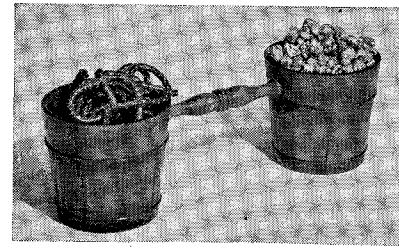
NEW PRODUCTS

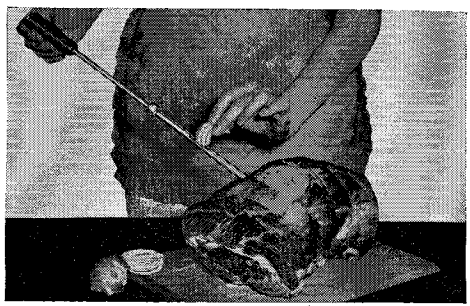
Coronet's Family Shopper



FOR LITTLE WHEELS. Junior License Plates are steel, same color as Dad's. Any name up to 7 letters. $1; B. Cantor, Dept. CR, 1711 Walnut St., Phila. 3, Pa.



BUCKETWINS for the gracious hostess. Two handy helpers for snack serving can double as holders for potted plants. Handmade of Vermont pine with birch handle, finished in antique honey tone. About 5" x 15". $3.25 from Kathryn Korey, Box 52-C, Jackson Hgts., N.Y.



THEY'LL NEVER GUESS how the butter got *inside* the baked potato unless you confess you used Flavor-full. Slips any flavoring into any food. Aluminum rod, teakwood handle. $2.98; Weld, Dept. CO, 505 5th Ave., N.Y.C. 17.

NAME THAT "TUNE." Learn to identify 24 feathered songsters with unbreakable 78 rpm Bird Song Record. Companion identification wheel is a nature quiz game—gives facts and color illustrations for each bird. Both for $2; World of Adventure, Box 438-HC, Ann Arbor, Mich.

(Continued on page 20)

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To protect your family, can you set aside... ☐ $2 a week? ☐ $4 a week? ☐ $6 a week?

If you were to die, it's true your wife could probably get a job. But it's hard for a young widow to work *and* give your children the proper care.

Fortunately, there's a practical way to meet this problem by budgeting just a few dollars a week. For full information, we'll be glad to *mail* you a free copy of our booklet, *"Face the Facts."* It will show you:

1. How to figure your family's needs in case something happened to you.

2. How much you would have to budget to give your family guaranteed protection.

John Hancock
MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THE JOHN HANCOCK
200 Berkeley Street, Dept. N-5, Boston 17, Massachusetts

Please *mail* me a free copy of your new booklet, *"Face the Facts."* To protect my family, I can set aside ☐ $2 a week; ☐ $4 a week; ☐ $6 a week.

Name_____ Age_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

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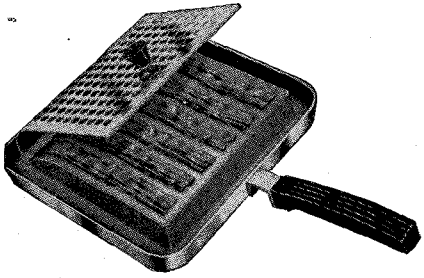
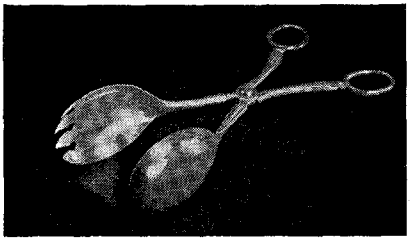
NEW PRODUCTS

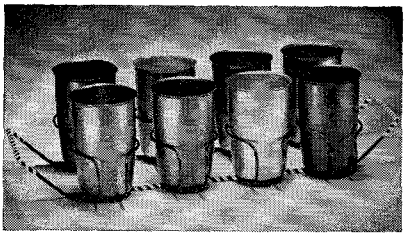
Coronet's Family Shopper



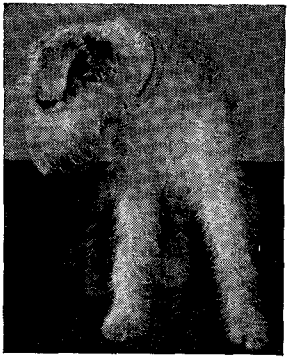
BACON AS YOU LIKE IT. Covered aluminum grill prevents curling, eliminates turning. Trough collects grease. Ideal for eggs, sandwiches, too. $4.35; Lewis & Conger, 6th Ave. at 45 St., N.Y.C. 36.



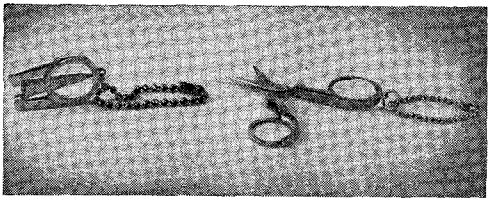
SERVING IS SIMPLE—and simply lovely—with this fine table piece for salad, spaghetti, meats. 8½″ server is silverplate on copper. $2.95; Lord George Ltd., 1270 B'way., Dept. F, N.Y.C. 1.



READY TO SERVE in their own wrought-iron tray are these unbreakable 12-oz. aluminum tumblers. Complete set, in assorted colors, is $3.95. From Crystalier, 485 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C. 17.



K-9 COLLAR rids dogs of fleas and ticks forever. Apply safe K-9 cream to special hand-stitched leather collar once a month. $3 for both, from the Paul Alexander Company, 75 Madison Ave., N.Y. 16, N.Y. Specify collar size.



WHEREVER YOU GO your keys go with you, and with them, these versatile folding scissors. Solingen stainless steel blades fold neatly to insure safety. Open to 3″. $2.50; Empire Lion Sales Company, Dept. C, 1550 46 St., B'klyn 19, N.Y.

Merchandise shown on these pages may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated.

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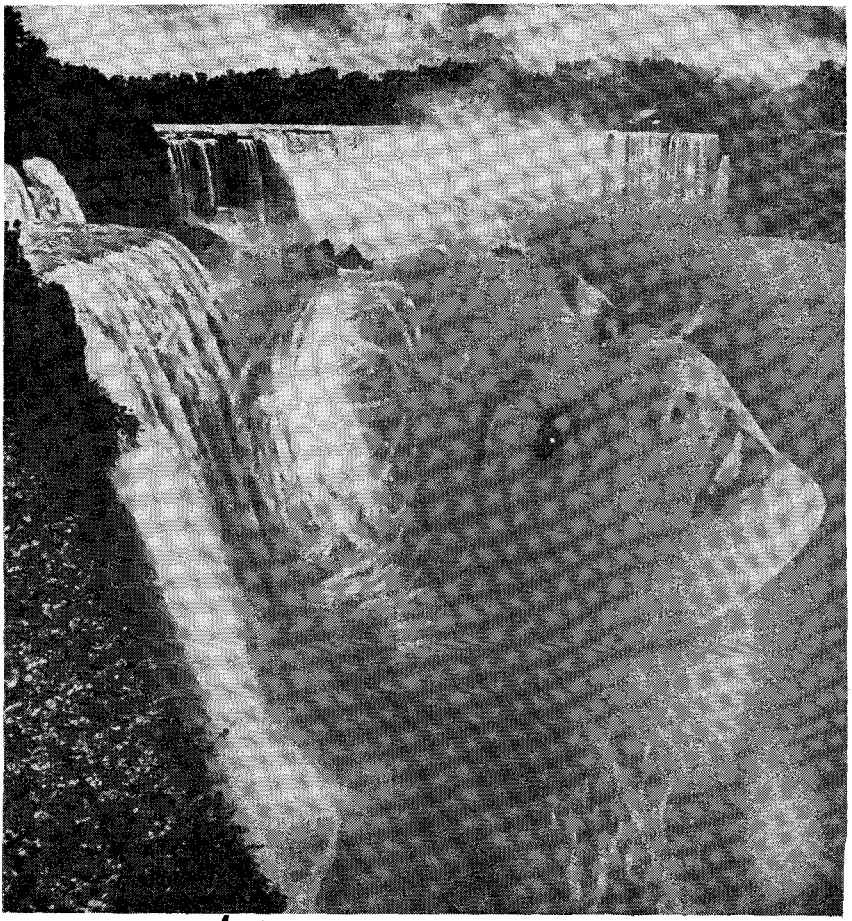

Lenthéric MIST

... with the lure of a legend

Appealing as the story of the Indian Maid... whose spirit 'tis said can still be seen by young lovers in the Mist of the great falls... Lenthéric has captured all the romance of that legend in the marvelous aerosol spray MIST Toilet Water Concentrate. Yours to have and to love... *in Tweed, Miracle or Red Lilac* 2.25... *in Adam's Rib or Dark Brilliance* 2.75... prices plus tax

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STEP INTO YOUR WIFE'S SHOES

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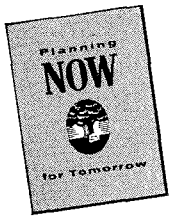
and Take This Burden Off Her Shoulders

Start with this fact. Seven out of ten women survive their husbands. Then stop and visualize the problems *your* wife may have to face—all alone, overnight, and at a time when grief renders her least capable of facing them.

For her sake, face, as a family, two of those decisions now, Select a family plot *in a cemetery that allows you the privilege of erecting a monument of granite or marble.* Choose and buy that monument while you can pay for it out of income rather than leave it for her to purchase out of your estate.



For invaluable advice on how to ease the burdens of a family bereavement, write for a free copy of "Planning Now for Tomorrow."

For sound counsel and a fair price on a monument correctly designed from quality material, rely on a Monument Dealer who displays this emblem.

MONUMENT INSTITUTE OF AMERICA

Monument Institute of America, Inc., 282 Delaware Ave., Buffalo 2, N.Y.

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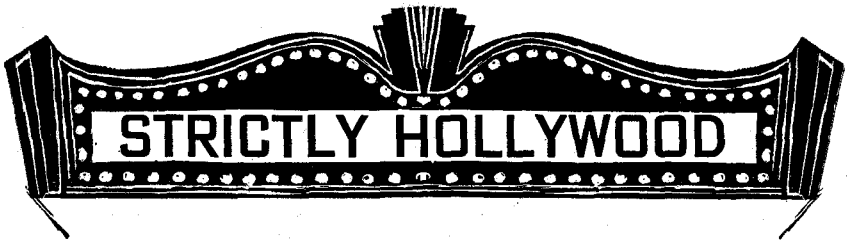

A HOLLYWOOD PRODUCER called a writer into his office to discuss the man's latest script. "It's not bad," the producer admitted, "but I want you to rewrite it and put in more conflict."

"Conflict?" asked the surprised writer.

"Yes," was the answer, "and I want you to be sure that you know the meaning of conflict. Listen, this is what I call conflict: One guy wants to be a jet pilot and the other guy wants to be a concert pianist, and they're Siamese twins. That's conflict!" —DAN BENNETT (*Quote*)

A HOLLYWOOD RIVALRY between two onetime sirens of the screen has existed since silent picture days. At a recent gathering, they found themselves seated side by side.

"I remember that movie you made in 1930," said one. "But I didn't see you in your first success. I was in the kindergarten."

"You were?" the other exclaimed. And then, sweetly: "I didn't know you had been a schoolteacher!" —*The Sign*

IT IS A WELL-KNOWN movie mogul's custom to telephone his press agent at all hours of the day and night and from unexpected places throughout the world.

Awakened at 4 A.M. by a call from his employer recently, the PA said, "Should I talk fast or slow?"

"What do you mean 'fast or slow'?" the producer asked.

The agent answered, "Well, if you're in California I'll talk slow . . . if you're in New York, I'll talk fast."

"Talk medium," said the boss. "I'm in Chicago." —*Telephony*

THE LATE BILL HOWARD, when a promising young comer in the field of directing, incurred the wrath of Winnie Sheehan, head of his studio. Howard held a big contract that had months to go, but Sheehan took his current picture from him and reduced him to a kind of clerkhood around the office.

Howard refused to quit, and patiently went about his mean little chores. Indignant, Sheehan further reduced him to a messenger's role.

One day a representative of the bank on which the studio heavily depended arrived with a party of friends to see the lot. No one else was available, so Howard was given the job of guide.

His manner was so pleasant and his knowledge of the studio so great that the banker warmly complimented him at the end of the tour.

"How much do you make a week, young man?" he asked.

"Thirty-five hundred dollars," Howard said honestly. —BOB CONSIDINE

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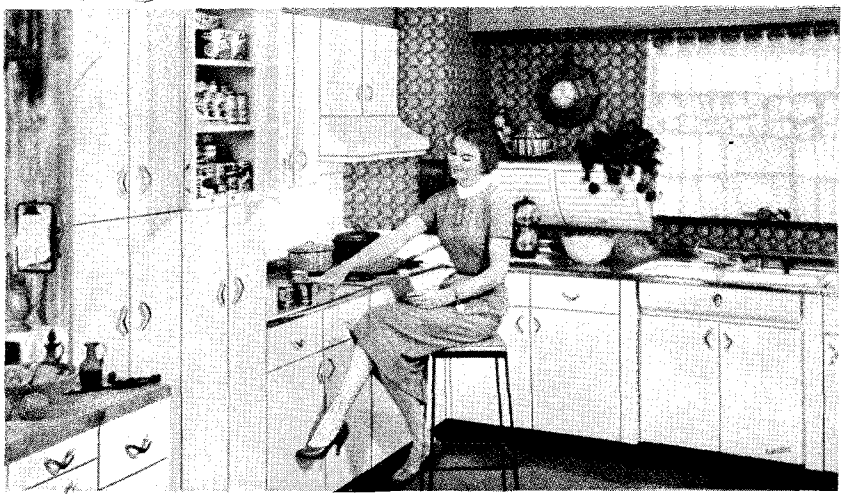
Youngstown Kitchens brings you

the FRESH look!



Your new dream kitchen is here, at a price you can afford!

Let your nearby Youngstown Kitchen dealer show you how little it costs to own a Youngstown Kitchen . . . why steel is best . . . and why a steel Youngstown Kitchen adds lasting value to your home. Let him show you the *fresh* look in Youngstown Kitchens. Ask about his free kitchen planning and decorating advice.

He'll show you *your* dream kitchen in miniature, how *you* can install it. If building or buying, specify a Youngstown Kitchen. You'll *save!*

STEEL Youngstown Kitchens

MULLINS MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
Warren, Ohio

Sold in the United States, Canada and most parts of the world

Youngstown Kitchens, Mullins Manufacturing Corporation
Dept. CR-355, Warren, Ohio

Please send new kitchen-planning and decorating advice in big 11″ x 17″ full-color "Answer Book." I enclose 10c for mailing (no stamps, please).

NAME (Please print) _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____

COUNTY _____ STATE _____

I plan to build a house ☐

I plan to buy a house ☐

I plan to modernize ☐

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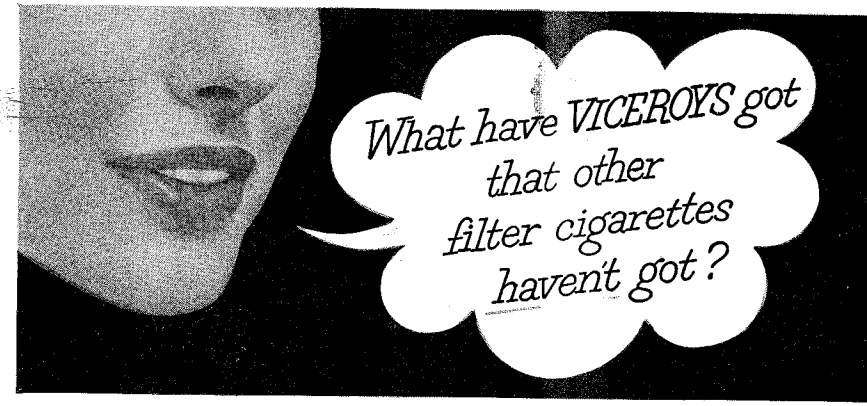
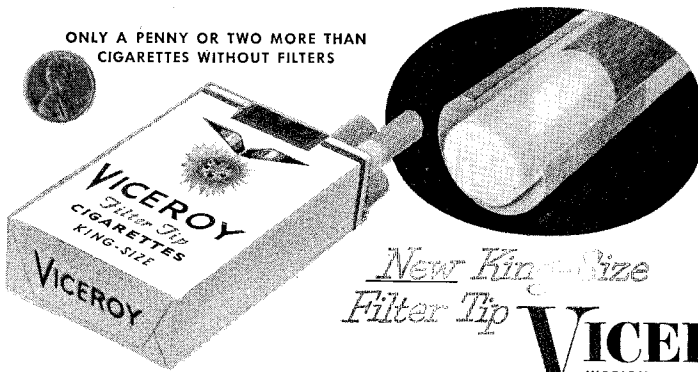


ONLY A PENNY OR TWO MORE THAN CIGARETTES WITHOUT FILTERS



20,000 individual filters . . . and Viceroys taste so rich . . . draw so freely!

New King-Size Filter Tip

VICEROY

WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING FILTER TIP CIGARETTE

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Coronet

NINETEENTH YEAR

MARCH 1955

A Teen-Ager Talks Back

by TOM SLINKARD

PROBABLY NO generation has been subjected to more searching observations, more contradictory diagnosis, than mine. I belong to that strange breed—age 15 to 21—which so disturbs its elders that legislators, educators, socialists and community leaders everywhere are conducting wholesale investigations in an attempt to understand us.

What are we like? What do we think? What got us into this mess? And please, is there any hope? These are the questions.

To guarantee that the final picture is not one of a nation held at bay by some 15 million knife-wielding, marijuana-puffing, sex-hungry, "crazy, mixed-up kids," we hope the investigators will look at more than incidents which daily produce such headlines as: TEEN-AGERS FIGHT —ONE DEAD, TWO WOUNDED; DRUNKEN YOUTH SLAYS SWEETHEART; TEEN-CRIME PEAK ON WAY; BOY GENIUS POISONS RIVAL; YOUNG VANDALS WRECK CHURCH.

But even when the committees complete many of their studies, the picture will still be fuzzy. Though Americans like to name each generation, no one can agree on what to call mine.

It has been variously tagged the "dull generation," the "self-centered generation," the "silent generation," the "new lost generation." I have yet to find a name for those of us born between 1933 and 1939; *The Unwanted Generation.*

This doesn't mean we deserve or wish pity. But by considering the possibility that this generation *might* have been unwanted, we can perhaps understand better its dreams.

To see how millions of young

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people can feel themselves unwanted as a group, one must look beyond individuals. If you think of my generation not as your brothers, sisters or own children, but as guests in your home, three circumstances of our presence indicate that as a generation, we bear the marks of being unwanted.

First, an unwanted guest's arrival is avoided or delayed. My generation was born during worldwide economic depression. War was threatening in Europe and the Orient. Church loyalty was less apparent. Many families were uprooted in migrations to cities, to homes of relatives.

SOME PARENTS COULDN'T afford the economic burden of having a child in the Thirties. Somehow it seemed immoral. Recently a friend's mother told him: "It took every ounce of optimism I could muster to bring a child into the world the way it looked in 1935."

Our parents were not selfish: they wanted the best for their unborn children. They simply did not feel up to having them. Hence, from 1933 to 1939, this country's birth rate dropped lower than ever before.

Second, the most common way of treating the unwelcome guest is to give him the cold shoulder. Everyone knows how it is to enter a roomful of people and feel out of things.

Now we cannot blame our parents that at our most impressionable age, they were fully occupied with defense-plant jobs, fighting in a war, performing the hundreds of chores necessary to survival during World War II. But the fact remains that many of us had only the barest acquaintanceship with home from 1941 to 1946.

Kids in booming industrial centers arrived at school by 7 A.M., lined up for breakfast, marched to class, lined up for lunch, marched to class, spent non-school hours at supervised recreation centers, were picked up by harried mothers or fathers at dark, rushed through supper, dragged to bed, with hardly a word spoken by parents more worn-out than the children themselves.

Then the war was ended. For many of us, the home never came into its own again. Some of us found new supervised activities in civic, club, school and church organizations. Still others were left to seek their own groups wherever they might find them.

Present-day concern with giving us big schools, super-recreation facilities, the best of psychiatric counseling, trained child-guidance experts—all worthwhile projects—implies a certain frantic effort at dissimulation. It's as if preceding generations were trying to make something up to us. The attention we receive is a bit too insistent to be real.

Third, how do people behave when they sense that they're unwelcome? Either the rejected person will withdraw and try to be inconspicuous, or he will try to exceed himself, do something extraordinary so he'll be felt.

The silence, the apparent dullness of my generation, has been commented on. Writers have called us reticent. Old grads returning to our campuses find us stuffy, unimaginative. President Nathan Pusey of Harvard warns that we possess no drive to remake the world.

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Among my friends, a very real fear exists of being too outspoken, of being different, of doing a thing too well. Approval by our peers is our goal. But we soon learn that approval earned by conformity is a washed-out substitute for being genuinely welcomed for ourselves. So we withdraw even more.

We get in cars and rove the streets, really wanting only someone to talk to, to listen to. How many nights have I followed a pattern as unvarying as a milk route? First to the ice cream parlor for coffee, pick up a friend, drive to another friend's house, talk a minute, then to the car and off again, to a drive-in and a Coke, to another friend's, to the highway intersection five miles south and the feigned excitement of a drag race, to a drive-in and perhaps a free-for-all, looking for something.

Nor have I been alone. How many fellows, how many girls—all the faceless kids through high school and now two years of college—have been with me on these restless prowls! We listen to jazz and sometimes drink beer and wear crazy haircuts and "customize" cars and cultivate all sorts of pretensions, hoping to find welcome acceptance by others who cultivate the same pretensions, yet knowing, even as we pretend, that we just don't belong to each other or to anybody, but are drifting. Then we get tired of drifting, and decide to do something to make ourselves felt.

I remember my senior year in high school when the local newspaper published an article I had written about my school's overcrowded conditions. The day it came out, a teacher stopped me in the hall and said: "If you're so smart, why don't you just take over the schools and see how well *you* do!"

I didn't want to run the schools. I didn't think I was smart. Nor did I want to write any more for a long time, and I no longer cared if the school was crowded. So back to the night rides and the prowls.

When the need to be felt is so stifled by unfeeling and antagonistic adults that it can't be expressed in positive, constructive action, the unwanted youth will make himself felt in ways which cannot be ignored.

This year, one-half the persons arrested for all major crimes against property will fall in my age bracket. More of us are addicted to dope than in any previous time. A survey indicates that half of us approve of pre-marital sex relations; a third of us will engage in them this year.

In other words, a significant proportion of what is thought of as anti-social behavior can be laid to one-eleventh of the population born within a period of six years. Does this mean our society is approaching collapse? Not at all. Let's look at the positive side.

The first step in making guests feel welcome is to put misgivings about the past aside and take a fresh look. The same treatment might

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very well work for my generation.

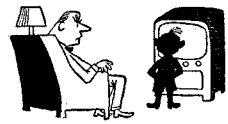
Enjoy us for what we are. Don't take us too seriously. View us with a sense of humor. What if we don't achieve the most we're capable of? No one generation by itself has ever set mankind upon an unalterable course. If we make mistakes, they can be corrected.

Don't try to make things up to us. Don't mistake elaborate school facilities for education. No neighborhood recreation center can replace the home. No psychiatrist can fill in for a parent. Investigating juvenile-delinquency problems is no substitute for man-to-man or woman-to-woman talk between fathers and sons, mothers and daughters.

Lastly, what are the secret, unvoiced yearnings of my generation? Deep down, we want the freedom of opportunity. If we are to be truly democratic, then each of us must be assured the same basic rights enjoyed by other Americans. We can no longer reward or penalize because of an individual's race or creed.

We want the freedom to lead mature lives. Frivolous fads, fashions, phonies—promoted by groups—take turns being God for a Day. As much as possible, we must make places for the crackpots among us. This does not mean that we cannot belong to a group. It does mean that the individual, not the group, should have the right to determine the use to which his talents are put, the goals to which his life can best be dedicated.

With these freedoms, my generation will have a good chance of solving problems raised by the destructive and rebellious among us. I have no doubt that from among the juvenile lawbreakers of today will come new lawmakers, judges, theologians, philosophers, while from among those who at this moment appear the dullest, the most docile and the quietest will come new revolutionaries, philosophers, artists and prophets, who can inspire future generations. In other words, my generation is not in such bad shape as some might think.



All Kinds of People

NEIGHBOR'S CHILD: A creature that stands half-way between an adult and a television screen. —Lincoln University *Clarion*

RESERVIST RECALLED TO DUTY: A GI who got out of the service but made the mistake of telling them where he lived. —BOB HOPE

GOSSIPS: The spies of life. —JENNIFER GRAHAM

BORE: Someone who's talking when you're interrupting. —RED SKELTON

OPTIMIST: A person who thinks he has heard the last humorous definition of an optimist. —STAN WEST

EGOTIST: One who thinks that if he hadn't been born, people would wonder why. —*Changing Times*

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A helpful neighbor frequently "prescribes" only trouble

Let's Close Our Backyard Clinics!

by LUCILLE BRITT

MRS. BROWN IS NOT a doctor, yet she is one of the most active medical specialists of the "backyard clinic."

She has a remedy for every human ailment, and will even prescribe for a sluggish goldfish or a rheumatic dog. She encourages ill-health conversation, listens sympathetically and never fails to offer a suggestion or two.

"I've just the thing for Tom," she told the wife of a neighbor who had been feeling below par. "He'll be his old self in no time. It's a tonic that I took a few years ago and it did wonders for me."

That's how the "backyard clinic" operates—a simple, sincere prescription given across the bridge table, on the street corner, in the super-market or over the backyard fence. But that is only the beginning.

Tom took a tablespoon of Mrs. Brown's medicine, morning and night, until he became so upset that he went to see his doctor. It seems that Tom is a rehabilitated alcoholic and the medicine contained some 20 per cent alcohol.

But let us suppose that Tom's medical history had not listed him as an alcoholic. The prescription his wife had received from the "backyard clinic" would still have been dangerous, and here's why.

A doctor's prescription is what you might call custom-made for one particular patient. Two people may exhibit the same symptoms and yet be suffering from different diseases. On the other hand, one person may have the mumps and exhibit one kind of symptoms, while another, host to the same virus, is sick in a different way.

A doctor prescribing for these patients varies the kind of ingredients, amounts and proportions of the drugs, to fit the patient. When this prescription is passed on to another, a life is in jeopardy.

There are sidelines to disaster in

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Old wives' tales about medicine stealthily creep in and out of backyard "consultation rooms" . . .

prescription-passing that point out the wisdom of destroying all prescribed medicine after it has served its original purpose. This practice takes away the temptation to hand it to a friend.

It also eliminates the possibility of forgetting which package of pills or which bottle of medicine was prescribed for what. "Did the doctor give me the pink pills that time I had that spell of nervousness, or was it the white ones?" "This is that cough medicine the doctor gave Ellen the time she had that bad cold, I think." It could be something quite different and it doesn't pay to take a chance.

Another thing few people realize is that many drugs are unstable, even on the druggist's shelves. They may change in potency or chemical composition to make them useless, if not potentially dangerous, even to keep in the medicine cabinet.

When you bought a certain medicine, you had the guarantee of the licensed pharmacist that it was exactly what the doctor ordered, but a year later only a chemical analysis could make certain what you have in your bottle.

But let's go back to the "backyard clinic." Not long ago, my friend Grace's doctor advised her family that she should be put under the care of a psychiatrist. The family followed his advice—until a bridge-table diagnostician took Grace's mother aside and told her, "Grace doesn't need a psychiatrist any more than I do."

Almost at once, all family confidence in the psychiatrist was dealt a jolting blow. "All she needs is a vacation away from home and her husband," the woman went on. "It will do her a world of good. That psychiatrist will just keep her coming back and coming back and he'll tell her silly things like she hates her father or she's jealous of her child. Look what a cruise did for Mrs. C."

Grace took that cruise, and each day away from her family heightened her depression. She was now unbearably lonely and among strangers whom she distrusted. One night she attempted to end her life.

Old wives' tales and superstitions stealthily creep in and out through the backyard "consultation rooms," and few would ever recognize them for what they are. Take Marian, for instance. She was an avid gardener. Every spring, and on and off through the summer months, she has an encounter with poison ivy. It responded readily to proper medication and never overly concerned her as being more than a pesky nuisance—that is, until she met a "back-fence doctor" one day.

This lady looked with horror upon the small blisters on Marian's legs and remarked, "Oh, you poor girl! I do hope you are taking good care of those blisters. You know that poison will get into your blood stream if you're not careful and you'll break out all over, every year."

Marian no longer takes her an-

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nual bout with ivy casually. In fact, she's given up gardening altogether. She's afraid her blood will be poisoned. Totally false information from the "backyard clinic" has deprived her of a favorite pastime.

One fine day, Mrs. Brown, the eminent "backyard specialist," found her own chickens come home to roost. She had a sore on her hand that didn't seem to heal. She worried about it and took every opportunity to show it to her friends and ask their advice.

They were most helpful. Somewhere in the experience of each was a similar situation. "It certainly won't hurt to try it," they told her. "After all, it's harmless."

But is anything, no matter how bland, ever harmless? On this score, Dr. William Hugh Feldman of the Mayo Clinic, former president of the American Association of Pathologists and Bacteriologists, says:

"So far, there has not been discovered any effective chemotherapeutic substance which is devoid of potential toxicity. Perhaps no drug administered orally or parenterally is entirely without some hazard . . . The safety of chemotherapeutic procedures is best assured when the responsibility is shared by those who by training and experience are aware of the hazards, and are capable of recognizing untoward reactions early in their inception."

Consider the fact that "stomach pains" may be temporary indigestion; or they may be due to appendicitis, colitis or ulcers. Even as simple a thing as bad breath, for which the "backyard clinic" has many cures, may be due to bronchiectasis, lung abscess, tooth cavity or oral manifestations of psychosomatic disorders. And home remedies can make these conditions worse instead of better.

Medical scientists have discovered that even such apparently harmless things as vitamin concentrates may bring harmful results. If you take too many units of one kind, you may start a reaction which may imbalance the body's normal processes.

The *Journal* of the American Medical Association reports the case of a 28-month-old child whose complaints were painful swellings of the left foot and right forearm, and severe itching of the temples. Upon examination it seemed that a well-developed, well-nourished boy appeared sick and in pain. What was the diagnosis by the doctor? Vitamin A poisoning (hypervitaminosis A).

Through a misunderstanding on the part of the boy's grandmother, he had been given a dose of medicine daily that contained an excess of 240,000 units of vitamin A.

SELF-MEDICATION ON the advice of the "backyard clinic" can lead to trouble in many ways. You can get too much of a good thing, even in drugs. The controlled use of a product can give excellent results, but the excessive self-medication, the over-treatment of a condition by the same drug without medical supervision, can cause serious illness, needless suffering and catastrophic drains on the family purse.

Probably many times the advice of the kind friend or relative would not be as dangerous as it is, if it were not for the fact that such advice, home remedies and self-medication always delay the trip to

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the doctor, correct diagnosis and reputable medical treatment.

Many serious illnesses are curable when they first take hold of the body. Even the most dreaded of them all, cancer, is often operable when the first symptoms are discovered. But procrastination can shorten lives.

The sore on Mrs. Brown's hand is typical. When all her friends' remedies failed, she finally found her way into the doctor's office.

"Why didn't you come to me right away?" he admonished. "Surely you know that any open sore that doesn't heal may be a cancer."

And tests showed that Mrs. Brown's sore was cancer!

Nothing is ever gained by putting off professional medical treatment. It can mean loss of a few nights sleep from worry, or the price of medicines that don't help; or it can mean the loss of many weeks work, whole bank accounts and even life itself.

The sick seek health so frantically that they will try anything—no matter how crude, how fantastic or how dangerous. Hence, through the "backyard clinic" spreads the word of quacks and charlatans who line their pockets on the publicity they receive through patients who have been convinced that they feel better.

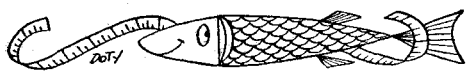
Once started on their way, half-truths and outright fabrications take on authority and dramatic realism. A neighbor knows a woman who knows a man who has a machine that cured her mother—the story can bring thousands flocking to an unscrupulous fraud.

"You just can't stop people from trying to be helpful," says a family physician. "I try to impress my patients with the importance of using me as a central clearing agent for all the suggestions and prescriptions they receive. This takes more of my time, but I find that a few minutes of honest discussion is rewarding to both patient and doctor. It gives the doctor the opportunity to explain why a suggestion would not be advisable in this case, and the patient is not now shaken by the friend who tells him, 'Bob has a remedy you should try.' "

No doctor is infallible, of course, but his combination of years of study and treating patients gives him the indisputable position of highest authority on illness. And it is well to remember that the doctor's fee that was saved by the "backyard clinic" has more than once been collected many fold by the mortician.

The Long and Short of It

(Answers on page 40)



1. A FISH'S HEAD is five inches long. Its tail is as long as its head plus half its body. Its body is as long as its head plus its tail. How long is the fish?

2. HOW HIGH IS a tree that's 15 feet shorter than a pole three times as tall as the tree?

—CEDRIC ADAMS, *Poor Cedric's Almanac* (Doubleday & Co.)

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WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

All of us, at one time or another, find ourselves in situations which call for a difficult decision. Arthur Henley, creator of the popular CBS radio panel show "Make Up Your Mind" (Monday through Friday, 11:30 A. M. to 11.45 A. M., EST), has taken four such dilemmas from his show and asks: "How would you handle them?" Several alternatives may occur to you, but write down the one you feel is best. The solutions, as given on the program, are those of practicing psychologists. Of course, you may disagree—so compare your answers with those which appear on the next page.

1. LET'S ASSUME THAT business is so good that your boss hires an assistant to take over some of your duties. You like the new man very much, but learn, quite by accident, when his check is left on your desk, that he was hired at a higher salary than you! And you've been there for years! So . . . would you talk to your boss and threaten to quit? Keep your secret but ask for more money? Or stop being helpful to the new assistant so that you will look better?

2. SUPPOSE YOUR BOY came home with a bad report card from school, and you told him he can't watch TV for a week as punishment. Then later, while playing in the attic, he finds some old report cards of yours which are even worse than his, and he tells you that you can't watch TV for a week! Would you laugh it off? Or explain the difference between the two situations?

3. SUPPOSE YOU'RE an average woman and a good friend has offered to buy you a hat for your birthday. But when you go with your friend to the millinery shop, you fall hopelessly in love with a hat which is much more expensive than your friend figured on. Now in that case . . . Would you buy a cheaper hat? Stick to the one you really want but offer to split the price with your friend? Or play dumb and just say: I want *this* one?

4. LET'S SUPPOSE an attractive lady insurance agent drops in at your house unannounced to sell your husband a policy. Besides using high pressure, she keeps calling him "Honey!" And he doesn't seem annoyed, although she's delaying your dinner. Will you just leave the matter up to him? Reprimand her and show her out? Or urge your husband to buy the policy to get rid of her?

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What Would You Do?

1. WE MIGHT ASK ourselves: "How well managed is this company and, also, how competent is the older employee?" In general, dollars in the pay envelopes are a rough gauge of worth and service. Perhaps the old-timer has begun to slip. It would be dangerous to threaten to quit—the offer may be accepted. To say nothing and put on the pressure for more money may work, if he can show he deserves more on the strength of his record. To stop training and developing the new man may only detract from his own worth and lessen his own effectiveness. The best choice may be a searching chat with the boss—this way he can find out where he stands and how he's doing.

2. PARENTS SHOULD GUARD against impulsiveness in meting out punishment to their children, especially in connection with school work. In this situation, depriving the youngster of TV may be justified if the boy is capable of better things. However, if he is doing the best he can, then he needs aid and comfort and, perhaps, even the TV. Assuming that the punishment is justified, the parent should explain the difference in the two situations. A youngster should not sit in judgment of his parents. To laugh it off may infuriate the youngster and certainly will not help him to learn.

3. PLAYING DUMB to get the hat you want places self-indulgence above the values of friendship. Buying a cheaper hat shows a willingness, on the other hand, to enjoy the spirit of the gift, independently of one's material desires. Although splitting the price has all of the earmarks of compromise, the appropriateness of such a response really depends on the quality and frankness of your relationship with your friend. We might be reminded that the gracious reception of a gift can make receiving every bit as blessed as giving.

4. THE LESS EXPERIENCED the wife is in the business world, the more seriously she is apt to take this agent's flirting. But if she reprimands her husband, she might embarrass everyone and give the impression that he is hen-pecked. If she lacks this much courage or finds the agent a sufficient threat, she may even take the expensive way out and buy the policy. The self-reliant woman, or one with more business experience, may be more inclined to leave the matter to her husband and consider it of little importance.

Super Selling

"A DOZEN small eggs, please," a lady told her grocer.

"Sorry, Madame," he answered. "We do not have any small eggs."

"Medium sized will do, then," she said.

"We do not have medium eggs either," he explained, adding, explicitly, "we have Large, Extra Large, Super-sized and Jumbo." She settled for the Large ones. —*Christian Science Monitor*

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When several mysterious ingredients are mixed together we're sure to have . . .

NOTHING BUT RAIN

by JOHN PFEIFFER

TAKE A BLOB of crystal-clear water, preferably from tropical seas or the Gulf Stream. Mix with a trace of acid and carbon dioxide, the substance that forms the sparkling bubbles in champagne. Season with a pinch of salt, resin from burning pines, volcanic ash, desert sands or particles from factory smoke. Add a dash of stardust. Stir vigorously in a cloud.

This popular recipe produces a unique and wonderful thing: a raindrop—a microcosmic world containing ingredients from all parts of the earth and, according to new studies, from outer space itself. Moreover, it's all included in a spheroid no larger than a small letter "o" on this page.

Individually, raindrops are puny things. But together, splashing for millennia against solid granite, they pack the punch of batteries of massive sledgehammers. They level mountains, nibble their way deep into the earth's crust, play a part in causing rock-crunching catastrophes.

The full story of how raindrops are formed is still one of Nature's major unsolved mysteries. But recent research by scientists in many fields has begun to throw new light on some of the amazing details.

Let's go back to that recipe again. Rain is the final product of a three-step process: 1) the atmosphere is loaded with water vapor; 2) the vapor condenses into cloud droplets; and 3) the droplets merge to form raindrops.

The first step involves a huge "pump" that lifts masses of water high into the atmosphere. The bottom section of the pump, the suction end, lies just above the surface of the ocean, where water evaporates like steam from a kettle of boiling water. The pump's working parts are the great trade winds that, sweeping toward the Equator, scoop up low-lying vapor and create tremendous rising currents of warm, moist air—invisible "waterspouts" extending more than a mile into the sky.

This natural pump operates day and night. Every time your watch ticks, about 7,500,000,000 gallons of water evaporate from the surfaces of the seven seas! Once this cargo is hoisted into the air, the stage is set for the second step in raindrop production—the making of a cloud.

The moisture that evaporates from the oceans is basically distilled water, as pure and uncontaminated as that used in your

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automobile battery. But skies containing pure water only would have neither clouds nor rain. For this, Nature employs extra ingredients: dust, specks of salt from the spray of angry waves, ashes and other debris produced by man-made or natural fires.

These impurities are essential to cloud-making. You've seen what takes place when air strikes a pitcher of iced tea. The air loses its vapor, which promptly clings to the chilled glass surface and condenses into "clouds" of frost.

A SIMILAR THING happens in the upper atmosphere, except that up there airborne particles furnish the chilled surfaces. Billions of water-vapor molecules come together to make a single droplet about two-thousandths of an inch in diameter, with a single particle at the center like the pit in a cherry.

But we still haven't reached the raindrop stage. Cloud droplets are far too small to produce showers and deluges. An accidental discovery, made just after World War II at the General Electric laboratories, explains important things about the last stages of the process.

At GE, scientist Vincent Schaefer had devised a "model sky" in an ordinary home food-freezer lined with black velvet. Simply breathing into the freezer was enough to produce miniature clouds (the vapor-to-droplet step). But no rains came, no matter how he puffed.

One steaming July afternoon, the freezer wasn't cooling fast enough to preserve the cloud inside. So the young weather investigator decided that he would try putting some dry ice in the box.

The result was swift and unexpected. The entire cloud turned into a shower of hundreds of millions of tiny, sparkling ice crystals. This time, when Schaefer exhaled into the box, the moisture in his breath condensed and formed small-scale raindrops.

The experiment confirmed the theory that ice crystals may be precursors of rain. (It also inspired modern efforts to make artificial rain by dumping dry ice and other substances into likely-looking clouds.)

Air Force studies indicate the sort of thing that goes on under real-life conditions. It may all start in a small cloud where the air inside is appreciably warmer and wetter than that outside. The warm air begins to rise, slowly and lazily like smoke on a quiet day. But soon, often in a matter of minutes, the process builds up. More warm air is drawn into the center of the cloud. Rising currents accelerate and create powerful updrafts, the sort that exist in blast furnaces or above bonfires.

A thunderstorm is brewing. The small cloud has become a towering dark giant, three miles across. Moist air climbs higher and higher until it reaches zero and subzero altitudes—freezing at 15,000 feet, three or four degrees below zero Fahrenheit at 25,000 feet, nearly 60 degrees at 40,000 feet. Snow forms and, at the highest levels, ice crystals. Now, cloud droplets cluster about the crystals, clump together and form relatively large drops of rain.

There's rain in that cloud; but you don't get drenched, yet. At first everything—droplets, crystals, rain

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—is drawn aloft in the rushing updraft which may reach speeds as high as 70 miles an hour.

As more and more cloud droplets merge, however, the raindrops grow bigger and heavier. (The average raindrop that reaches the ground, a twenty-fifth of an inch in diameter, is about as big as half a million droplets.) Then they start falling down through the cloud, and you dash for cover.

One of the big mysteries about rain concerns those all-important crystals. Crystals, like cloud droplets, need particles to serve as "seeds" for their growth. But the ordinary kinds won't do; for one thing, they're too coarse. Delicate crystals call for finer particles and that's where stardust comes in, perhaps the most unusual of all raindrop ingredients.

As the earth revolves about the sun it sweeps through great showers of dust. The dust may be either debris left over after the birth of the solar system or the raw material out of which stars are made.

Its fine particles drift down into the atmosphere, enter the tops of high clouds and bring about the formation of rain-producing crystals. Thus, ice crystals—and raindrops—are built around motes of interplanetary matter.

At least this is the new theory of Dr. E. G. Bowen, one of Australia's top-ranking physicists. Other experts confirm it. Astronomers estimate that about 10,000 *tons* of the invisible particles fall silently on the earth every day. It seems that there's plenty of stardust in the skies, enough to account for many of the earth's heaviest thunderstorms.

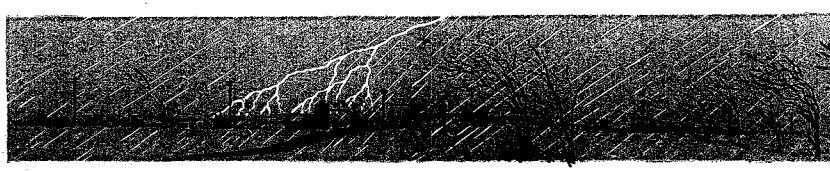
Nature's intricate rain-making machines have performed some remarkable feats. The rainiest single minute in U. S. Weather Bureau annals took place one spring day nearly 30 years ago in Opid's Camp, a small resort north of Pasadena, California, when the skies spilled two-thirds of an inch of rain on the region.

That may not sound like much, but statisticians soon began translating it into more impressive figures. During those 60 seconds more than 10,000,000 gallons of water fell over one square mile. For your information, that's about 40,000,000,000,000 average-sized raindrops.

Every storm, even the smallest, produces a variety of spectacular effects—some over long periods of time, others lasting a split second. For example, there are violent and dangerous firework displays.

It's not commonly realized, but lightning can be a direct result of tumbling raindrops. Many extra-large drops throw off spray as they fall. Electrons fly off with the spray, leaving the drops themselves with positive electrical charges.

When that goes on long enough, an enormous positive charge builds up at the bottom of the storm cloud. Under such conditions, the ground



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below acquires a negative charge. Since opposite charges attract, the tension increases between cloud and ground. Finally, electricity leaps across the gap and we see the great "sparks" as flashes of lightning.

But generally raindrops work too slowly for us to notice what's happening. We don't see them doing sculpture, changing the contours of the earth, chipping away at rocks like so many tiny chisels. Furthermore, these potent capsules may contain nitric acid made from atmospheric nitrogen and other destructive substances from industrial fumes.

The net effect is to wash away vast amounts of dirt and stone. Every year the rain-fed waters of the Mississippi River pour 600,000,000 tons of material into the Gulf of Mexico. On a worldwide basis, rain is helping to lower the surface of the land by one inch every four centuries or so.

Geological research reveals that raindrops have much to do with earthquakes, and when they occur. Professor V. Conrad of Harvard has pointed out that some quakes result when rock layers, sagging under the weight of accumulating mud and other material, suddenly collapse—a catastrophe hastened by the eroding action of rain.

It is a strange paradox but, considering the earth as a whole, a lack of rain would *not* mean a great drought. Locally, of course, things would dry up and crops would suffer. Yet droughts wouldn't last long. The fact remains that a world without rain would be an extra-wet world, far wetter than anything we know today.

Every raindrop is helping to dehumidify the air, to remove moisture that has been swept up from the seas. If we didn't have rain, the moisture would stay put. The atmosphere would become saturated and thick throughout the world, the way it was in the steaming jungles of the Age of Dinosaurs.

The ground would turn into an ocean of mud. You would need high boots to drag yourself around, and your clothes would be hopelessly soggy and stick unpleasantly to your skin. Everything would be hot, damp and dripping. As one weather expert put it: "Life would be one long Turkish bath."

You may grumble when rain upsets your weekend plans. But it is only preparing the good weather you will be enjoying tomorrow or next week. Rain is one of Nature's most versatile workers. Among other duties, it serves as a vital part of a global air-conditioning system —and makes things reasonably comfortable in a changing world.

The Long and Short of It

(Answers to Noodle Annoyers on page 34)

1. Head of fish, 5 inches; body, 20 inches; tail, 15 inches. Total length equals 40 inches.
2. Tree: 7½ feet. Pole: 22½ feet.

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The Trusting Heart

by HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

On faith he fed the body and nourished the spirit

ON THE WALL of my studio, carefully framed between plates of glass, hangs a narrow slip of paper, thumb-smudged and peppered with spindle-holes. It is a promissory note for $200, bearing my signature and payable to one Frank B. Happy.

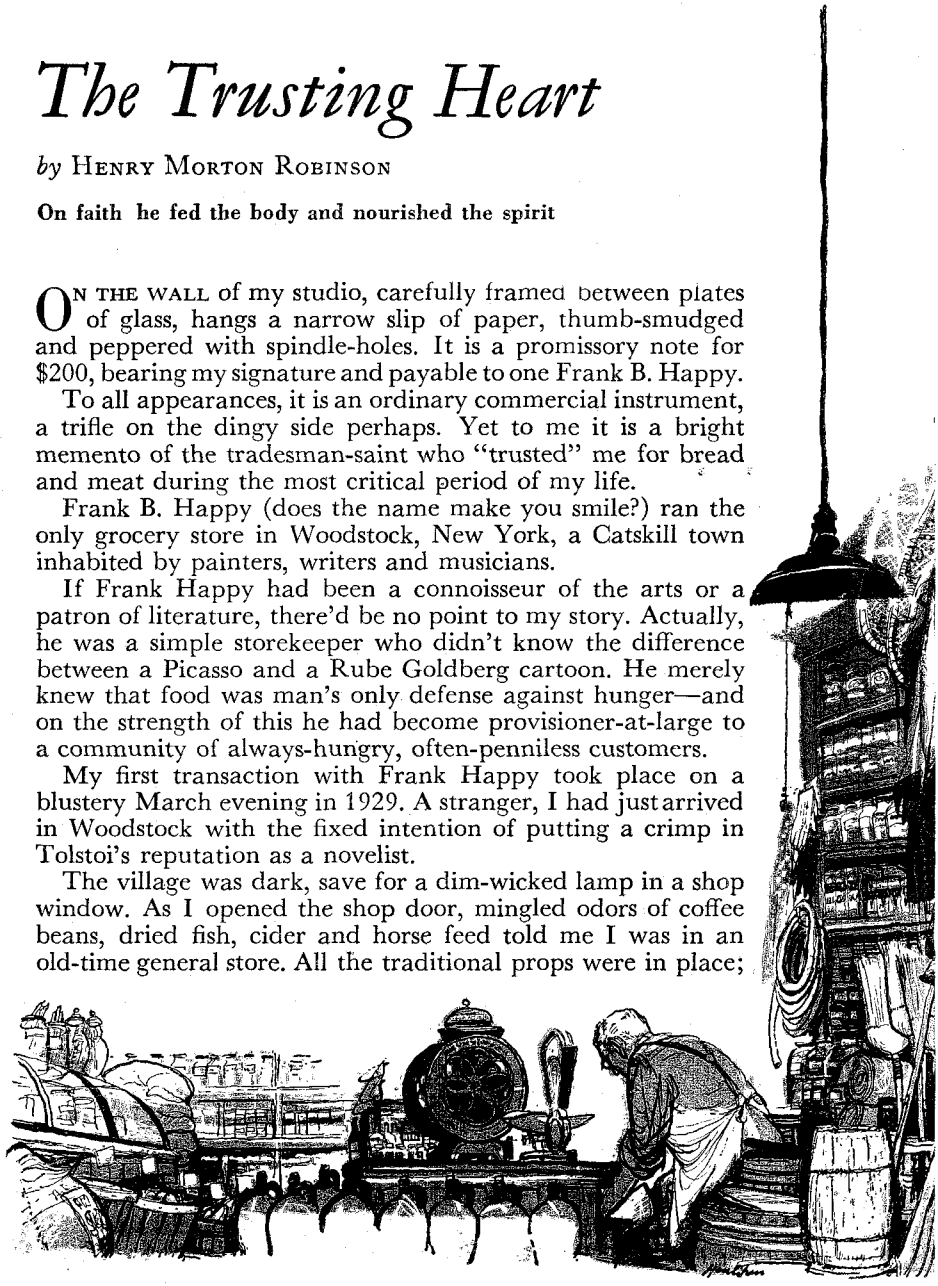
To all appearances, it is an ordinary commercial instrument, a trifle on the dingy side perhaps. Yet to me it is a bright memento of the tradesman-saint who "trusted" me for bread and meat during the most critical period of my life.

Frank B. Happy (does the name make you smile?) ran the only grocery store in Woodstock, New York, a Catskill town inhabited by painters, writers and musicians.

If Frank Happy had been a connoisseur of the arts or a patron of literature, there'd be no point to my story. Actually, he was a simple storekeeper who didn't know the difference between a Picasso and a Rube Goldberg cartoon. He merely knew that food was man's only defense against hunger—and on the strength of this he had become provisioner-at-large to a community of always-hungry, often-penniless customers.

My first transaction with Frank Happy took place on a blustery March evening in 1929. A stranger, I had just arrived in Woodstock with the fixed intention of putting a crimp in Tolstoi's reputation as a novelist.

The village was dark, save for a dim-wicked lamp in a shop window. As I opened the shop door, mingled odors of coffee beans, dried fish, cider and horse feed told me I was in an old-time general store. All the traditional props were in place;



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by the murky lamplight I saw the cracker barrel, pickle jar and coffee grinder of legend. Behind the counter a stoop-shouldered man was taking off an alpaca apron.

"Is there any place around here where I can get something to eat?" I asked.

He paused in the act of hanging his apron on a peg. "Folks 'round here eat mostly to home," he said. "But if you're hungry, guess we can fix you up."

From his shelves he selected a can of salmon, a loaf of bread and a jar of raspberry jam. He took a bottle of milk from a wooden icebox, stowed the lot in a brown paper bag, then as an afterthought tossed in a can-opener and a wooden fork.

"Eat hearty," he said, handing me change from a dollar bill.

I "ate hearty" that night—and for 20 years thereafter—on provisions from Frank B. Happy's shelves. I set up as a free-lance writer, got married, started a family and promptly ran into financial difficulties.

My charge account at Frank Happy's store climbed at the prodigious rate of $30 a month until I was three months behind. Then, deep in the fearful winter of 1930, I had a heart-to-heart talk with my friend in the alpaca apron.

He wasn't much to look at, this man who out of sheer trustingness had kept food on my table. His features were molded from a pallid, rubbery-looking substance that must have begun to sag when he was quite young. Years of pushing groceries across a counter, of bending over molasses barrels and peering at labels, had given him a certain blinkered look.

As he listened to my plea for an extension of credit, his watery blue eyes took on the patient expression of a willing horse whose fate it was to pull an ever-increasing load up an always-steepening hill.

He seemed unalarmed, however, either for me or himself, as he prepared to take on my burden. "Let's see what you've been buying," he said, gazing through his bifocals at my itemized slips in his McCaskey System rack. "H—mm— two pounds store cheese, three pecks potatoes, five gallons kerosene." From other slips he sought further evidence: "Coffee, bacon, cornmeal, sugar."

He put the slips back and said: "I don't see anything out of line here. All solid staples." Then he continued: "It's only when a man goes in for fancy items like anchovies and chutney sauce that I get worried. But when he asks me for family necessities in reasonable amounts—why then I'll see him through."

He did. He carried me all winter and far into the spring, always greeting me as though I were his best customer instead of a man who was virtually living off his bounty.

When I finally received a check from an editor, two-thirds of it went towards clearing up my account with Frank B. Happy. He gave me a fatherly smile with my receipted bill. "Knew you'd make it, Henry." He seemed very proud that

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one of his boys had come through.

But the oddest part of the whole affair was this: in trusting me for groceries, he had somehow instilled in me a new trust in myself. I left his shop brimming with fresh confidence. With Frank Happy behind me, I knew I couldn't fail.

As I came to know Frank better, I realized that he had a high, almost sacerdotal regard for his calling as grocer. He was dealing in the daily bread that men pray and sweat for; from his shelves came the stuff of life itself. Naturally he hoped to collect what was owed him, but steadfastly refused to demean himself in the process.

I ONCE WATCHED a salesman for a bill-collecting service try to sell his "system" to my grocer friend. The system, it appeared, was a series of increasingly severe letters threatening legal action if the bill went unpaid.

The final letter, truly terrifying, bore a red seal with the words WRIT OF ATTACHMENT in bold capitals. Reading it, even Mr. Happy quailed.

"Why this would *scare* a man," he remarked gravely.

"That's just what it's supposed to do."

The salesman thought this was the clincher, but Frank held otherwise. "A man oughtn't be scared about his food," he said slowly, then went back to measuring sugar into five-pound bags.

For many years my writing career was a touch-and-go affair. The free-lance life is precarious, at best, and my incurable addiction to gambling with words made me a dubious risk for any tradesman. Some refused to do business with me except on a cash basis—until Frank Happy dropped a reassuring word in their ear.

I remember him coming into my studio one bitter January morning as I sat wrapped in a quilt at my typewriter. My single-burner oil stove had gone dead for the very good reason that my oil tank was empty.

Frank Happy did not deal in fuel oil and was certainly under no obligation to keep my tank filled. Still, he made it his business to do so.

That very afternoon the oilman stopped at my place (he had been in the habit of *not* stopping) and gave me 50 gallons of warmth—on credit. Now do you begin to understand why I bless the memory of Frank B. Happy?

As the Depression deepened, there was a long period when my sources of income ran dry. Of course Frank carried me. He was sick and ailing now; his stoop became more pronounced as some internal malady sapped his strength without embittering his gentle spirit.

Because there seemed to be no immediate prospect of my paying his bill, I suggested that I give him a promissory note in lieu of cash. He balked at my proposal. "I don't need any note from you. Your character's always been good enough for me."

"But suppose something should happen to either of us? If I give you a note, the record of my debt would still stand."

For the first time I heard a muted note of tragedy in Frank Happy's voice. "Nothing's going to happen —leastwise, nothing that a note can

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prevent. But if you want it that way, why all right."

I made out the note—a non-interest-bearing promise to pay for food that had sustained me and my growing family. Frank stuck it on his spindle, and took it off again whenever I came in to make small installments—ten dollars, five dollars, fifteen dollars, whatever it was. On the back of the note he scrupulously wrote down the amount and date, deducting my payment from the total.

During this prolonged bookkeeping process, the note became smudged by molasses, kerosene, peanut butter. And because the grocer's eyesight was failing, he could never quite find the same spindle-hole when he put it back.

The whole record stands before me now as I look at the besmudged, much perforated note that hangs framed on my studio wall. The date on its face recalls the grimmest period of my life. Turning the note over I can see the penciled notations that Frank made on its back. Progressively, the handwriting becomes weaker, more wavering. Then it stops entirely . . . Frank B. Happy died before I could pay him the last $35 I owed him.

Notations in the bold new hand of his successor show that I finally paid off the note. The legal debt was discharged, but my real obligation to Frank Happy can never be paid.

That debt has nothing to do with cornmeal, bacon or any of the other staples that he trustingly pushed across his counter into my anxious hands. Rather, it is concerned with trust in the largest sense, with one man's charity toward his fellow man, with personal remembrances of kindness and sympathy too deep, too complex for any known mode of reckoning.

The debt that I shall always owe Frank Happy is the *self*-trust that he nourished in me—literally and figuratively—at a time when I needed it most.

Welcome Traveler

A YANKEE TRAVELER trudging along a back road in Georgia was suddenly confronted by an imposing figure with bristling white mustache and goatee, wearing a black-string tie and long-tailed coat in the Southern Colonel tradition.

"Halt!" ordered the Colonel, aiming a pistol at the visitor. "Right face and precede me up the road!"

The traveler, more puzzled than alarmed, obeyed orders. In silence they marched between moss-hung oaks to a pillared plantation house from which the paint had long since peeled.

An ancient servant opened the door, took the traveler's hat and ushered him inside. The Colonel laid his gun on the mantel, then turned.

"I reckon you wonder why I held you up," he said.

"Yes, I certainly do," the Yankee admitted.

"Well, suh, I live back here by mahself. And the truth is—I get right lonesome!"

—REX BRASHER

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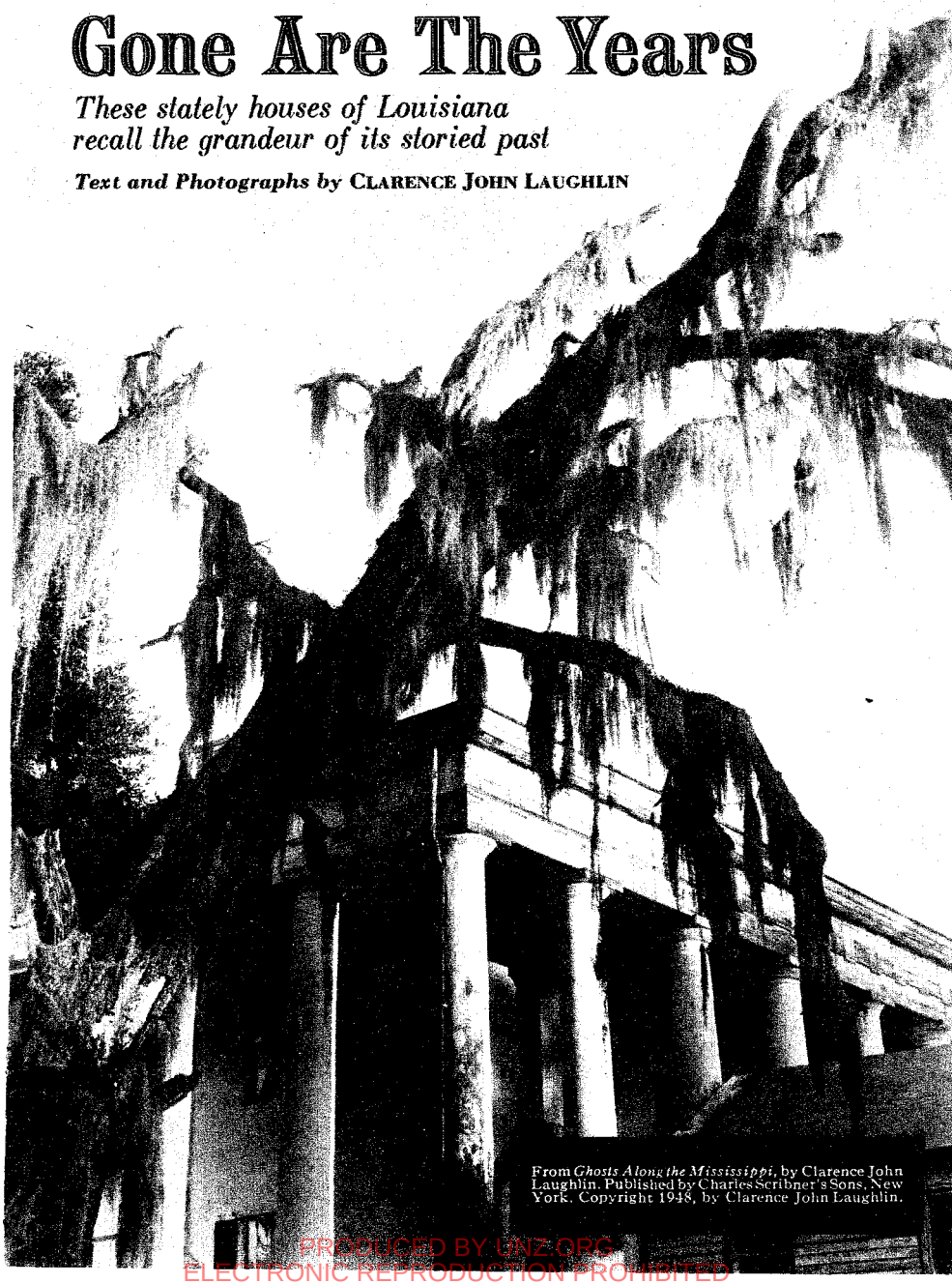
Picture Story

Gone Are The Years

These stately houses of Louisiana recall the grandeur of its storied past

***Text and Photographs by* CLARENCE JOHN LAUGHLIN**



From *Ghosts Along the Mississippi*, by Clarence John Laughlin. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Copyright 1948, by Clarence John Laughlin.

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MAJESTIC WERE THE GREAT plantation houses of Louisiana, evocative of a dignity that age cannot humble; a beauty that even now sweeps the heartstrings with an impossible nostalgia. Why are we drawn to these houses? Is it that the tongue of an imperative melancholy speaks to us from them—the siren song, tender beyond words, of a still sensate past? Or is it that in houses which are old—whose very walls have taken body from men in a vanished time—something distilled from humanity yet lives?

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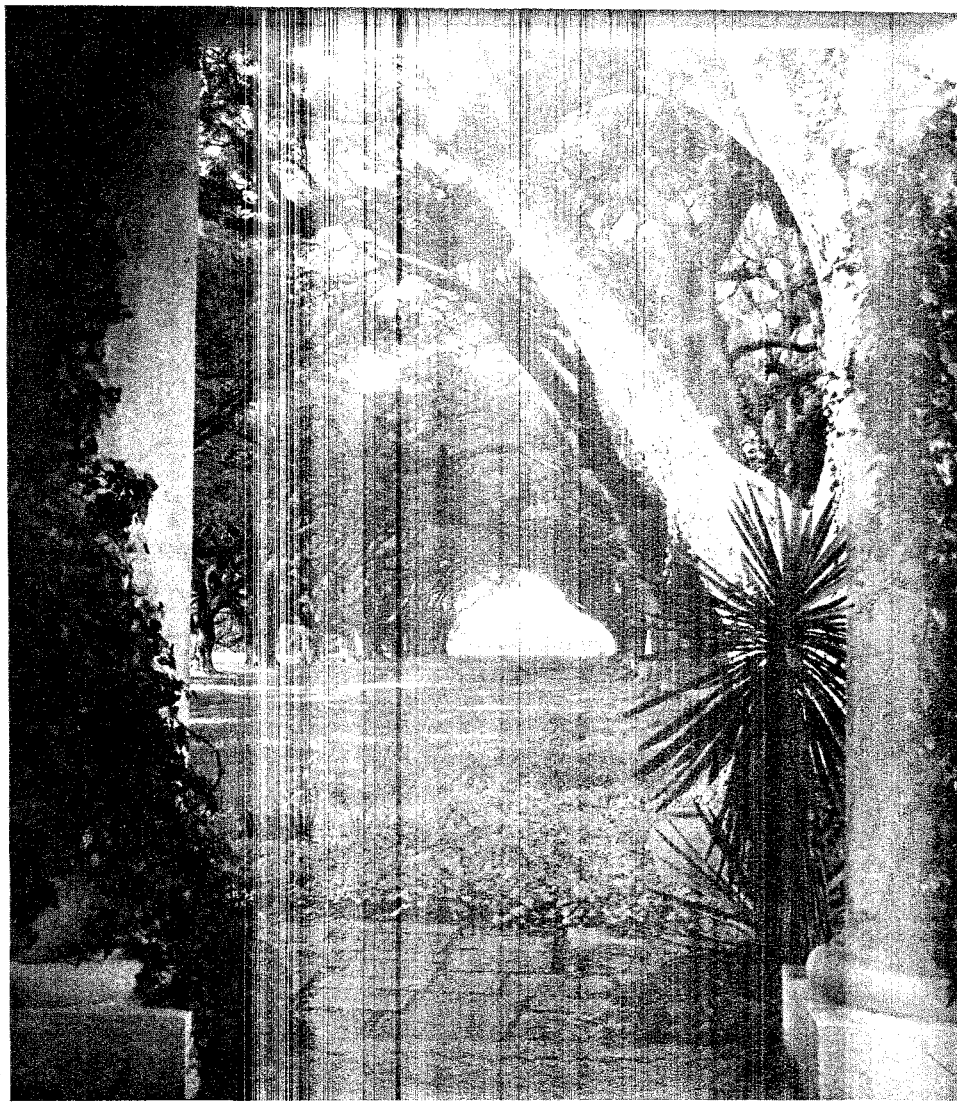

THE LIGHT MOVES LOWER, and shadows creep along the avenue. We know that minutes, even hours, mean nothing here. We are in the presence of the oaks; and they came before us and all our works. They will last after we are gone. We linger—in the golden time-haunted light—unable to stir. We stay until the sun dies in a lonely fanfare of flame through the great trees, now black elemental giants expressing all the tremendous strength of the earth. And in this moonlit spell we are rapt.

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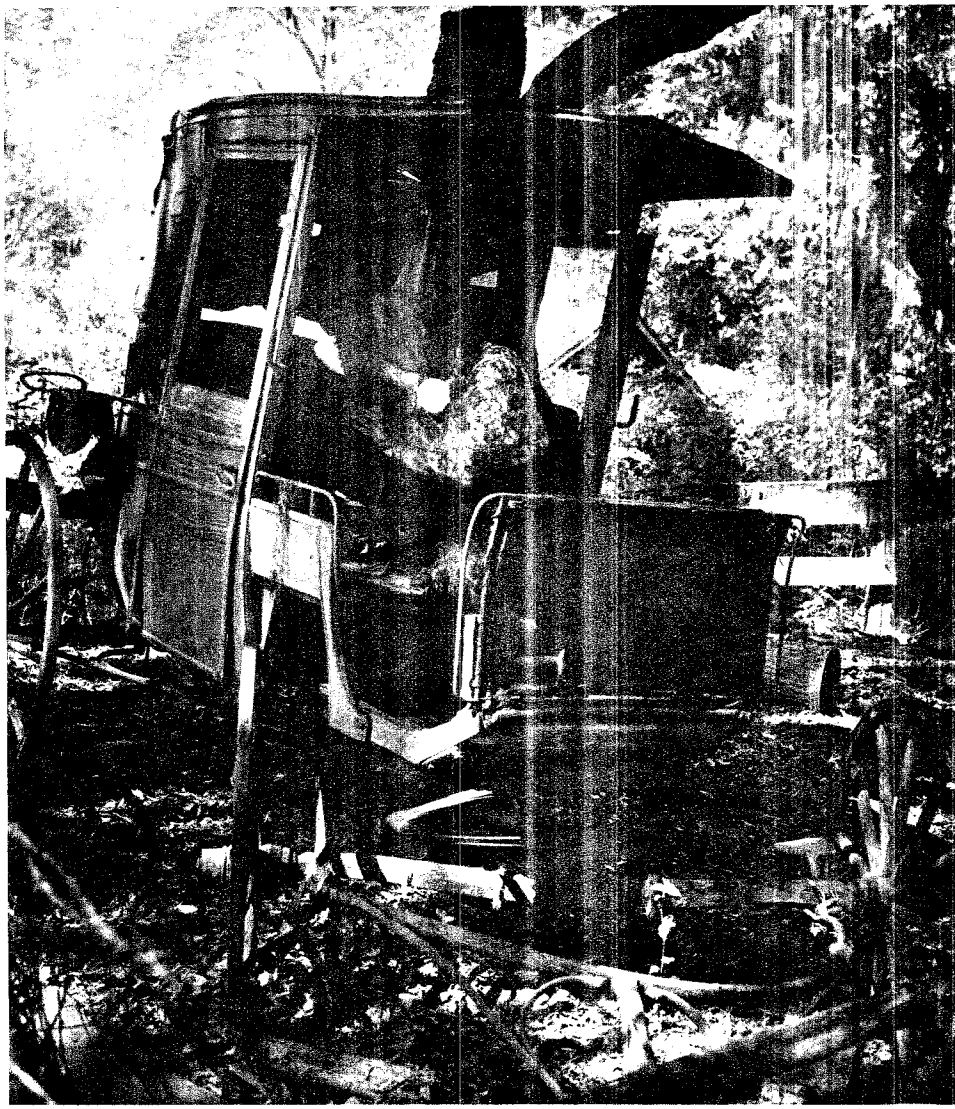

A HOUSE STANDS EMPTY, its life drained, while the last camellia, held by a weeping figure in a carriage from another time, falls from nerveless fingers. Nearby, the serpentine Mississippi moves thickly to the far Gulf; the river whose convolutions once meant disaster or fruitfulness untold to men who hated it, loved it, fought it, but could never tear their lives from its spell. Soundless and uncaring, the mighty river flowed on, through the days of glory, the long night of war and disaster and irretrievable ruin.

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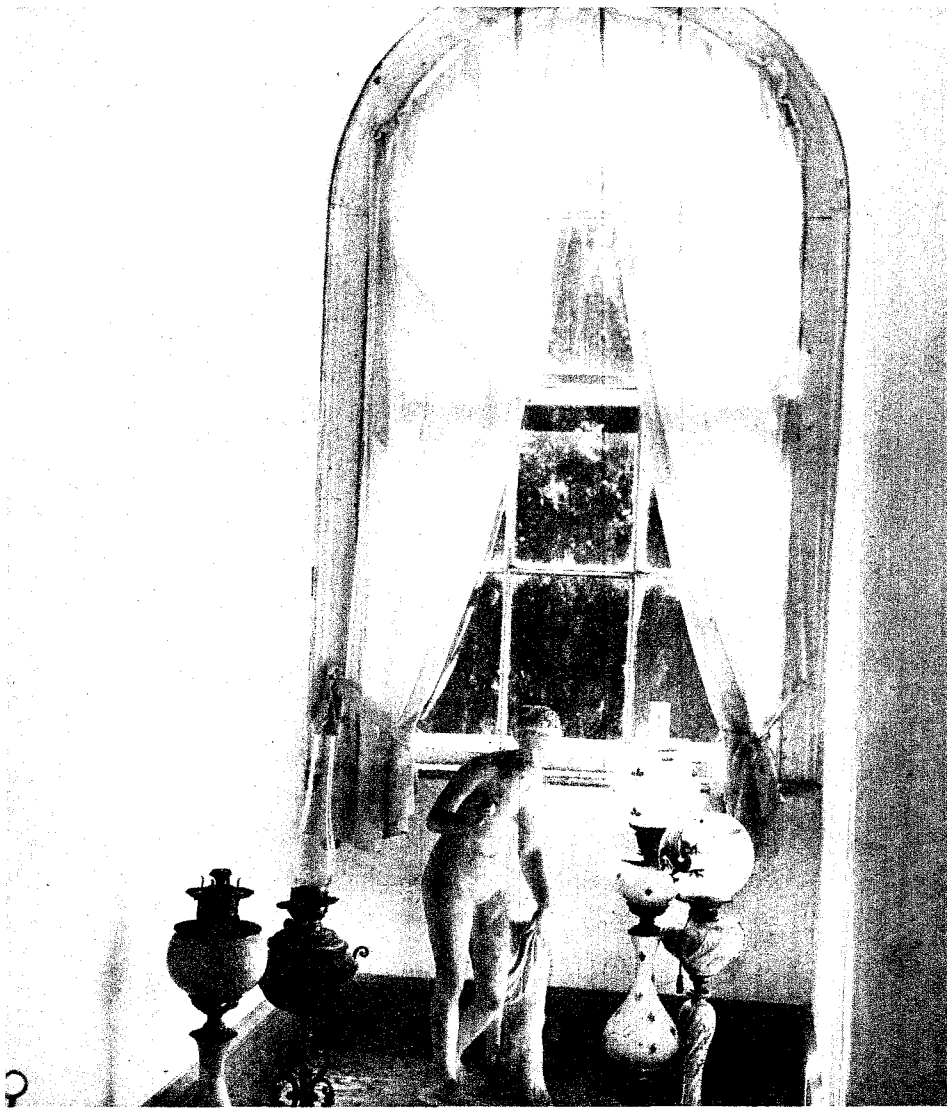

THE DARK MYSTERY of time, the luminous and living mystery of light—these are the chief protagonists now on the darkening stage. They, and they alone, determine everything we see and feel. Lost in a curiously evocative pattern of light and shadow, lost in a nameless union of light and time, we find again a past which, cryptically, is no longer wholly dead, a splendor no longer wholly unreal. An incomparable serenity dwells here still, as though, by natural right, it has dwelt here forever.

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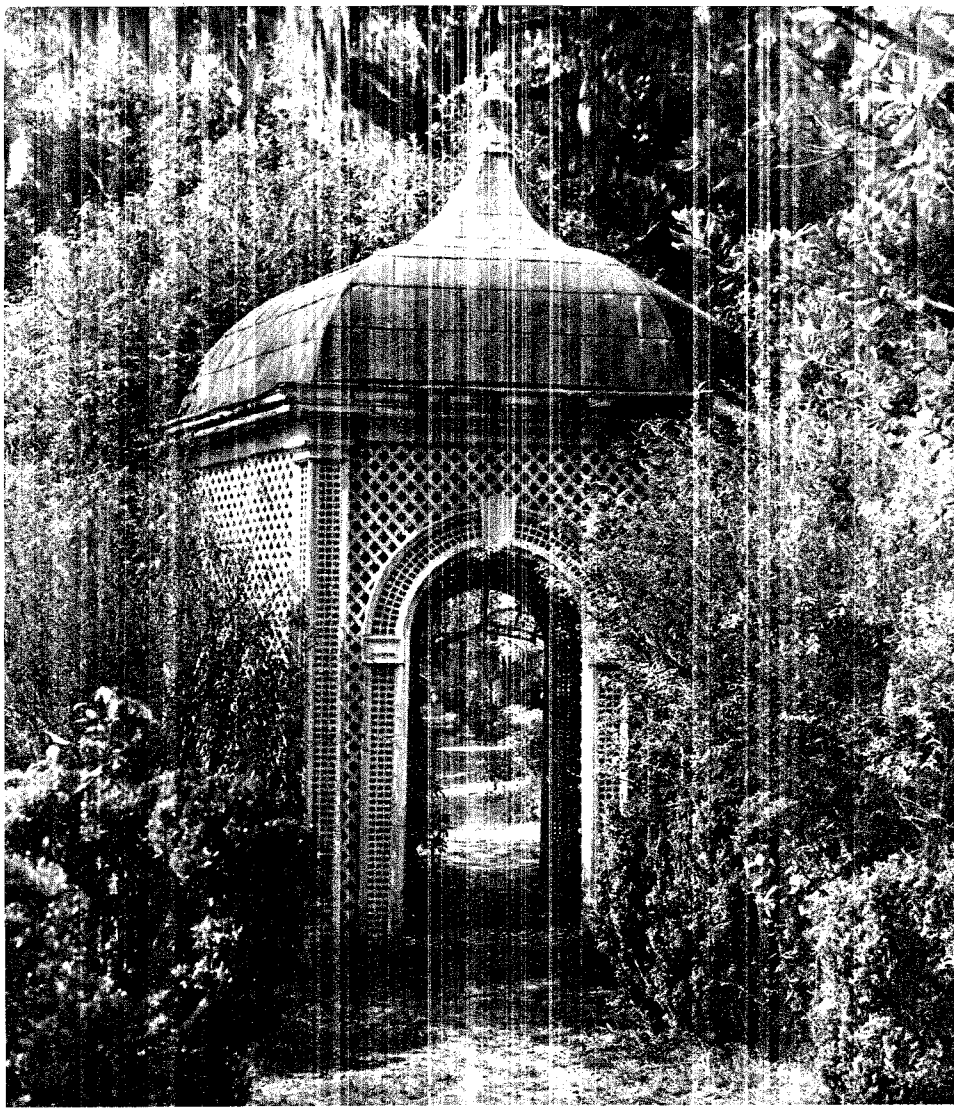

THROUGH THE ARCHWAYS of a garden house we can wander, it may be, into a timeless spring, the houses passing slowly, each laden with a sense of myriad mute memories. The swish of a silken invisible dress, the fragrance of an unseen blossom of other years, the wraith momentarily given form in a begrimed mirror—these wordless perceptions can be due only, it seems, to something still retained here, something crystallized from the energy of human emotion and the activities of human nerves.

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IF THE EXISTENCE of a building in time could be accelerated—if a year were to become an hour—then we should see façades wrinkle and age much as do human features. Changes in the tempo of the time-sense would reveal how living a thing a building is. The shadows seem ominously active. The dark forest has come closer still, and the house seems to be receding from us, as though it were moving back into the shadows of the past. And the moss falls in a ghostly rain of almost intolerable grieving.

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MOST LOUISIANA PLANTATIONS possessed a bell. Once it was used for calling slaves to their labors in the field. Now it hangs silent on its uncertain perch, against a still and twilit sky—soundless with an utter and overwhelming finality, as though it had just tolled the death of the plantation culture, and now must remain, its world engulfed by the mystery of time, its tongue forever still, in the silent and now darkening air.

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My Craziest Tour of Paris

by LUDWIG BEMELMANS

Mr. Bemelmans, author, artist and traveler extraordinary, can rightfully claim to be one of the real cosmopolites of our times. In this article, he tells what happened when a tourist party of American women recently invaded Paris and upset the dusk-to-dawn pattern of his sophisticated life. —*The Editors.*

FOR 30 YEARS OR MORE, I have travelled in many parts of the world, seen and written about many, many strange things. Because of all this I am not apt to be thrown off balance by what I see or hear. Yet something happened last fall in Paris which so astonished me that I can safely say it was like nothing I've lived through in all my years of wandering.

It all started one night at Maxim's Restaurant. As I sipped my Napoléon brandy, a special-delivery airmail letter was brought to my table. Postmarked "Orlando, Fla.," it was from my old friend, Brownie Wise. She was coming to Paris with six American housewives for a five-day tour. I was to be their host and I, for the first time in my life, was to *tour* Paris with them.

Mrs. Wise, vice president of Tupperware Home Parties Inc., is a partygiver, perhaps the greatest of them, bigger than Elsa Maxwell even. At her parties—thousands of them throughout America every day—women demonstrate and sell polyethylene wares. They play parlor games and shop from the same armchair, an amazing phenomenon.

The day that I met Mrs. Wise in New York and talked to her about Paris, she said: "Oh, how I'd love

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to go there!" and I heard myself saying, "You can always reach me at Maxim's—I hope you'll let me show you around."

So at last, at Maxim's, destiny was sending me a party of six American housewives. They were winners of a Tupperware sales contest and the prize—but of course—was a trip to Paris.

Alors! I had never known a *real* housewife. And as I left, I realized I must be a man of my word. I mailed my reply and began to map out a five-day tour of Paris.

On the day they arrived, when I had decided they would want to rest, unpack and not tour, they were phoning me at 9 o'clock in the morning. This, for me, is the middle of the night. I staggered from bed—and from then on, Paris spun around me.

I rushed downstairs and encountered them in the corridor of the Hôtel Ritz. I was still in a haze, but I discerned Mrs. Wise; a young man with three cameras hanging from his neck; another man, more the executive type; and the six housewives, well-tailored and not nearly so severe as I had expected.

They had hired a small bus and now they whisked me away toward Versailles. I had never seen Paris at that hour. The Rue Royale looked like Broadway in the dawn. A scrubwoman on her knees washed the sidewalk outside Maxim's.

I soon proved an inadequate guide. The Place de la Concorde and other monuments went well, but at the Château de Versailles, I instructed the driver to pass it slowly so that the ladies could have a good look. I said to them: "I have just done you a great favor. I've kept you from trudging through that stone pile there. We'll just have to look at it from the outside and then drive pleasantly back to Paris."

"No, no!" they cried. "We want to go inside!"

"*Alors*, arrest yourself here," I said to the driver, "for these ladies wish to see the interior of the Château."

So the ladies (and I) trudged over the vast cobblestoned courtyard and through the innumerable rooms of the foreboding old palace. My feet recommended that we hire a guide. And thus we met an extraordinary human being I shall never forget—bouncy, 75-year-old Monsieur Henri Lemaire, who weighed little more than his bones.

"In this room, Mesdames, *in this room*—stood the bed—the bed—in which Louis Fourteenth, *Mesdames*, Louis Fourteenth died, at the age of 76—in the bed that stood there . . ."

I had mixed my Louis' and told them he had died on the guillotine in the Place de la Concorde. Monsieur Lemaire straightened us out. *That* was Louis Sixteenth. The housewives looked at me with reproach.

As we went through Versailles, the ladies were awed by the marble, the crystal chandeliers, the tapestries, the gurgling fountain. Mrs. Phyllis Griffin (who came all the way from Oakland, California) whispered to me: "But, Mr. Bemelmans, where are the bathrooms?"

I confess I had no answer.

After Versailles, we went on and on. My shoes felt tight: muscles I had not used for years at the back of my legs hurt. Finally the question

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of lunch arose. Brownie confidently said, "Mr. Bemelmans will take us to a restaurant with *real* French atmosphere."

There was a cold look of suspicion from the other ladies.

"Well, about restaurants," I said, with some modesty, "I know a little. How about Maxim's?"

We descended on Maxim's for late lunch and people stared. It was the first time in the history of this ancient temple of gastronomy that a bus had unloaded customers there. Soon we found ourselves at a table surrounded by celebrities—the Aga Khan and the Begum, the Duchess of Windsor and the Duke, Zsa Zsa Gabor and Rubirosa. Mrs. Margaret Beard, the housewife on my left remarked, "They look like people do in San Diego. Just a little more tired."

Mrs. Kathleen Feenker remarked that the amount of "eye make-up" worn by Frenchwomen during the day would shock her friends back home in Winter Park, Florida.

At this juncture, the sommelier arrived and opened his beautiful embossed leather wine list. "What do the ladies desire to drink?"

Now, for the second time, lightning struck Maxim's. Mrs. Wise pointed a friendly finger:

"You, Phyllis?"

"Iced tea."

"You, Wilma?"

"Coke."

"And for me and the others, iced tea," said the fearless Brownie.

The wine waiter looked at Monsieur Albert, the maître d'hôtel. Both shrugged and made French gestures of hopelessness. Albert went to lean on one of the gilded columns of the restaurant and I got up and put my hand on his arm.

"In the history of this restaurant," he groaned, "nothing like this has ever happened. I know you are an old and esteemed client, Monsieur Bemelmans. But please don't expect me to be happy."

I explained that the ladies were, alas, non-drinkers.

"Ah, yes," he said. "That is all very well, but how does it *look?* . . ."

So I said that when I was seated again, I would complain about a draft on my neck and he could have a screen put up to hide the table. "All the same . . ." he said, and walked away unhappily.

I sat down and complained about the draft—and immediately a screen was brought, flanked by decorative palms on alabaster pillars. It took a long time for the beverages to come, and that was because they had to send out for them and also because they waited until all the other patrons had left before putting them on the table.

To make the occasion a festive one, Monsieur Albert had each Coke bottle wrapped in an individual napkin and placed into a wine cooler, as if they were splits of champagne. Then the wine waiter poured a little at a time into their wine glasses.

On that memorable day, tired, hungry and thirsty, I downed the first Coke of my life.

"Poor man," one of my guests

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said finally. "We better let him rest this afternoon while we go and look at the shop windows."

I went back to my hotel and to bed.

Left to their own devices, I learned later, the ladies fell victim to a variety of experiences. Mailing a letter to her husband, the housewife from Syracuse, N.Y. mistook a bank-deposit chute for a mailbox and then almost created a riot at the bank when she sought to retrieve her letter.

A short time later, a polished gentleman approached the ladies and offered to buy them all a drink. But they eyed him mistrustfully, until he revealed that he was only a buyer for a Midwest company, lonesome for the company of Americans.

But the *faux pas* that struck them all as hilarious occurred at the hotel when one of the visitors decided to take a shower before dinner. Noticing a chain hanging from the ceiling in the shower, she pulled it. Nothing happened for a few minutes. Then suddenly she heard a male voice just outside her shower curtain.

The lady let out a yell—and the startled valet, who thought he'd been summoned to the room to press some clothes, left in haste.

Such understanding, however, was not bestowed upon another character who was responsible for their deception. The ladies had stopped at a sidewalk café for lemonade and two Arab peddlers had approached, offering scarves and trinkets. The ladies couldn't resist and our determined Mrs. Edith Zdep haggled for a long time over a scarf with a hand-rolled hem.

She must have been well-trained in Syracuse because she finally brought the price down to two dollars. After the peddlers left, Mrs. Zdep's triumph turned to outrage: the scarf was *not* hand-rolled.

"Thieves! That's what they are," exclaimed Mrs. Zdep. "I'd report them to the police—if I could trust the police here."

Their first evening, I was to meet the ladies for dinner at the famous seafood restaurant, La Mediterranee, on the Place de l'Odéon. Before they arrived, I asked my friend Jean Subreant, owner of the restaurant, to give me a private dining room, for I did not want to expose the clientele there to the spectacle of guests drinking water, milk and Coke.

Monsieur Subreant and his staff wrung their hands in agony. "*Non, non, non,*" he pleaded. "Let me give them champagne, a good kind of champagne. I know what ladies like —not too *brut*, not too bubbly."

When the bus arrived with the ladies—all in evening dress—Monsieur Subreant was surprised. "Ah, *quelle beauté!* We must not hide them away, we must put them up front." And he himself waited on table.

"You like champagne, ladies?" he asked smilingly.

"Sure, we'd like champagne!" they sang in chorus. So, you see, it was one long surprise party for me.

In the restaurant, I noticed that my guests were particularly observant of the clothes

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adorning the Parisiennes. I asked them what they thought of the women of Paris.

"Not much," said Mrs. Wilma Eller. "Our girls in Skiatook, Oklahoma, look better dressed than most of the women here."

That afternoon, all the ladies went shopping. Mrs. Griffin bought a strange hat that looked like a fez on top of a stocking cap.

"It'll take a lot of courage to wear it," she confessed to me, "but if I don't get something weird, no one in Oakland will believe it came from Paris."

I HAD TO ADMIT that I was beginning to enjoy all this and to bless Mrs. Wise for bringing me these visitors who bestirred me at unearthly hours of the morning, awakening me to the true dream of Paris before I wasted my time in cafés and restaurants.

Lunching at Mère Cathérine's in the Upper Montmartre, we were served by a waitress with a most unhappy face. I remarked to the ladies that I would cast her in a movie as a matron in a reformatory. Mrs. Helen McKinney of Fulton, New York, wanted to know why Madame looked so sad.

I turned to the waitress and asked if her manner was due to some domestic difficulty. And she answered, "Monsieur, if I had a domestic difficulty, I would be at home taking care of it instead of here working."

Wherever they went, my housewives were like sponges, absorbing all the sights and sounds of Paris. And everything seemed to have a meaning to them. As with clothes, so was it with food. At the Halles, the market of Paris, they were impressed by the tomatoes—"all the same size, one exactly like the other."

They were surprised that French housewives had to shop every day because they had no freezers or refrigerators. The sight of slabs of meat hanging all day, with flies buzzing about, shocked them. And they gaped at the men and women everywhere who carried long loaves of *unwrapped* bread under their arms while riding bicycles.

"What Paris needs," observed Mrs. Beard, "is a lot of cellophane."

The next step in the great adventure was a trip to a beauty salon. When I joined the ladies next afternoon, I was startled. Something extraordinary had happened: each had a colored streak in her hair.

They had gone, en masse, to the George V "beauty parlor," where the brunettes had acquired silver streaks and the redhead and the brown-haired one were decorated with gold streaks. Mrs. Zdep, who had worn a shoulder-length bob, emerged with an Italian boy-cut.

"My husband might not let me in when he sees me this way," she admitted ruefully.

Every detail of the beautifying ritual was vividly described to me. The hair stylist evidently had made a production of each job. Flanked by three assistants, who kept handing him scissors, brush, comb, set lotion and mirror, he had cut one strand of hair and then circled the lady's chair three times to view his artistry. The ladies were astonished to find coffee and wine being served at the "Beauty Bar," where in America only cosmetics are sold.

"The perfumed atmosphere

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alone was worth the ten dollars our hair-do cost," said Mrs. Beard.

Ever since their descent upon Paris, the ladies had asked me to show them a simple, average French family, and I had to confess that I knew only complicated people. Nothing, however, was impossible for our guide. And so one day I, the bon vivant and boulevardier, found myself with the ladies and Monsieur Lemaire, in a simple French home.

But what was this? The Americans were making for the kitchen! "We want to see a French kitchen," they chorused. "We spend most of our time in the kitchen. Every woman does."

They kept M. Lemaire going at top speed, interpreting their questions and the answers of the French housewife. One of the ladies asked about dishwashing, and I volunteered the information that Frenchwomen would have no respect for their husbands if they washed a dish in their own home. That did not please our ladies, and again they showered me with reproach.

On the morning of the Americans' departure, I went to their hotel to see them off on their bus. When I bent down to kiss Mrs. Wise's hand, she laughed.

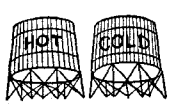
"Mr. B." she said, "Frenchmen may know how to kiss a woman's hand with a flourish, but American men help us wash the dishes."

That was very reassuring, for it was good to know that living at luxury hotels, traveling first-class, and being a lady had not divorced honest women from the oven and the sink.

As the little bus ran on down to the Louvre and to Orly, I began to miss my honest-to-goodness visitors very much. I went back to Maxim's and sat at my usual table for luncheon. The wine waiter came—and then came M. Albert.

When he looked at me, I said "milk," and M. Albert didn't bat an eyelash.

"*Oui, Monsieur,*" he said and wrote it down without a murmur.



Junior Jesters

DURING A SUNDAY drive, we passed the city reservoir and I explained to the children that the huge tanks were where we got our water. The youngest girl looked at them a moment and asked, "Which side is the Hot?"

WHILE VISITING at the home of my son, I overheard my grandson, a first-grader, tell his small brother: "The smart thing for you to do is not to learn to spell your first word. The minute you learn to spell cat, you're trapped. From then on, the words get longer and harder."

MY LITTLE DAUGHTER always tells me about the dreams she had during the night. One morning she said, "Mommie, I sure had a good dream last night, didn't I?"

"Tell me about it," I said.

"But Mommie, you already know about it," she protested. "You were there."

—Jack Paar Show (*CBS-TV*)

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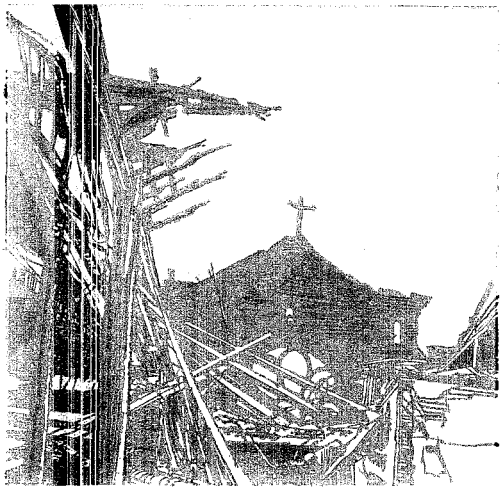

THE FINANCE OF FAITH

Only the courage they had found there could help the people rebuild their church

by JACK DENTON SCOTT

WHEN THE MORNING winds came and moved the smoke away, all that remained was the smoldering skeleton of a building with a cross still standing high on top of the frame. St. Anthony's, one of the oldest Catholic churches in Elmira, New York, had caught fire and burned.

A landmark along Washington Avenue, the church had taken many a soft-eyed immigrant to her bosom, had been mother-confessor, educator and social arbitrator for much of Elmira's Italian population. Now, just two years after the mortgage of 35 years had been paid off with meager funds, hard-earned by the faithful parishioners engaged for the most part in humble occupations, it was gone.

The day of the fire, February 26, 1947, dawned clear and cold. Pasquale Limoncelli pulled on overshoes before he left his house. He closed his storm door and went off to 7 o'clock Mass at St. Anthony's.

Two bakers, white trousers showing beneath their overcoats, stopped at the church on their way to work at Rossi's bakery. Francis Mogros, the undertaker, lit a candle for the soul of his departed mother, knelt and said a prayer.

Over two hundred children had entered the building by 9 A.M. to attend the parochial school on the first floor. And, although only two morning Masses were said that day, many women with shawls and dark-colored kerchiefs could be seen coming and going through the oaken doorway of the church all afternoon.

At 5 P.M., the Rev. Albert L. Simonetti, pastor of St. Anthony's, sat at his desk. Of medium height, bespectacled, with warm brown eyes that made him look even younger than his 35 years, the priest was held in high esteem by his parishioners—a people quick with affec-

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tion but careful with their respect. For to the people of St. Anthony's, not rich in pocket but wealthy in spirit, the church was the focal point of their lives. The priest was the keeper of the gates. Father Simonetti, they thought, did his job well.

Only last week, workmen had completed redecorating the church and school. Last year, thinking that the school looked a little shabby, he had had the entire building renovated. In addition, although Father Simonetti always asked the parishioners to speak in English, he could talk to them in their musical mother tongue.

At dusk that night, when his parishioners saw him leave the rectory, adjusting his black felt hat, they looked at one another and said: "There goes Father Simonetti. Off on another mission of mercy."

The streets darkened and quieted. Several blocks away, Emildo R. "Flip" Liberatore closed his restaurant and started to walk home. It was 2:40 A.M. when he drew abreast of the church and saw smoke. Racing around the corner to the rectory, he roused Father Simonetti and his assistant, Father Ignatius St. George.

Both priests tried to get into the now flaming building to save the Sacred Host. But even with masks and the help of firemen who were now beginning to arrive, they couldn't enter.

Soon the three-alarm fire had summoned every piece of fire-fighting apparatus in Elmira and Elmira Heights. But, whipped by a stiff wind, flames demolished the structure in four hours. Only a few things were saved. Among them was a relic of St. Anthony and one of St. Teresa.

Next day, Father Simonetti gathered his parish together and told them that the church was a total loss. Although stunned, they immediately swung into action. Adolph Cirulli and John Cavaluzzi were chosen as co-chairmen, and the warm and friendly Francis T. Mogros as campaign manager, to launch the campaign to raise funds for a new church. The goal set was $175,000.

TO THE PEOPLE of the parish, it seemed like a million dollars. But it would cost that much and more to build a new church.

Meanwhile, Elmira College had offered its chapel as a place of worship, while St. Casimir's School and Public School No. 2 absorbed the pupils of St. Anthony's. Dr. W. H. Willits, pastor of the big North Presbyterian Church, also offered his church to the stricken parishioners.

Mogros and his workers evolved a team system of one captain and four workers, both men's and women's teams, to carry the burden of campaign soliciting. He also insisted that there should be no door-to-door canvassing. "We've always managed before," he said. "We'll build our church again even if we have to do it just in our own neighborhood."

But that was not to be the case. Rapidly the entire city became aware of the courageous struggle for funds. Charles Barber, a Protestant who was then editor of the morning paper, the Elmira *Advertiser*, felt the loss of St. Anthony's keenly and insisted that a daily

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All of Elmira responded to the money-raising cry: "Andiamo!" . . .

story appear on the fund's progress. Lively, dollar-seeking copy poured from his busy typewriter.

No one is sure who adopted the word, *Andiamo*, Italian for "Let's Go!" as a campaign slogan, but soon it began to appear all over town: chalked on sidewalks, emblazoned on placards in store windows, on stickers pasted on windshields.

Six-year-old Richard Pirozzola symbolized the feeling of everyone in town when he appeared at the rectory and presented Father Simonetti with a war bond that had been given him by his grandparents. It was appropriately signed for transfer to St. Anthony's Church.

Eight pin boys from Rossi's Bowling Alley, only a small percentage of them Catholic, contributed $25 each to the fund. A four-year-old boy donated ten cents "for the new church." Hundreds of children throughout the parish ran errands, peddled papers, washed windows, shoveled snow and gave the proceeds to the fund.

Campaign headquarters opened in a small store near the corner of Main and Washington Avenues. The doors had been open only four days when a report was read: $71,645 had already been raised!

Dr. Mordecai Habor, a Jew, worked long hours at night as a team member and originated the idea of captaining a team consisting of non-Catholics. His team was high on the list of dollar deliverers. Olin McCloud, a Methodist, whose own church was in the process of being rebuilt, made private contributions to the fund.

Harry Altman, another Elmiran of the Jewish faith, got on the phone at night, telling people of the plight of the people of St. Anthony's and asking them to donate whatever they could.

"Watching those Catholics trying to rebuild their church was really something," he recalls. "Mogros and the others were so sincere, so eager and unselfish, they reminded me of a story of my own faith. 'I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down,' was the reply of Nehemiah to his enemies, who requested him to descend from the walls of Jerusalem. Those trying to rebuild St. Anthony's had all of us in Elmira proud that we were part of the town."

On the evening of March 27th, Mogros called his teams together and, in the presence of Father Simonetti, read the third report: $114,184 had been pledged in eleven days! An amazing feat in a town with a population of less than 50,000.

Frank Tripp, executive of the Gannett newspapers, a non-Catholic who lived in Elmira and wrote for the papers there, put into words the feelings of the citizens: "A church has burned in Elmira," he wrote. "All of the community is helping rebuild it. When a church burns, something tragic happens to all churches. It doesn't matter what

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church, the calamity rests in the loss to all who have faith in some Almighty Power which rules the universe.

"Upon faith, man will survive and flourish; without it his soul must wither and truly die . . . The destruction of any symbol of faith in a Supreme Being is a challenge to all who believe in such a One . . . That is why St. Anthony's will rise again."

The cornerstone of the new church was laid on February 22, 1948. The amazing total of $165,029, enough to build the edifice, had been raised in less than two months. On the day of the dedication ceremony, all the priests and nuns of the city, plus the mayor and dignitaries of Elmira, were present, and a respectful crowd of 10,000 came to inspect the school, located in the new building.

As press photographers flashed bulbs recording the solemn sight of the three priests in white robes, Father Simonetti, Father Ignatius St. George and Monsignor Brien, the crowd stood in silence. They had watched a miracle being worked in their midst during the past few months. They had watched faith take a burned and blackened church and change it into a shining new edifice.

Today, St. Anthony's stands as a symbol to all the people of Elmira. To them it is more than a new Catholic Church—it is the living story of the spirit of a people and of a town.

Applied Psychology

THE MAYOR OF A EUROPEAN TOWN, where there is a housing shortage, recently announced that ex-King Farouk of Egypt would visit there and needed apartments and rooms for his party. Offers poured in. As soon as the deluge ended, the mayor sat down and assigned the unoccupied housing to the town's homeless families. —*Hudson Newsletter*

THE OLD MAXIM about touching a man's self-interest when you want him to do something was employed with excellent results by a doctor whose office was on a busy street. As he was always on call, it was necessary that his driveway be kept clear of parked cars, something which seemed impossible.

So he solved his problem with this sign: "Please! My next rush call may be to *your* home." His drive remained open thereafter.

—BILL COPELAND (*Rotarian*)

A KNOWING MOTHER put self-interest to work in maintaining peace between her small son and daughter when it came to the division of candy, cake or cookies. She deputized one child to do the dividing, with the other to get first "pick"—so the divider took every precaution to be fair since he got second pick. —MRS. W. M. CROUCH (*Rotarian*)

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A famous columnist and TV personality makes surprising choices

If I Had *Five Wishes*

by ED SULLIVAN

SOME PEOPLE THINK it's foolish to make a wish. Maybe so. But when I was asked to make my favorite wishes, I found it fun.

Perhaps it was more than just fun, for it stimulated my imagination. Here are my five wishes. Perhaps they will stimulate your imagination, too.

1. First and foremost, I wish for a return to the innocence that I possessed before I ever heard the word "tolerance." That was the childhood time when one played with kids of all races and creeds, and the word was never used. We've gotten so self-conscious about that insulting word "tolerance" that we often manage to be merely condescending. Kids playing together teach us that "equality" is a humbug—if we have to remember at all times to be "tolerant."

2. I wish (being an incurable sports fan) that I could collapse time and see Tunney, in his prime, box Jim Corbett who defeated John L., Dempsey against Bob Fitzsimmons or Jim Jeffries, Joe Louis against Jack Johnson. And if I'm not crowding too much into a single wish, I would also love to see Helen Wills (Little Miss Pokerface) play Maureen Connolly, Bobby Jones slug it out with Ben Hogan, and Clarence De Mar race Pheidippides, the Greek runner who gave the name to the Marathon by bringing the news of the Athenian victory to his home town from that battlefield.

Then, if I could just see Babe Ruth batting against Bob Feller's pitching and Jim Thorpe's Carlisle Indians play a quarter against last year's great Ohio State eleven—well, I'd call it a sporting day.

3. I wish all people with kids who are contemplating divorce would turn into their own children for a few hours before they went ahead with their plans. This wish has grown on me over the years as I have witnessed the effects of divorce

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on the children of my friends. The scars left on the minds of these children, I am convinced, never quite heal.

Fathers and mothers, caught up in their own difficulties with each other, allow themselves to forget the need of the childish mind for absolute security, the capacity of the childish mind for pain and uncertainty.

And the tragic thing is, I believe, there are very few cases where a really poignant and telling reminder of the effect on the children would not restore the combatants to a sense of responsibility, and force them to a more mature solution than that of divorce.

4. I wish small-town boys and girls would settle in their home towns, for the most part. No matter what anybody says, small-town values are best, and the girl next door is sounder and the job downtown a lot solider than anybody or anything they are likely to meet in the Big Cities.

This doesn't mean that I wish the creative enterprise and adventurousness of youth would be nipped in the bud. It's just that I've seen some sad cases result from the amorphous moral climate of the market place. These results might have been avoided if the individuals had stayed home, away from temptation. Or, at least, if they had held on to the home-town values when they were exposed to the clamorous and too often amoral demands of the Big City.

5. I wish that I could see the following great moments in the history of mankind:

a. Solomon rendering a decision.
b. Socrates discussing the meaning of life with his disciples.
c. The barons at Runnymede signing the Magna Carta.
d. Each of the Seven Wonders of the World being finished.
e. Shakespeare acting in one of his own plays.
f. The Pilgrims landing at Plymouth.
g. Washington accepting the British surrender at Yorktown.
h. Lincoln giving his address at Gettysburg.
i. Wilbur and Orville Wright getting their plane off the ground at Kitty Hawk.

Well, however greedy I may sound, those are my five wishes. What are yours? Try putting them down. You'll find it's more than a mere game.

Sign Language

TRAFFIC SIGN in a Canadian village: "Slow. No Hospital."
—*Crustene Courier*

AFFIXED TO Shasta Dam, the great 12,000,000-ton structure in California, is a metal plaque reading: "U. S. Government Property. Do Not Remove."
—*Tide*

A WASHINGTON OFFICIAL has a sign on his desk with the word "Think." The other morning he discovered that below it someone had pencilled "Or Thwim."
—*Quote*

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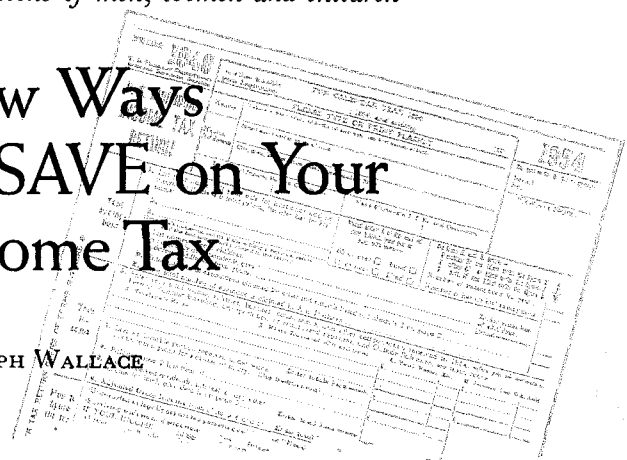
Revisions in the Federal law provide many extra benefits for millions of men, women and children

New Ways to SAVE on Your Income Tax



by RALPH WALLACE

LAST YEAR, for the first time, our Federal tax law was given a complete overhauling. The rewritten law runs to about 1,000 pages! Was it just a change in language? No, this big new tax measure is full of provisions that will save money for taxpayers. Also, this year, there is a change in the timing for your payments. April 15th is the first due date, instead of March 15th as in the past.

You would find it almost impossible to wade through the 1,000 pages of revised law to find the points that help you. So, in cooperation with tax experts, CORONET has examined the new law and selected those items which apply to the largest segment of taxpayers. For a preview of what's new, glance through the questions that follow.

Just a preliminary word of caution. If you have less than $5,000 total income, and if this is nearly all derived from wages on which tax has been withheld, you may find that you are entitled to file the "simple" form—1040-A. *But it may not be best for you to do this.* It is only by filing the regular form, 1040, that you can take certain credits and deductions. Since you definitely have the right to file the regular form, no matter what your income, it may save you money to do it.

Do you own stock? If so, there's a startling new provision of the 1954 law. The first $50 of dividends you received last year are tax-free. In addition, you probably can reduce your tax by four per cent of the taxable dividends received *after* July 31, 1954.

For example, let's say you received $100 in dividends last March 1st, June 1st, September 1st and December 1st. Total, $400. Only $350 is taxed. You figure your tax on this $350 along with your other income. Then you take $8 off your tax. The $8, you see, is four per

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cent of the $200 dividends received *after* July 31st.

This four-per-cent credit can't be more than two per cent of all "taxable income" in 1954. However, this won't bother you if you have sizable wages or other income in addition to the dividends.

Are you retired? Under the old law, people over 65 got several tax breaks. They enjoyed double exemptions—$1,200 instead of $600. They were better off when it came to figuring deduction for medical expenses. Now, here's something extra for them in 1954:

Let's say you are over 65 and retired. You have an income from Social Security, and also from pensions, annuities, interest, dividends, or rents. But you aren't *earning* much—not over $900 a year, anyway. The new law says, in effect, that at least $1,200 of your income from Social Security, pensions, annuities, interest, dividends and rents is tax-free.

"But my Social Security is already exempt," you may say. Yes, it is. If you're getting $1,200 or more Social Security, you are "using" all of the $1,200 exemption that Congress now guarantees, and the new provision does nothing for you. But if you're getting *less* than $1,200 Social Security, you have some of the $1,200 "guarantee" to apply against your other income.

Here's an example: Last year, Mr. Pensioner got $500 from Social Security, also $2,000 from a company pension plan which previously has been fully taxed. He subtracts the $500 from $1,200. That leaves $700. Thus $700 of his $2,000 pensions is tax-free.

"Is this new $1,200 'guarantee' in addition to the personal exemption of $1,200 that people over 65 have?" Everybody is asking this question, and the answer is yes. Technically, the credit is 20 per cent of the retirement income as reduced in the above illustration. Mr. Pensioner, for example, would figure his tax in the usual way, taking all deductions and exemptions. Then he would reduce his tax by 20 per cent of $700—or $140.

WERE YOU SICK? Many people can make real savings on medical expenses. In the past, people under 65 weren't allowed a deduction until expenses added up to more than five per cent of adjusted gross income. Under the revised law this figure has been dropped to only three per cent.

Also, top limits on the deduction have been doubled in most cases. A married couple with two children, for example, previously couldn't deduct more than $5,000. Now they can deduct up to $10,000.

But here are two items of negative news. First, money spent for drugs and medicines is now considered "medical expense" *only* to the extent that it is over one per cent of income. Second, if your doctor orders you to take a trip somewhere for the cure of a specific ailment, you can deduct the railroad or plane fare but *not* the cost of meals and lodging (unless meals and lodging are part of a hospital bill).

One final point, and a most important one. Let's say you stayed away from work on account of illness and your company has a policy of continuing to pay employees in cases like yours, and you were paid. Is this pay taxable? You had better

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find out from your company's personnel department. The new tax law makes a big change in the rules dealing with this situation. The change is technical, but it may mean additional savings in your pocket.

Are you sending a son, daughter or stepchild to college? Two changes help you in claiming an exemption. The first point has to do with the amount of income a student may have. Remember the stories about boys or girls who had good summer jobs but quit the moment they earned $599? The reason was that if the child earned $600 or more, he ceased being a dependent for tax purposes. Now this rigid rule has been dropped—as to college students, anyway, and other children of the taxpayer under 19. These young people can have any amount of income in a year and still be claimed as dependents.

Second, if your boy or girl gets a scholarship, you can disregard it in figuring whether or not you are providing more than half the support. For instance, a boy gets $500 from his father and $1,000 from a scholarship, and that's all the money that comes to him.

At first, you might say that the father provides only one-third of the boy's support. But the new law says, "No, the father is providing all the support, for the scholarship is to be disregarded entirely." With the scholarship left out, the boy is getting only $500, and the father provides every cent of it.

WHAT IS THE RIGHT ALIMONY?
An experienced judge's guide to the awarding of alimony—a guide which must be adopted if courts are to provide justice instead of vengeance. In April Coronet.

Are you one of a group supporting a dependent? Heretofore you have been out of luck in claiming an exemption unless you alone paid more than half the support. Now, under certain conditions, you and the other contributors can get together and decide to have one of you claim the exemption.

Say, for example, that three sons support an aged mother. Each provides a third of the money she needs. Before 1954, none of these three sons could claim her as a dependent. But in 1954, they could agree to have one son claim the full exemption; next year another son could claim it; and the third son would take it the third year, and so on.

Are you paying somebody to take care of a dependent so you can go to work? A new deduction is allowed for money spent, up to $600, for the care of one or more dependents if such care enables the taxpayer to work or to look for work.

Example: Mr. J——— underwent a serious operation. He remained in the hospital for several weeks, then had to go to a rest home for several months. Mrs. J———, to defray the heavy expense, went back to her former job on a temporary basis. But she had to pay $500 to a woman to look after the children when they came home from school to lunch, and after school had closed for the day. The entire expense was incurred while Mr. J——— was incapacitated. When Mr. and Mrs. J——— pre-

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IF YOU ARE A SMALL BUSINESSMAN . . .

The 1954 tax revisions are "important to the growth and survival of a small business," according to the Senate Finance Committee. Here are some of the points which the Committee had in mind:

Faster depreciation is allowed on new property acquired or constructed after the beginning of this year.

Income received before it is earned doesn't always have to be reported right away. Some estimated expenses can be taken as tax deductions before they are paid.

Stock dividends aren't taxable anymore, as a general rule. Thus, the owner of a small company can have preferred stock issued to himself, tax-free; and then he can more easily split up the ownership of the company with members of his family.

A company that's closing up shop—liquidating—can sell its assets (except inventory) without being taxed on the gain.

Expense of organizing a company can be written off over five years.

Losses: a business concern, if it loses money in any year, can "carry back" the loss as a tax deduction for two years and "carry forward" for five years.

Cancelled leases: if a landlord pays a tenant to get out of business property before the lease expires, the tenant can treat the money as capital gain (instead of as ordinary income).

Charitable contributions by a corporation, if they run over the five per cent of income limit, can be carried over and deducted in a later year.

pare their joint income return for the year, they are entitled to take the $500 as a deduction.

Generally, the deduction is allowed to working women; also to men who are widowed, divorced or legally separated. A married woman is not entitled to any deduction if she and her husband have a combined gross income of $5,100 or more (except where the husband is incapable of self-support). The dependent who is cared for must be the taxpayer's child, under 12, or a person, regardless of age, incapable of caring for himself.

Do you support your parents? If you are married, the only favorable tax treatment you are entitled to for supporting a parent is the dependency exemption. An unmarried taxpayer, however, can possibly claim not only a dependency exemption for supporting a parent, but also the special tax rate given to a "head of a household." The news on this point is that if the unmarried taxpayer pays more than half the cost of maintaining a household for a dependent father or mother, he can be "head of a household," even though he does not live with his parents.

Example: Mr. Doe, unmarried, lives in New York. His parents still occupy the old family home in a small town in Indiana. They are practically penniless, so their son sends them regularly a remittance that is ample for

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their needs. The tax result is that, beginning in 1954, Mr. Doe in New York can claim to be "head of a household"—even though he is living alone in New York. His income tax, consequently, is computed at special, low rates.

Are you paying for anything in installments? If so, you are probably entitled to a deduction for interest paid (assuming, of course, that you itemize your deductions). The interest charge made by the seller does not have to be called interest. If there is any kind of a carrying charge, the buyer may deduct, as interest, six per cent of the average unpaid balance during 1954. But don't deduct more than you paid during 1954, nor more than the carrying charges that are properly attributable to 1954.

Do you use your car in your work? John Jones is an employee who is required to travel a good deal in his own car—not travel from his home to his office and back again, but travel around the city calling on customers. Technically, it is not travel "away from home," since he is home every night. His employer does not reimburse him for the full cost of this travel, certainly not if insurance and depreciation on his car are taken into account.

If Jones wants to take the "standard" deduction on his tax return, can he also deduct the money he is out-of-pocket because of using his car in his work? Yes. This is new in the 1954 tax law, and sets aright what seemed an unfair situation.

And note this: if Jones has a brand-new car, he probably can use the new "declining balance" method of depreciation, getting especially big allowances in the first year or two. For example, if a car used wholly in business has an estimated useful life of five years, up to 40 per cent of the cost could be written off and taken as a tax deduction in the first year—$1,000 in the case of a car costing $2,500.

Now Jones doesn't use his car wholly for business. But if he can convince the tax authorities that he uses it, say 50 percent for business, he could have a $500 deduction for depreciation the first year. He could deduct that much and still use the "standard" deduction.

ARE YOU AN "OUTSIDE SALESMAN"? This means an employee who is engaged principally in soliciting business. If you are in that class, you can use the "standard" deduction—ten per cent of income, but not more than $1,000 in most cases—and also deduct all your out-of-pocket business expenses, for transportation, meals, etc. You do *not* have to be away from home overnight.

Did your wife or husband die recently? There are three new provisions which may save you tax.

(1) If you have a dependent child or stepchild living with you, and if your wife or husband died in 1952 or 1953, you can still "split" your income as on a joint return.

Example: Mr. Black's wife died in 1952. His 1954 income is $10,000, after taking off deductions and exemptions. On his 1954 return he computes the tax on half of this, or $5,000, and then multiplies that tax by two. The resulting tax is considerably less than the regular tax on a $10,000 income.

(2) Property held in joint names

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of two persons with right of survivorship may take a new "cost" for tax purposes if one of the owners dies after 1953.

Example: Mrs. White's husband died early in 1954. Their home had been jointly held. Many years ago it had cost Mr. White $8,000. When he died it was worth $18,000. Shortly after he died, Mrs. White sold the property for $19,000 and went to live with relatives. Her gain on the sale: only $1,000, because her "cost" was considered to be $18,000, the value when her husband died. (Before the change, her cost would have been $8,000 and she would have had to report $11,000 as gain.)

(3) An employer can pay up to $5,000 to the beneficiaries of a deceased employee without saddling the beneficiaries with taxable income. Under the 1954 tax law, there does not need to be a contract for such a payment.

Example: Mrs. Green's husband died last year. The company he worked for had no pension plan or anything like that. But the company did—voluntarily, and in view of Mr. Green's long service—pay Mrs. Green $5,000. The company took this as an income tax deduction. But Mrs. Green does not need to report it as taxable income.

Are you a farmer? The new law says you can deduct money spent for soil and water conservation. For example, cost of ponds, earthen dams, ditches; levelling, grading, contour furrowing, etc. The tax deduction for these expenses in any year can't be more than 25 per cent of income from farming. But you can "carry over" anything in excess of 25 per cent and deduct it in a later year.

Do you get an annuity from a life insurance company? There's a new method of taxing your annuity income. Quite often it means less tax. Better write the insurance company about it, if you haven't heard from them already. Briefly, the method is to divide the cost of the annuity by the number of years of the annuitant's life expectancy. This gives the exempt portion of an annual payment; the rest is taxable. These exempt and taxable portions stay the same, no matter how long the annuitant lives.

Are you separated from your wife or husband? Periodic separate-maintenance payments are now deductible by the payor (and taxed to the one who receives them) if made under a written agreement signed after August 16, 1954. The parties must not be living together and must not file a joint return. But there does not need to be a court decree.

Please bear in mind that this preview has been concerned primarily with the "high spots" of the new tax law—those items of special interest to most taxpayers. Naturally, the only way to make sure you're not missing out on any money-saving provisions is to read the new instructions carefully. You can get help, without charge, at any office of the Internal Revenue Service, or you may need the assistance of a competent professional adviser.

In any event, experts have predicted that at least one taxpayer out of every five will pay *less* this year than in previous years. By paying close attention to the new revisions, that lucky taxpayer may be you.

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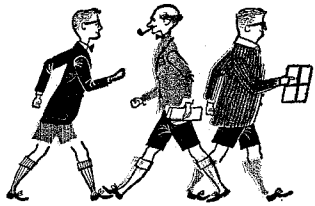

Small Talk

AS A GROUP OF MEN strolled by in Bermuda shorts last summer, a six-year-old boy wearing long pants followed them with his eyes, then asked his mother: "When will I be old enough to wear Bermuda shorts?"

—HY GARDNER

ONE NEW YORK FATHER who had been giving his five-year-old daughter lessons in poise and deportment, took her with him when he stopped in to see an artist friend at his studio. Although the artist was in the midst of painting a nude the father calmly introduced the little girl, who curtsied politely as she had been taught, then, looking at the model, asked: "Where are your shoes?"

—*Typo Graphic*

A LADY FOUND IT NECESSARY one day to take her small son to the beauty parlor. The youngster was interested in everything, particularly the line of women sitting under the dryers. He watched them, fascinated, and on the way home asked: "Mom, why did all those ladies have on space helmets?"

—ELEANOR CLARAGE

A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER, trying to impress on her pupils the need for missionaries in the East, told the story of a poor native who broke his arm and was taken to the hospital where he learned for the first time about Christian religion.

"Very soon," she concluded, "he was well and returned to his home. Now, how could he learn more about religion?"

There was silence for a moment, then one child volunteered, "He could break his other arm." —*Tit-Bits*

ONE AFTERNOON little Billie, a neighbor's four-year-old, appeared at our gate with another little boy I had never seen before. It was evident that Billie was coaxing his reluctant companion to come into our yard. Finally he succeeded.

My husband and I tried to make them feel welcome with cookies and candy. After they had accepted these offerings, Billie looked wisely at his little friend and said meaningfully, "Now, you see what I mean?"

—BESSIE SHELON in *Pen*

THE VERY YOUNG SON of the house, gazing out through the window at the rain, turned to his mother and asked, "Mummy, why does it rain?"

"To make things grow," she replied. "To give us flowers and apples and pears . . ."

"Then why," he wanted to know thoughtfully, "does it rain on the pavement?"

—MARCIA MILCHMAN

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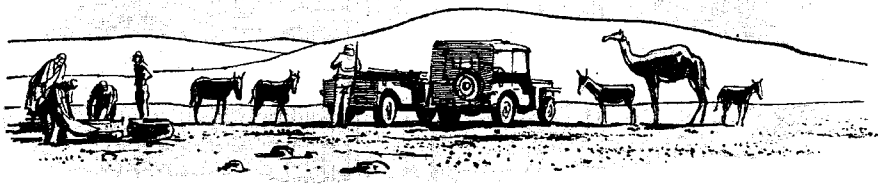
Dr. Nelson Glueck has unearthed stirring evidence of the Bible's accuracy

Biblical Explorer By Land and Air

by NORMAN CARLISLE



HOW AUTHENTIC are Old Testament descriptions of people and places that were not written down until hundreds or even thousands of years after the events occurred? Biblical statements convey religious meaning and more: actually, in background and detail, in their portrayal of a way of life, they often serve as a mine of invaluable information. For example, take *Genesis 13:10*, where an unknown chronicler describes the Jordan Valley in ancient times as follows:

"And Lot lifted up his eyes and he beheld the Valley of the Jordan. And lo, all of it was irrigated, and it was like the Garden of God."

For centuries, this was considered highly imaginative writing, since all available evidence had led to the conclusion that at the time of Lot—about 2,000 B.C.—the Valley of the Jordan was an uninhabited desert. No civilization, they said; no irrigation; no farms.

"The Valley," announced no less an authority than George Adam Smith in his famed *Historical Geography of the Holy Land*, "has never been populous. It has deserved the name of wilderness."

Up to a few years ago, this conclusion remained unchallenged. Then, into that wilderness, armed with a conviction that Biblical descriptions would be found literally true, came Dr. Nelson Glueck, American archeologist.

A tall, lean, sunburned man, wearing Bedouin headdress, he looked like an Arab. Often he would squat for hours in the tents of desert wanderers, listening to their tales. Sometimes his Arab companions, desert-trained as they were, collapsed from the heat. Sometimes he himself had to lie exhausted before he was able to start again.

Curious Arabs watched as he strode across blank wastelands. They were more puzzled still when he would pick up a piece of baked earthenware that looked like a stone

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splinter and stand turning it over and over, a look of awe in his eyes. To the Bedouin, the shattered piece of pottery might seem a useless chunk of fired clay. To Dr. Glueck, it was a magic window permitting him to look into the Biblical world of the past.

What he saw through it, and others like it which he found, enabled him to make a startling announcement. Far from having been the wilderness the scholars supposed, "the Jordan Valley was not only one of the first settled sections of the country, but it was also one of the richest parts of all ancient Palestine and Transjordan . . . truly, a Garden of God."

Backed by the scientific evidence he produced, this statement was accepted as fact, and the maps of ancient Palestine were changed to show more than 70 cities that Dr. Glueck discovered.

Behind Dr. Glueck is more than a quarter-century of devotion to probing historical mysteries sometimes only hinted at in Biblical stories. Now a tall, spare man in his early fifties, he began his exploration of the Holy Land in his early twenties. As a young instructor at Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati, he paid his own way to spend summers working with the American School for Oriental Research in Jerusalem. Later, for many years, he served as director of this archeological center.

More recently, he became president of Hebrew Union College, where he imparts his love for the Bible and the Holy Land to the students training to be rabbis. But he still goes to Israel each summer, starting many of his searches from the vantage point of the plane. Strangely enough, ancient roads and city sites can often be *seen through the sand* by an aerial observer. Differences in the density of the sand above solid objects account for this curious effect. It is as if time, in its passing, had made an x-ray of civilizations long past.

Once, flying over a stretch of desert, Dr. Glueck looked down upon a remarkable road. Only after he had marvelled for a time about the fact that engineers had built the highway so rapidly since his last view of the territory, did it occur to him that this was no newly-built marvel. It was a portion of Trajan's Road, built by the Romans almost 2,000 years ago, and now revealed by shifting sands.

Though flying can help him to size up an area, the real searching is done on the ground. Dr. Glueck and his Israeli companions (and occasionally other archeologists) may reach a general area by jeep

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and then take to camels or donkeys. Eventually, when he actually reaches an area he wishes to explore thoroughly, he must dismount and traverse the ground on foot.

Often, only sheer willpower keeps him going, as it did on a venture into one desert area near the Red Sea. The heat was so searing that Dr. Glueck, Reginald Head, then of the Transjordan Department of Antiquities, and a companion, Ali Abu Ghosh, could walk only ten minutes at a time. Their lips were swollen and cracked, their water gone.

At last Ali fell to the ground, crying, "Water or I die!" Dr. Glueck pushed himself further. "Then suddenly it didn't matter any more," he recalls. "The earth seemed to rise to meet me, and I hugged it." Only the timely appearance of a band of Arabs saved them.

TO THE CAPABILITIES that have distinguished him as scientist, Biblical scholar and religious leader, Dr. Glueck adds the vision of a poet. To him the past is not gone, but vibrantly alive. Of the Holy Land he says:

"These are more than conglomerations of rock and soil. . . . These are the haunts of the Children of God, and His spirit is imprinted on the very atmosphere. I have stood on the shores of the Red Sea and heard the accents of Jehovah in Sinai. I have wandered in the wastes of the desert and heard the weeping of Hagar. I have sat in the tents of Ishmael and found myself peering into the faces of the Prophets. I have paced along the banks of the Jordan and watched the people of Israel crossing over to the Land of Promise."

This crossing of the Jordan is one of the disputed Bible stories explained by Dr. Glueck's explorations. He finds geological evidence pointing to the accuracy of the Biblical account, which says: ". . . the waters coming from the stream stood still, whereupon . . . all Israel passed over on dry land until the entire people had crossed over the Jordan."

Cross a river on dry land? Perfectly possible, says Dr. Glueck. Here, in this region of earthquakes, he has found evidences of rock slides that have repeatedly blocked the river and caused it to change course. If the Israelites arrived at the spot after such a slide, the river might well have been temporarily impounded behind slides of earth and rocks, while seeking a new course.

Many of Dr. Glueck's discoveries have been made with the aid of simple pieces of pottery, called "sherds" by archeologists. In ancient times, pottery was universal, used not only for cooking, eating, carrying water and as ornamental vessels, but for communications as well. On broken pieces of pottery, businessmen wrote bills, generals jotted military orders and ordinary citizens scribbled lists.

Dr. Glueck can pick up a sherd, study it for a moment, and announce: "This is from the time of Abraham." In such an instance, he can be positive, because pottery of Abraham's time had a particular type of handle and ornamentation, plus a greenish-gray appearance, unlike that of any other pottery.

One of the most fascinating mys-

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teries of the Bible, and one which took Dr. Glueck years to solve, was that of King Solomon's Mines. The passage in *Deuteronomy 8:9* reads: ". . . for the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land . . . , whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou canst dig copper."

Engineers scanning the hills of Palestine were dubious. Copper vessels had been found, but no evidence that copper had been mined in the Holy Land. This was puzzling because they knew that copper and iron had played a vital part in building Solomon's glittering empire. But to Dr. Glueck, finding the mines was simply a matter of looking in the right place. From his knowledge of the Bible, he concluded the most likely spot would be the Wadi Arabah, the great rift between the Dead Sea and the Gulf of Aqabah, which is the eastern arm of the Red Sea.

It occurred to him that present-day water holes could be clues to the missing mines, so he decided to explore every water hole in the Wadi Arabah. It was a brilliantly correct hunch. Buried under the sands, around or near one water hole after another, he came upon great piles of slag, smelting furnaces and miners' huts. He then discovered others in waterless regions in the same area.

Following the literal description in the Bible that Ezion-Geber was located "on the shore of the Red Sea beside Elath in the land of Edom," he discovered and excavated Solomon's port city. It was exactly where the Bible said it was. No one previously had thought to heed the literal statement of its location.

For the last three years, Dr. Glueck has been engaged in what he believes may be his greatest adventure. He found himself challenged by a region which seemed to have no promise for an archeologist—the Negev, the great empty desert region of Southern Israel. In this area Abraham had once dwelt. Through it, too, the children of Israel had passed. Yet competent experts were sure there would be no traces of these early sojourners.

Besides the probable futility of searching in such a place, there was another reason why Dr. Glueck was urged not to go. He was warned that the Negev was a disputed region, through which Arab raiders prowled: he would be in danger there. The prospect did not deter the determined archeologist. His assistants would go armed, he said, and he himself would carry a rifle.

From a base of operations at Sde Boker, south of Beersheba, Dr. Glueck set out to explore this stark, desert land, his expeditions sponsored by the Louis Rabinowitz Foundation and Hebrew Union College. Soon he was finding pottery and terraces and intricate systems of water conservation and ruins of dozens of ancient stone villages and towns—evidences of

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flourishing civilizations that had once inhabited the Negev.

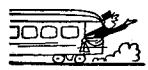
Here, for instance, had dwelt the Nabateans, a Semite people speaking Aramaic, the language that Jesus spoke, but who also learned to use Greek and Latin. Dr. Glueck marvelled at their accomplishments such as a water course that wound around four mountains to reach fields in need of irrigation. But his greatest thrill came when he picked up pieces of pottery that had once comprised a jug with pierced-ear handles. For here were the remains of a utensil nearly 4,000 years old. An entire ancient town came to light, becoming perhaps the oldest link in the Negev with Bible history —an echo from the remote past chronicled in *Genesis*. Along the streets of this town, Abraham himself may have walked!

As he discovered one site after another, Dr. Glueck pieced together another ancient Biblical story. In *Genesis 14* is an account of Chedorlaomer, an ancient King of Elam, who "smote the land." Depicting him as a mighty warrior, the Bible account indicated that he destroyed city after city, from Syria through Transjordan across the Negev and into Sinai. It was entirely improbable, scholars had always said. Yet now, as Dr. Glueck explored successive sites, ancient dwelling places appeared—a clear trail of them, through the Negev. And every one of those which he identified by their pottery as being of Abraham's time had evidently fallen in the path of Chedorlaomer's destructive raids!

Though Dr. Glueck does not think of this discovery as being greatly important in itself, he sees it as stirring new evidence of historical accuracy in the Bible, even in ancient events heretofore discounted. "Here is vivid indication of the remarkable historical memory recorded in the Bible," he says. "The story of this invasion must have been written down at least 1,000 years after it happened—yet I have seen the truth of it in the Negev ruins."

Dr. Glueck feels that all he and his colleagues have done only scratches the surface of the great work that remains to be accomplished in Biblical lands. He estimates that merely excavating and studying the sites of the hundreds of cities he himself has discovered would keep scores of archeologists busy for a century. Yet whole great regions remain to be searched with the patience needed to make them yield their stories.

Even though, in his lifetime, Dr. Glueck can uncover only a fraction of the riches still hidden beneath the sands and stones of Bible lands, his work has lighted the way for future scholars seeking, as he has done, to illuminate ancient history as told in the Bible.



Political Whistlestops

Liberal, Kan.
Cabinet, Idaho
Campaign, Tenn.
Democrat, N. C.
President, Pa.
White House, Tenn.
Republican City, Neb.
Congress, Ariz.
Veto, Ala.

—Dale Allen

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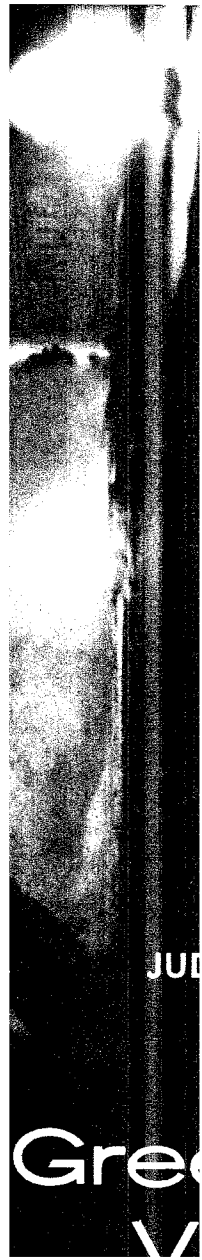

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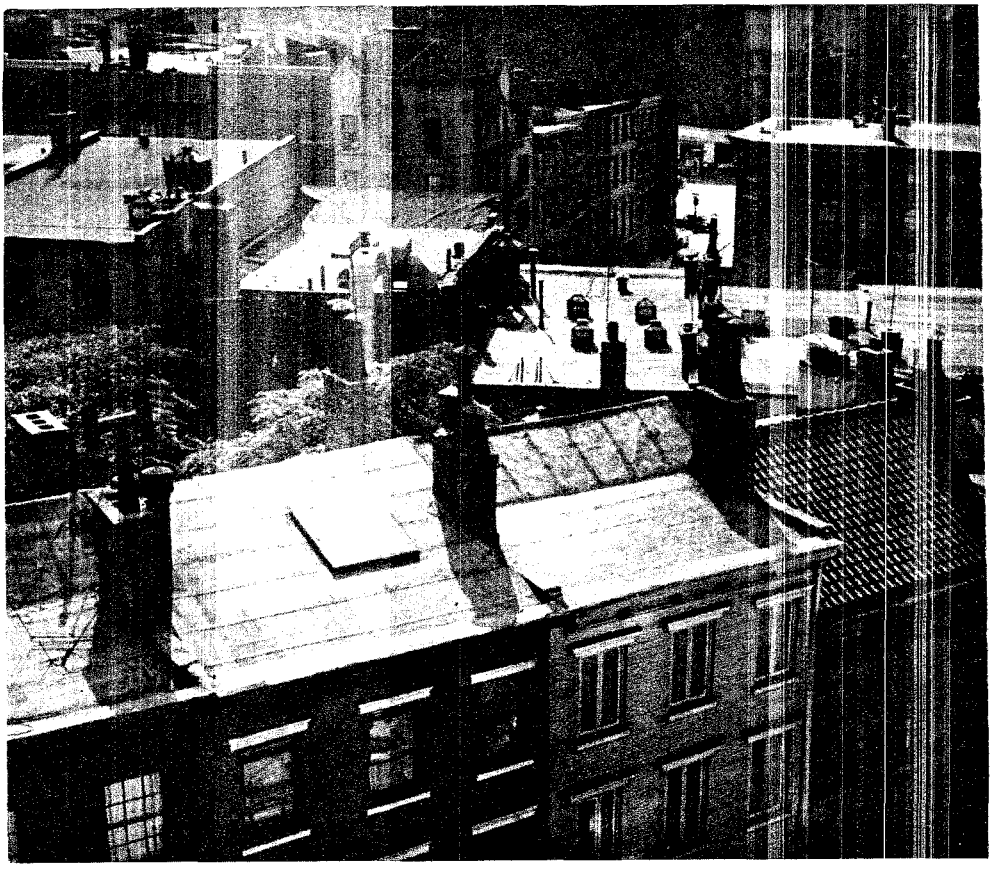

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OFTEN I'VE TRIED to explain to myself why Greenwich Village is so enchanting to so many people. I know it is to me. I lived there five years, and I'll never forget it. Yet it's only a neighborhood, really, a little part of old New York, a square mile or so of rambling streets and brownstone front apartment houses standing shoulder to shoulder . . . Where's the magic in that? I suppose it's in the special atmosphere of Greenwich Village itself—the outdoor art displays and the coffee houses where everyone's so excited about writing and music and acting and just plain living—intoxicated with their dreams of fame and success . . . That's the way it was for me, I remember.

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I'VE OFTEN THOUGHT how wonderful to sit before your paintings and listen to people's comments as they passed. There's an informality about the Village which makes you feel free, free to be yourself, or free to pretend you're somebody else . . .

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An evening class at the New School for Social Research.

THE VILLAGE is like a small town, but a small town offering far more than you'd expect. It has a surprisingly varied community life. People study—and study hard. You'll find night classes for high school students and college graduates, as well. And if you explore of a weekend, you may suddenly come upon a real community sing—a song fest which echoes folk music from all parts of the world.

Song fest at the Circle, in storied Washington Square.

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There's even—so it's said—the only pantomime school in existence, where students emulate anything from duelists to old-time prize fighters.

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Joachim Probst, one of the Village's best-known artists.

I GUESS, THOUGH, that the real Village, as far as most people are concerned, is the Village of artists and writers and actors—New York's Left Bank, our own Bohemia. It's the place where Edgar Allan Poe and Walt Whitman and Sinclair Lewis labored, where Eugene O'Neill's first plays were produced, and where every basement studio is rich with legends of struggle and fierce dedication to the creativity that's locked in each of us. That Village is a ferment of activity, with bearded painters hard at work, lovely actresses studying their parts and sculptors capturing beauty in charcoal and marble.

Eva Marie Saint, star of "On the Waterfront," studying a script.

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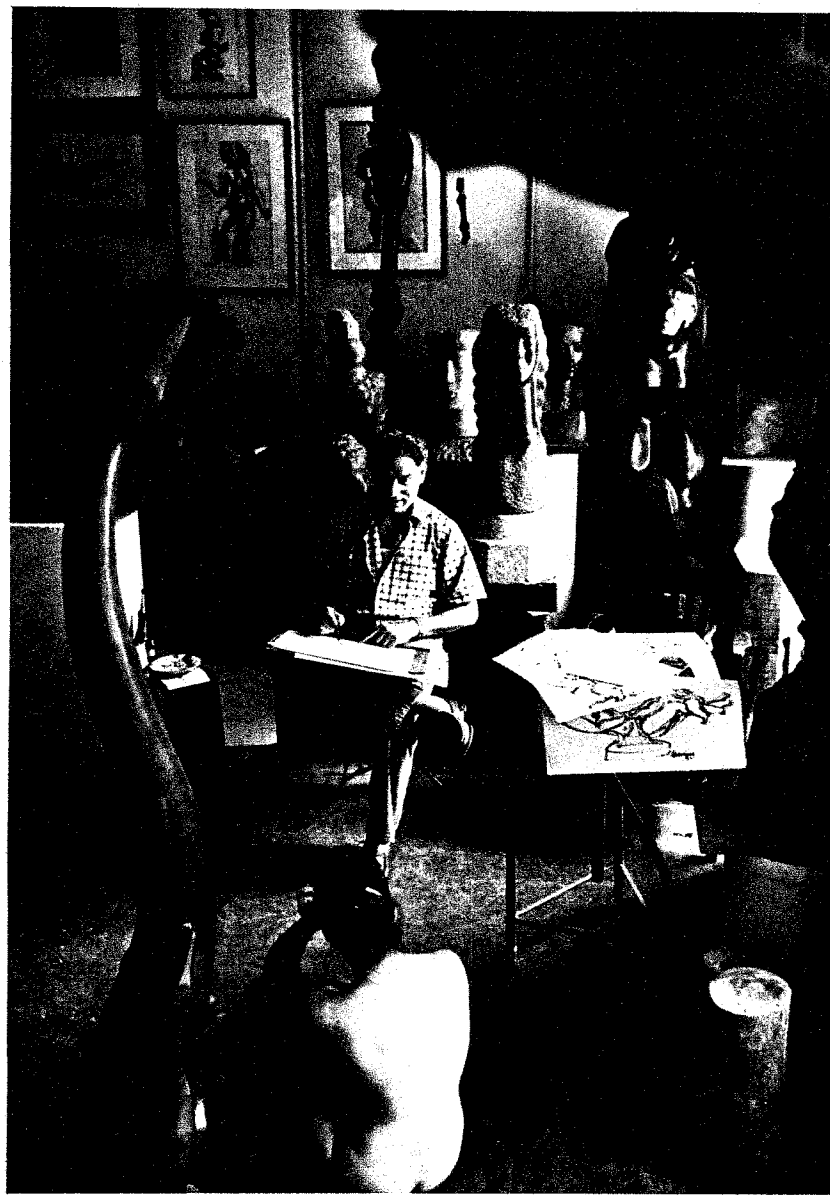

Chaim Gross, the sculptor, at work in his Village studio.

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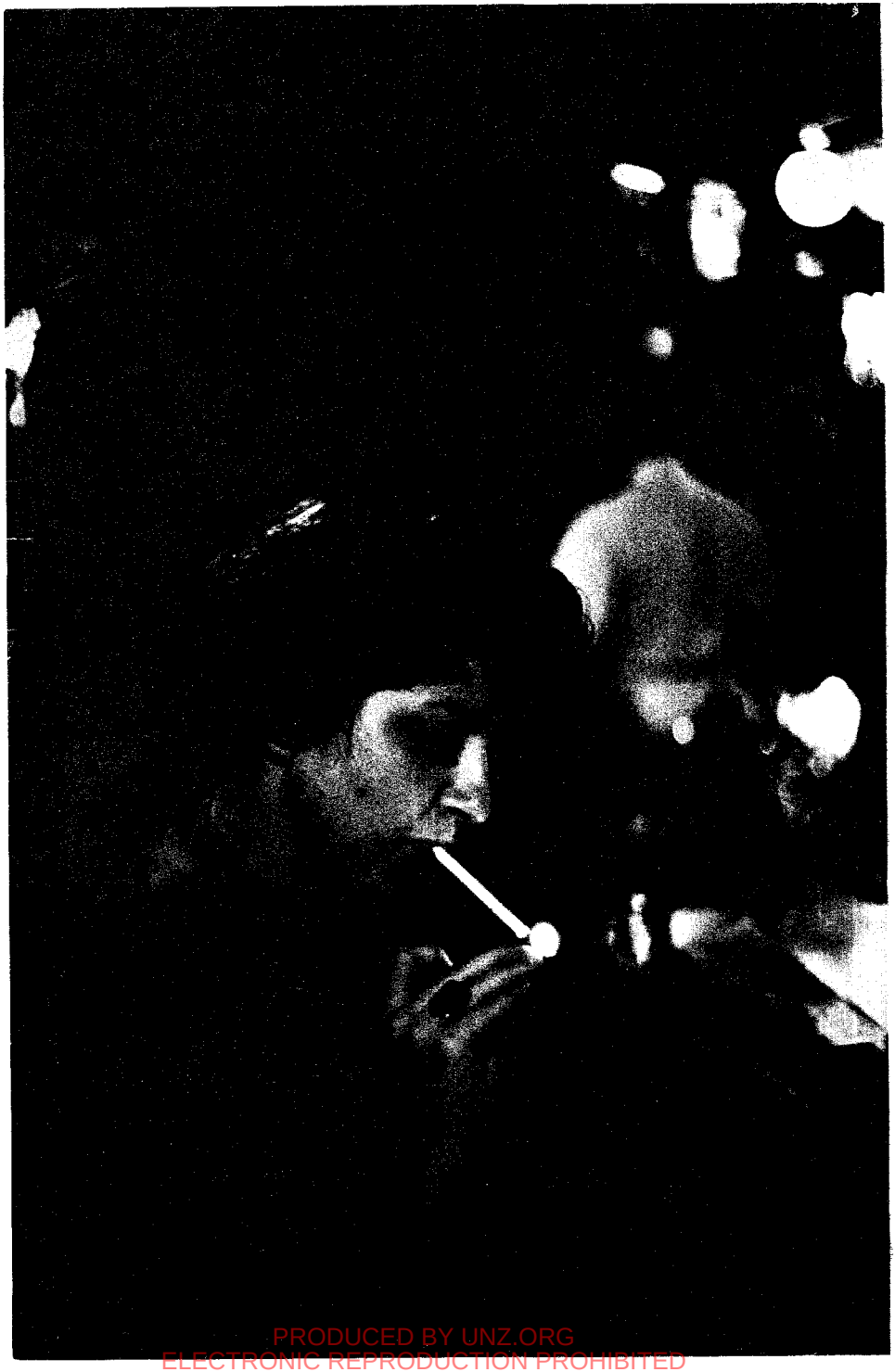

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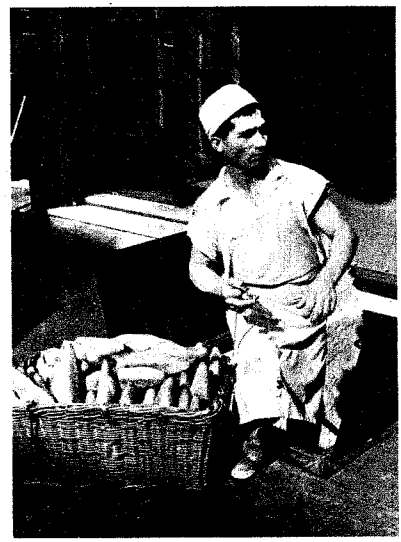
Objets d'art designed on the premises.

Bazaars? The Village has them . . .

Or exotic leather fashioned to order.



Even a baker's product is a piece of art.

Yes, I'm sure: the Village is a self-contained world of its own.

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BUT A PART OF THE VILLAGE that I enjoyed a great deal is one you don't often read about. There's nothing newsworthy, nothing *avant garde*, no eccentric characters or surrealistic poets...just warm, everyday family life—simple, tender, unaffected.

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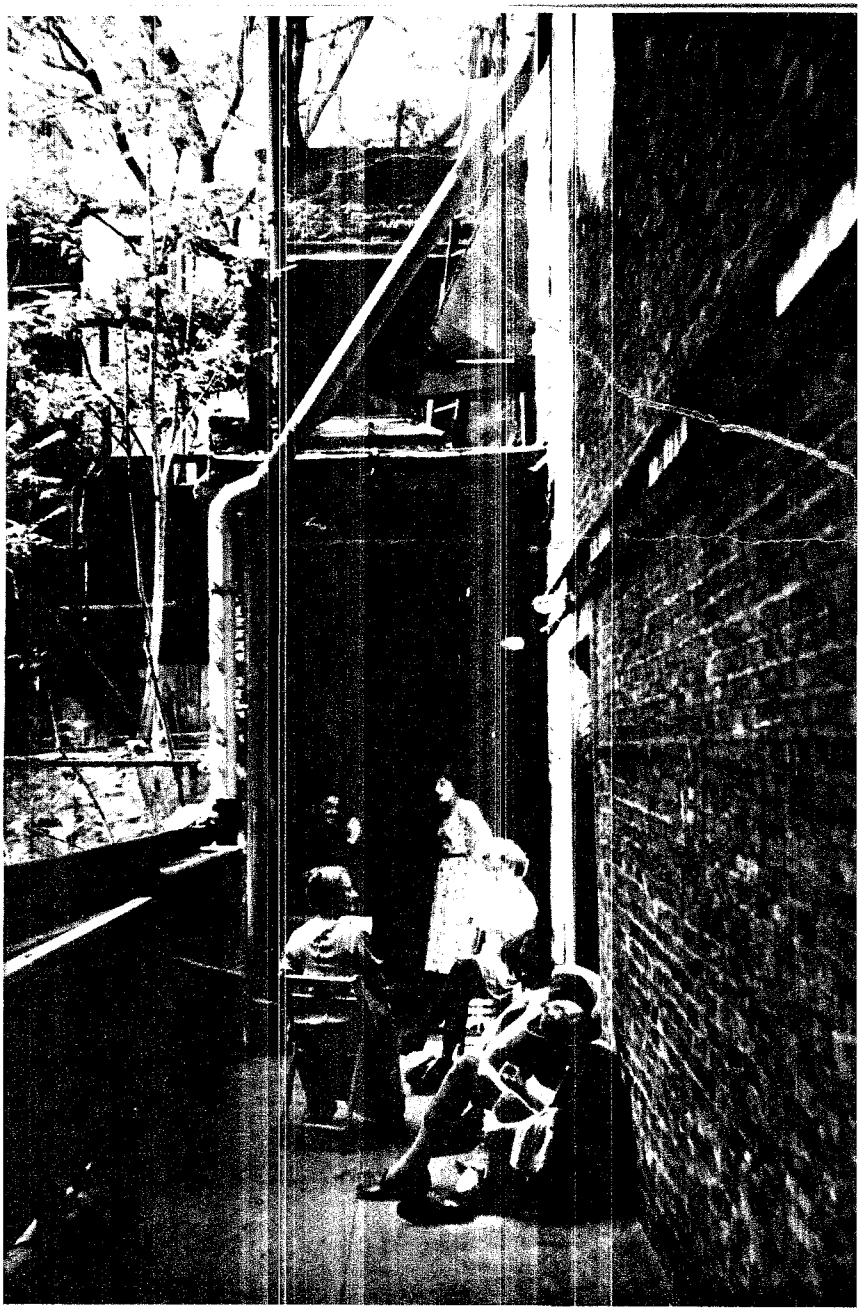

Young actor group at stage door areaway, Theatre De Lys.

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AT NIGHT, the Village takes on still another guise. There are actresses in costume, exotic creatures out of a playwright's fancy. At the famed Village Barn, the crowds from uptown New York whoop it up in the latest square dances: the small town of school and playground seems worlds away.

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On a dozen spotlighted runways, ·

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How wonderful to be young, and full of dreams, and in Greenwich Village!

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MODERN
AS TODAY'S TOTS —
JACK AND JILL
IN GLAD SCOTCH PLAID
Bonnie Jill wears our authentic clan plaid revers-a-vest and highland fling suspend-o-skirt to mix-'n-match. There's a matching set for brother.
Brother Jack trades his kilts for our Scotch Mist-er grey jacket and vest, with harmonizing tartan plaid Bermuda shorts and beau-tie.
Riviera quality at Scotch prices. Better stores everywhere.
Togs
COMMENDED
PARENTS' MAGAZINE
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
JACK AND JILL TOGS
Etons • Brother & Sister Sets • Sport Ensembles • Jackets
Creeper Sets • Separates • Novelties • Sizes 1-7
In Linens, Gabardines, Woolens and Corduroy
1350 Broadway
N. Y. 18, N. Y.
In Canada—Jack and Jill Togs, Toronto

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Grin and Share It

A CUSTOMER in a Montreal restaurant went to the washroom, turned on a cold tap and just escaped being badly scalded.

"This is an outrage!" he screamed at the manager. "Why aren't your taps marked properly?"

The manager led the injured diner back to the washroom. "Look," he said patiently. "The tap is marked 'C' correctly. That stands for 'Chaude,' and in French 'Chaude' means 'hot!' You should know that if you live in Montreal."

The customer stood abashed for a moment. Then he made a discovery. "But look again," he cried. "The other tap is marked with a 'C' also! What about that?"

"Ah," said the proprietor, "that stands for 'Cold.' This is a bilingual restaurant, my friend." —*The Montrealer*

DURING THE OLD LANDLORD days in Ireland, a group of Fenians met to discuss the rubbing out of a heartless landlord who had evicted many of their neighbors. They drew straws and two were selected to kill him.

The landlord always spent his evenings in a tavern, and at 11 o'clock would leave and walk home down a lonely road. The two Fenians lay in ambush, listening to the town clock toll off the quarter-hours. Finally 11 struck and they strained for the sound of his footsteps. Five minutes, ten minutes, then fifteen passed and one said, "I wonder if he's coming?"

"I don't know," replied the other. "They said he always came by here at five minutes after."

"Well, it's quarter past now. Do you think anything could have happened to the poor fellow?"

—WALTER C. KELLY, *Of Me I Sing*

HORACE GREELEY, the famous editor of the New York *Tribune*, probably never heard of psychology —though he practiced it to an amazing degree.

The paper's editorial offices were heated in this rather unusual fashion: warm air from the basement boiler-room was sent to the floor above through a series of wooden crates which formed a pipe of sorts.

One blustery Sunday morning, Greeley stopped in to look over the next edition. Pulling off his shoes, he dragged a chair to the vent in the floor and sat with his stockinged feet over the opening.

After half an hour or so, the janitor approached him and said, "Excuse me, Mr. Greeley, but there isn't any heat coming up today. They are fixing the boiler."

Greeley lowered his paper and snarled, "You blankety-blank idiot, why'd you tell me that? My feet were just getting good and warm."

—MARY ALKUS

(*Continued on page 102*)

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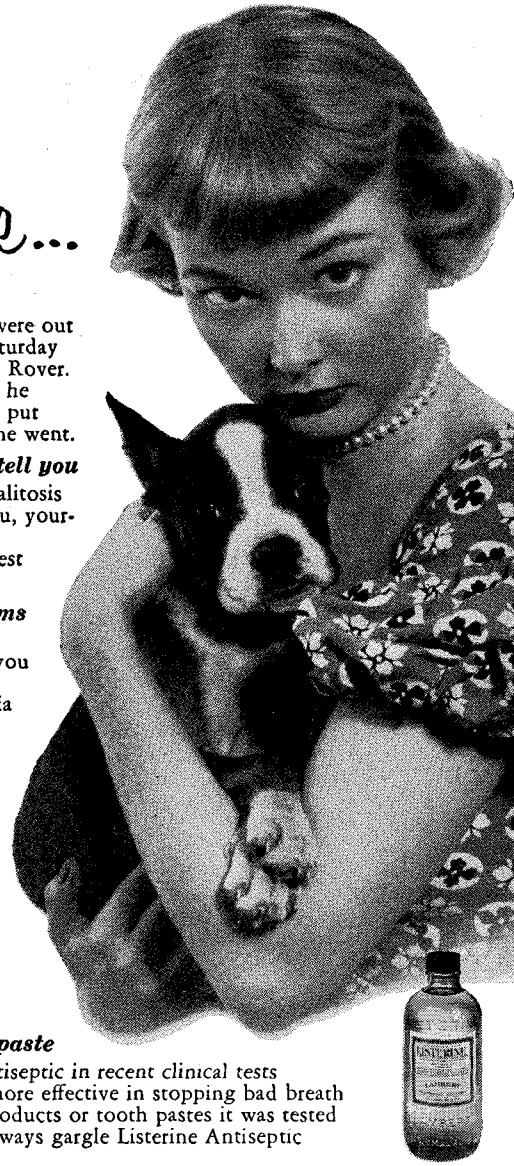
Somebody Loves Me...



When other girls of her age were out with their boy friends of a Saturday night, Marilyn sat home with Rover. Good, old faithful Rover . . . he didn't mind the trouble* that put Marilyn in wrong wherever she went.

Even your best friend won't tell you

The insidious thing about *halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you, yourself, seldom realize you're guilty of it. And even your best friend won't tell you.

No tooth paste kills odor germs like this...instantly

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste does. Listerine instantly kills bacteria . . . by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end.

You see, far and away the most common cause of offensive breath is the bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. *And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.*

Listerine clinically proved 4 times better than tooth paste

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? Make it a habit to always gargle Listerine Antiseptic

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH

4 times better than any tooth paste

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A CERTAIN MOTHER one day told a neighbor that her son had been out "on the town" and as a result of his spree had lost his job. The neighbor said, "If he were my son, I'd run him off the place!" To which the mother calmly retorted: "I would, too—if he were yours."

—TOM BAILEY, in *Victorian*

THE ARMY ENGINEERING TEAM, under the command of a young second lieutenant, ran into the problem of how to cross a swamp too wide to bridge with ordinary spans.

Advising his colonel of the predicament, the young officer was told: "Nonsense! Nothing is impossible. Requisition what you need and I'll see that you get it."

Shortly afterwards, the colonel received a standard requisition slip from the team leader reading: "Need 15 men 18 feet tall to cross swamp 16 feet deep." —*Ties*, Southern Railway System

WEATHER CLOSED IN on the pilot of a light plane over Michigan. Lost, unable to land, just as the last of his gas was running out, he caught a welcome glimpse of a long runway through a break in the clouds and promptly set down.

A little red gas car scurried up beside his plane and two young men in dungarees hopped out.

"What's the matter?" they wanted to know.

"Out of gas," the pilot explained.

As the roar of jet planes upstairs came through the overcast, the dungareed men frantically filled his tank with high octane gas. The pilot took out his wallet and asked, "Now, how much do I owe you fellows?"

"Nothing!" snapped one, with a worried eye glancing upward. "It's on the Air Force. Just get this baby-buggy out of here before something happens and we have a year's paper work to do!" —H. C. L. JACKSON (*Detroit News*)

WILLIAM MORRIS, the English poet-artist, had all his meals and did all his writing in the Eiffel Tower restaurant.

"You must be very much impressed by the Tower," a friend remarked to him.

"Impressed!" cried Morris. "Nonsense! I spend most of my time there because it is the only place in Paris where I can avoid seeing the damned thing."

—POWERS MOULTON, *2500 Jokes For All Occasions* (Copyrighted by Garden City Books, Doubleday & Co., Pub.)

DEACON SPIRES had just come home from a church convention in the city and his good wife was asking all about it.

"I suppose you heard some nice singing in that big church," she remarked.

"Well, they mostly sang anthems," the deacon replied.

"Anthems? What in the world are anthems?" she asked.

"I can't tell you right out what they are," said the deacon hesitatingly, "but it sounds like this. If I was to say to you, 'The cows, the cows, the cows, the brindle cow, the spotted cow, the mooley cow, the cows, the cows are in the corn, the corn, the corn,' well, that would be considered an anthem."

—*Sunshine Magazine*

(Continued on page 104)

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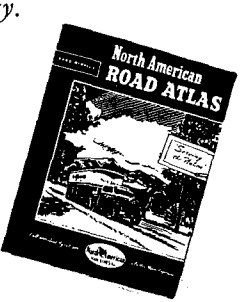

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FOR YEARS a certain Midwest lady has enjoyed the dubious distinction of being the most ruthless backseat driver in town. Her chickens came home to roost, though, as she was riding home on a bus from a shopping trip. Her mind on her purchases, she nevertheless instinctively noticed the light turn green. The bus failed to start instantly. Her reaction, too, was instinctive. In the midst of a deadly lull, her voice rose, tired, irritated, but very clear:

"Go ahead, dear! The light is in your favor!" —THOMAS P. RAMIREZ

AN OLD LADY standing in line at the polls in a small Kansas town seemed so perturbed that a neighbor asked what was troubling her.

"Oh, dear, I simply don't know what to do!" the old lady replied. "I like all the candidates so much I just can't choose between them!"

A few minutes later she emerged from the voting booth with a broad smile on her face and whispered to the neighbor, "I simply couldn't do it. So I just wrote at the bottom of my ballot: 'God bless you all.' "

—JAMES KELLER, *Just For Today*, Copyright, 1952, Christophers, Inc. (Doubleday & Co., Inc., Publishers)

A MOTORIST, lost on one of those narrow mountain roads, was delighted to come upon an old man walking slowly toward him.

Pulling up, he asked, "Do you know the way to Widdicombe?"

The old man thought for a few minutes, then replied, "No, can't say as I do."

The motorist drove on, but suddenly heard shouts behind him. Turning, he saw that the old man had been joined by another and they were motioning for him to come back. Carefully he backed up.

"This is my buddy, George," said the old man. "He don't know either." —*Expanding Circle*

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE, asked his opinion of a fellow officer by President Jefferson Davis, spoke of the man in highest terms. This greatly astonished another officer, who said to Lee afterward: "General, don't you know that the man of whom you spoke so highly to the President is one of your bitterest enemies and misses no opportunity to malign you?"

"Yes," replied General Lee, "but the President asked my opinion of him; he did not ask for his opinion of me." —*Sunshine Magazine*

A WISCONSIN police lieutenant received a night telephone call from a man who told him: "If my son reports his car stolen, don't worry about it. He's out drinking and shouldn't drive. So I took another key and brought the car home."

Thinking of a possible illegal sale of liquor to a minor, the lieutenant asked, "How old is your son?"

"Forty-three," replied the tired voice. —*Telephony*

DURING THE RUN of Franz Werfel's play "Jacobowsky and the Colonel" in New York, the public had great difficulty pronouncing the Polish name "Jacobowsky." One day a Pole standing outside the theater looking at the display sign was heard to remark to his friend, "How on earth do you pronounce this word 'Colonel?' "

—LAWRENCE LANGNER, *The Magic Curtain* (E. P. Dutton-Story Press)

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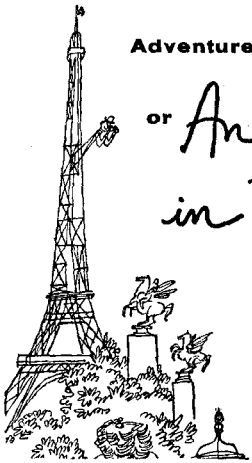
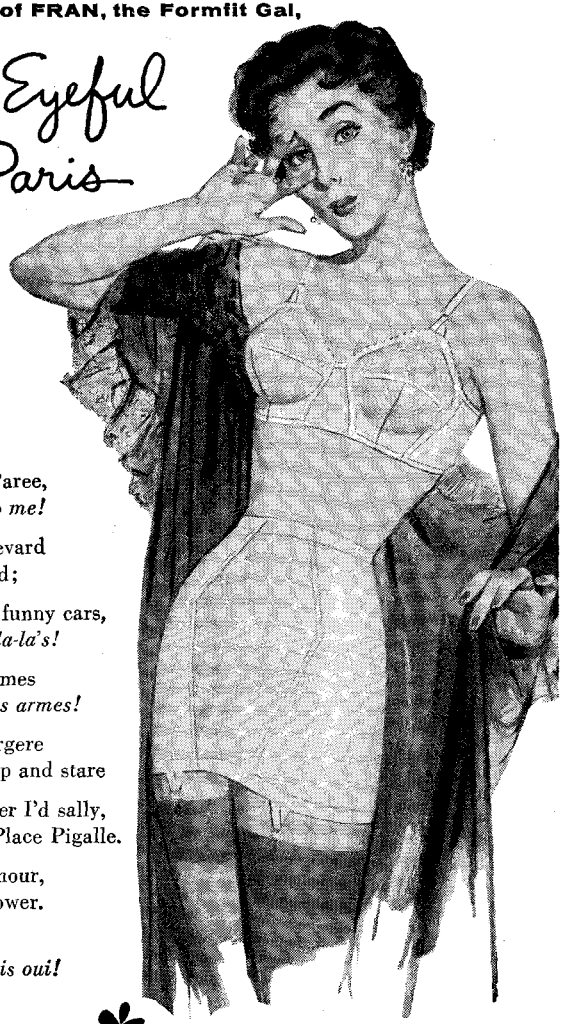
Adventures of FRAN, the Formfit Gal,

or An Eyeful in Paris





Of course I took to Gay Paree,
But golly, how they took to *me!*

I strolled each sunny boulevard
The subject of intent regard;

Those Frenchmen, in their funny cars,
Deluged me with their *Oo-la-la's!*

To consternation of gendarmes
I halted traffic . . . *moi, sans armes!*

Folks headed for Folies Bergere
Would miss the show to stop and stare

They'd "*vive la*" me where'er I'd sally,
From mad Montmartre to Place Pigalle.

With such approval by the hour,
My ego topped the Eiffel Tower.

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Dedicated to the advancement of tall tales, the Burlington Liars' Club swears it has 90,000 members

Prevaricators Preferred

by PETER WYDEN

SOME YEARS AGO, John Bookshardt of Wiggins, Mississippi, told how he caught a fish measuring 92 feet between the eyes. "When we pulled it out," he related, "it took 48 hours for the hole in the water to fill up. I shall always regret that I did not let that fish alone until it was fully grown."

Without blushing, Mr. Bookshardt submitted this yarn to the Burlington Liars' Club at Burlington, Wisconsin, as one of several thousand entries for the title of "World Champion Liar," an honor bestowed by the club annually for 25 years.

The club considered it an honest try, but not a winner. Its standards for finesse in lying are strict, especially with fish stories. They have to be on a par with the whopper that gained the 1941 crown for Roger C. Cross of Wausau, Wisconsin, who told of fishing "in the old days in the Unadilla."

"One of the natives accidentally spilled a bottle of hair tonic in the river," according to Mr. Cross, "and all the fish started to grow beards. Their beards got so long that after a while all we had to do to catch them was to stick up a red and white barber pole on the bank, hand out a copy of the *Police Gazette* and holler, 'Next!' "

Chief judge of lies is 57-year-old Otis C. Hulett, a pipe-puffing country newspaperman with a clipped moustache and a puckish grin, who also is the club's founder and president. Dedicated solely to the cause of colorful lying, the organization never solicits memberships, holds no meetings, collects no dues. To join, you need only submit one lie plus 10 cents for a membership card, if you want one.

More than 90,000 liars in 53 countries have heeded the call, thereby making Hulett probably the world's leading authority on prevarication. When a man in Shanghai once addressed a letter to

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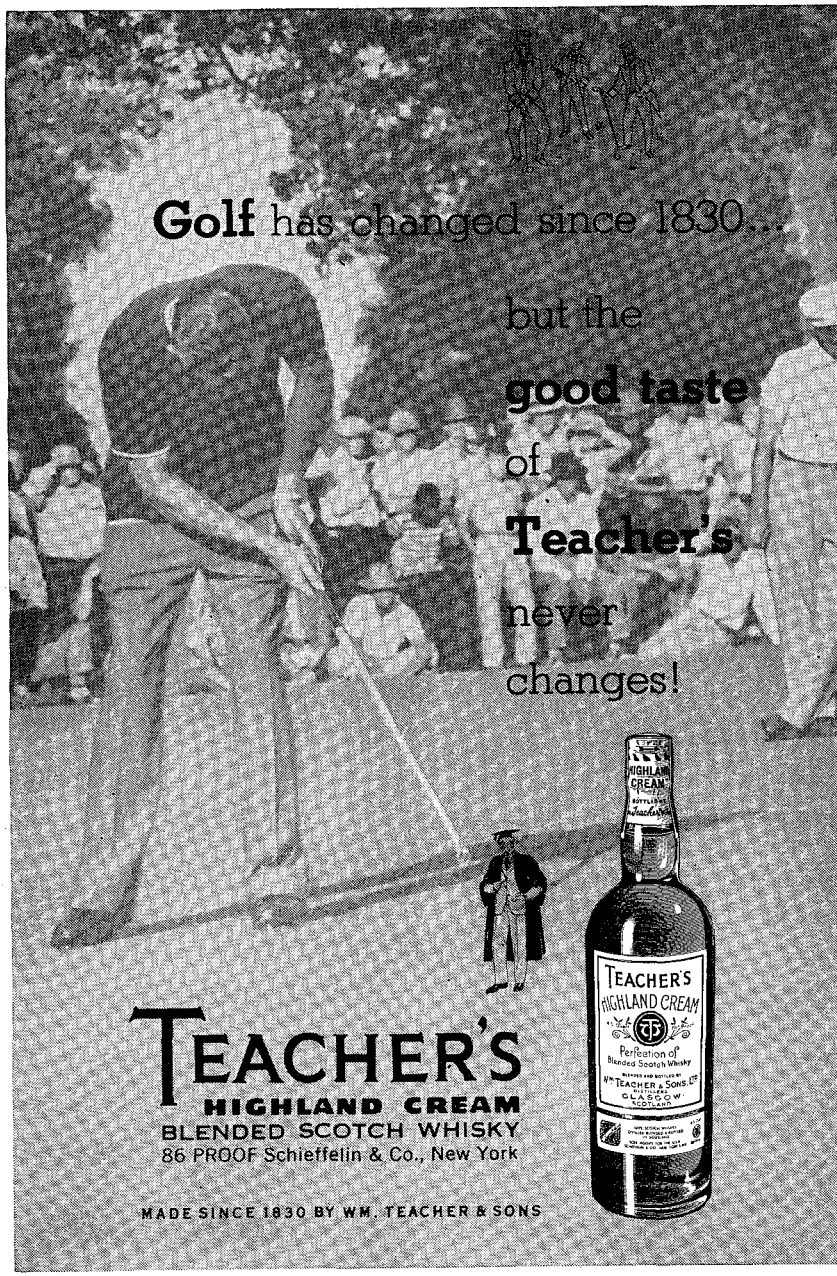

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"The World's Biggest Liar, U. S. A.," postal authorities forwarded it to Hulett in Burlington (pop. 4780).

Appropriately, Hulett built this reputation on a fib back in the '20s when Burlington's practical jokers were pulling stunts like the one when a group of leading citizens ambled into the crowded butcher shop on a Saturday morning, threw three dead cats on the counter and announced: "Here! That's eight you owe us for."

THESE JOKERS belonged to a "sit and spit" club convening daily at police headquarters with the late Chief Frank Beller presiding. There they tried to outdo each other's tall tales.

Late in December, 1929, Hulett and another reporter sent the Racine newspapers identical stories about how each New Year's Day Burlington's leading men gathered in Beller's office and lied for the championship of the town.

The editors who printed the story probably suspected it was a fib, but the Associated Press picked it up and the next year wanted to know if there would be another contest. Hulett reported back that the competition had already been under way when Chief Beller was asked whether he would enter.

"Who, me?" the heavy-set chief supposedly exclaimed. "I never told a lie in my life."

This lie, Hulett assured the AP, caused Beller to be crowned champion on the spot.

By that time, the non-existent contest had attracted so much notice that a bona-fide club was organized; Hulett opened competition to the entire country and lies have been flooding in ever since.

The weather is a favorite topic. Jim Jordan, a Chicago radio performer, became champion one year with this one:

"Two years ago the weather was so cold that it drove a large rat into our house. I couldn't catch him, but finally I hit on an idea. I brought in our largest thermometer and put it in the kitchen, placing a big piece of cheese beneath it. The next morning I had Mr. Rat. The mercury had fallen so low during the night that it pinned him to the floor."

Another disaster was mastered by M. E. Linnehan of Louisville, Kentucky, who won top honors in 1945 by reporting: "Very few people know it, but it was through my efforts that the Ohio River flood was stopped. On the day that the water reached its peak and was expected to flood half of Louisville, I made a hurried call to the election board, had them arrange a special local option election and we voted the town dry in half an hour."

Most lies are far less imaginative. Although anyone who sends in a lie rates a membership card which proclaims the holder "a full-fledged liar, entitled to every courtesy from liars everywhere," only twenty per cent are not duplications of a previous basic idea. Hulett merely needs to glance at the first few words to know the punch line. That doesn't mean the lies are really bad. They're just perennials.

Hunting stories often fall in this category, and it takes a liar of powerful caliber to come up with a shooting yarn to impress him. U. U. Kemp of Gadsden, Alabama, finally

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This IS MAKE BELIEVE

These two little Korean tots in a CCF orphanage in Korea, taking part in a Christmas play, are just making believe they are the characters they portray. But a year ago it wasn't make believe for them. It was all real, too real. The loss of their parents and homes, their hunger, the cold, the hunting in garbage cans and sleeping in doorways, their misery as two among a million refugees—all this was pitifully real. They were two little suffering victims of a war that had ruthlessly taken from them everything a child needs and left for them—nothing.

But orphanage workers rescued them and clothed and fed them and gave them shelter and schooling and love. And taught them about the Star of Bethlehem and about Joseph and Mary and the Christ Child.

Christian Children's Fund has in its Korean orphanages 8,000 happy and well cared for children like these two youngsters. But there are still 50,000 Korean children who are homeless. The destruction was so complete. Back and forth rumbled the super-tanks and super-guns and super-efficient bombs and napalm sprayers, crumbling and burning homes and lives while the children who did not die whimpered in fear and terror in a destroyed world without love.

These surviving Children, who are still homeless, can be "adopted." The cost in Korea and in all countries where CCF operates is ten dollars a month and you will receive your child's name, address, story and picture. You can correspond with your child. Children can be "adopted" in CCF orphanages around the world; in the following 28 countries: Austria, Borneo, Brazil, Burma, Finland, Formosa, France, Free China, Greece, Hong Kong, India, Indochina, Indonesia, Italy, Japan, Jordan, Korea, Lapland, Lebanon, Macao, Malaya, Mexico, Okinawa, Pakistan, Philippines, Puerto Rico, United States and Western Germany.

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did it with this one about a tornado:

"I was standing in the window, watching trees and buildings sail over the house, when I noticed a tree going by with a squirrel in it. Calling my wife to bring me my old rifle, I went out in the yard. In the next thirty minutes I shot ten squirrels out of trees that went sailing over. I could easily have killed more, but ten squirrels a day is the limit in Alabama."

Personally, Hulett prefers them more subtle. One of his favorites is about the Texan who went to the river to fix a fence and took along his rifle just to be fully dressed. On the river sat a duck. The Texan shot, and the duck dived so fast he missed. He shot and missed again.

Then he filled a pipe and blew out the smoke. The duck, thinking it was gun smoke, ducked.

This gave the Texan an idea. He smoked eight pipefuls and on the ninth the duck failed to come up. It had drowned.

Plain exaggeration is a bane of Hulett's life. One contributor, for instance, testified that the world's highest building had been started in New York City but would never be completed. The construction was sound, but when the builder had five stories to go he was forced to quit because St. Peter complained about undesirable characters using the elevators.

Hulett concedes this is more flavorful than most contributions, but still, "It's just a good, mine-run lie."

Not long after the Liars' Club ceased being a figment of Hulett's imagination, Wisconsin's secretary of state hesitated to give it a charter as a non-profit corporation because he feared the application was a gag. Today the club not only has the charter but has become an institution; and Hulett appears on radio and television shows, has published a book of lies—"Now I'll Tell One"—and made 5,000 miles of lecture tours telling one lie after another.

But the club operates as casually as ever. Lies that pass the president's sophisticated scrutiny are held until the end of the year when Hulett calls in lawyer Gilbert Karcher, vice president of the club, and L. J. Stang who runs a clothing store and is secretary. Together they decide who wins the champ's lyre-shaped brass medal containing a stone Hulett calls a diamond.

"I bought it from a millionaire," he says. "After all, if Woolworth isn't a millionaire, who is?"

The medal must be returned for the next winner and only two champions have failed to do so.

At least eighty per cent of the entries come from men, but women send along whoppers, too. During World War II, WAC Capt. Hope Harrin of Conway, Arkansas, won the medal with the story about a mess officer who imported his girl friend to the European war theater by having her dehydrated and shipped via air mail.

Ruth Roat told about the time the grasshoppers were so big and thick around her home at Fife Lake, Michigan, that she watched them eat a farmer's mule and then pitch horseshoes to see which would get to munch the harness.

The Rev. Arthur R. Kirk of Biggs, California, was named champion liar with the one about a man who raised watermelons on ground so rich that the vines grew so fast they wore the melons out

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dragging them along the ground.

"One of the boys from town went out one night to swipe a melon," the Rev. Kirk related. "He got the melon, but the vines were growing so fast that the boy had to be taken to the hospital. Before he could break the melon off the vine it had dragged him half a mile and he was in bad shape."

Kansans appear to possess a particular urge to tell tall tales about themselves. One Jayhawker asserted his countryside was so tough that cyclones wrote ahead for permission to come through. A. T. Dunn of Denton contended the drouth out his way had been so prolonged that he personally knew frogs two years old that couldn't swim.

The only non-U. S. medalist, L. W. Tupper of Patricia, Ontario, Canada, swept the field with this:

"A rancher had just finished digging 2,000 post holes when along came a northwester and blew every one of those post holes out of the ground. The rancher finally located them 125 miles away, but they were a total loss. After bouncing 125 miles cross-country, over cactus, they were so full of holes that they wouldn't hold dirt out any more."

Hulett's hard-to-believe hobby has brought him such rewarding experiences as the request from a Veterans Hospital nurse for a batch of whopping lies to use to teach lip-reading to bored and discouraged GIs with shattered eardrums (she soon wrote for more).

It has brought him embarrassing moments, too. Once he was called to testify before the Wisconsin Public Service Commission in a controversy over the water level of a lake. The hearing droned on until an attorney turned triumphantly on Hulett and demanded: "Aren't you president of the Burlington Liars' Club?"

A lesser figure might have been flustered, but not Hulett. He's proud of the lies he has spread.

"We've given the country one good laugh a year," he says. "Heaven knows we could use it."

Pentagon Planning

TWO MEN WORKED at neighboring desks in the Pentagon Building. One always left at four o'clock while the other worked till six or later.

Finally, although they had never had occasion to speak, the harder worker decided to approach the other. "I beg your pardon," he said to him. "Do you mind telling me how you manage to finish your work every day by four o'clock?"

"Not at all," smiled the other. "When I come across a tough piece of detail I mark it 'Refer to Commander Smith.' I figure that in an outfit as large as this there is bound to be a Commander Smith. I guess I'm right, too, because none of those papers comes back."

"Brother," said the hard worker, rolling up his sleeves, "prepare for action. I'm Commander Smith." EVAN ESAR, *The Humor of Humor* (Horizon Press)

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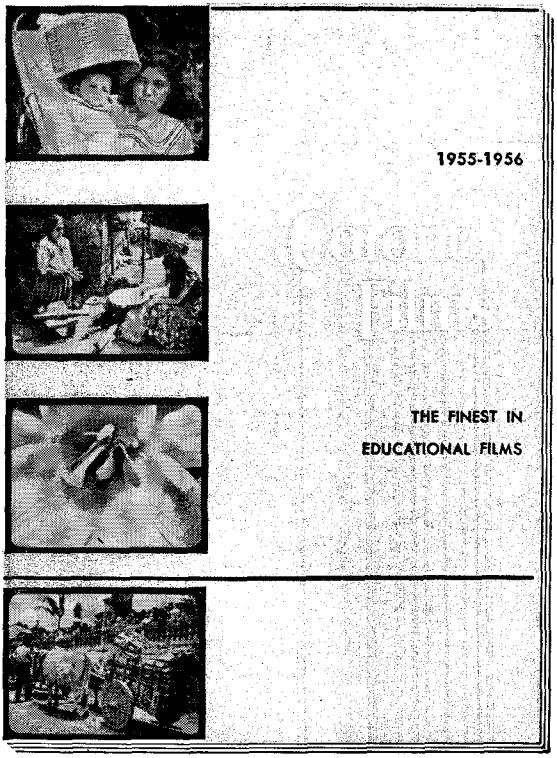

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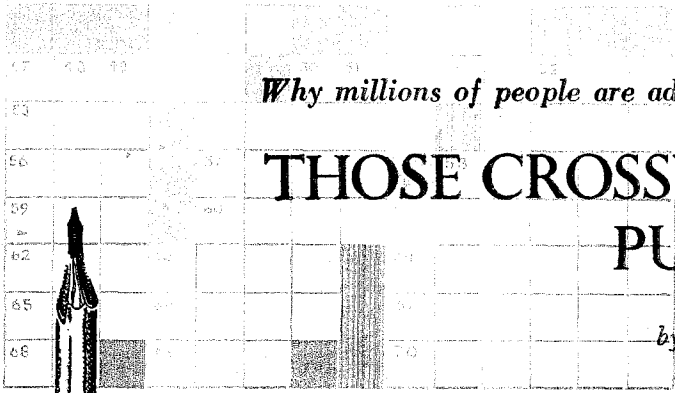
THOSE CROSSWORD PUZZLES

—*by* SELWYN JAMES



MARLENE DIETRICH likes to snuggle up on a silk-cushioned sofa and spend a cozy evening with them. Winston Churchill is sometimes late for Cabinet meetings because of them. Bernard Baruch tackles them on park benches. Britain's Princess Margaret is so good at them that she won a contest. Millions of plain folk agonize over them.

Sneered at by some as a time-waster and an exasperation, they are praised by others as a therapy, a brain-teaser and a boost for the ego. What are they? Crossword puzzles, of course—and this year is the 31st anniversary of their sudden, fantastic rise to popularity in America.

The first crossword puzzle appeared pretty much unnoticed in the now-defunct New York *World* of December 21, 1913, but not until 11 years later did the fascinating pastime sweep the country. Puzzle Number One was constructed by an obscure *World* reporter named Arthur Winn, who got the idea from the Word Square, a game that goes back to the ancient Greeks and Romans. The Word Square spells out identical words in a vertical and horizontal pattern like this:

P A L
A C E
L E T

Reporter Winn, doodling at his desk between assignments, figured out a kind of lazy man's Word Square that was much easier to construct and more fun to solve. When filled in, Winn's little white squares spelled out *different* words down and across. With black squares to indicate the beginning and end of words, Winn arranged the puzzle in a symmetrical pattern—for the simple reason that it looked prettier that way.

Though Winn is recognized as the inventor of the crossword puzzle, it might well have died of malnutrition without the care and devotion of an energetic young lady named Margaret Pether-

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bridge. A *World* staffer herself, Margaret adopted the crossword as a sickly infant and nursed it along until 1924, when it grew up to rambunctious maturity. In that year, an amazingly bold publishing venture put the crossword between hard covers and into the homes of millions of Americans.

Today, crosswords are as permanent a fixture in American newspapers as the weather report. Upwards of 12,000,000 have been published in the U. S. during the past 30 years, and there are few American adults alive who have not worked them at one time or another. The crossword's continued vitality is attested to when a newspaper deliberately omits its puzzle for a week. The inevitable result is a deluge of protesting letters.

CROSSWORD PUZZLES VARY in their appeal. Most tabloid newspapers offer easy definitions for fairly commonplace three- and four-letter words, while papers like *The New York Times* specialize in tricky definitions that sometimes turn out to be not words alone but whole phrases. There are more complaints, however, that puzzles are too easy rather than too hard. With especially difficult ones, it is considered fair to enlist the aid of encyclopedias and dictionaries.

The average American is introduced to crosswords almost as early as he is to the birds and the bees. Puzzles appear in schoolchildren's magazines and even in some textbooks, and teachers find that they provide a painless way of vocabulary building, improving spelling, exciting interest in new subjects, and sharpening children's ability to learn how to think for themselves.

Most puzzles for school-age youngsters are keyed to specific themes. Around Christmas time, for example, the definitions may refer to Yuletide symbols. Educators report that puzzles constructed by the children themselves are the most popular.

Although American in origin, the crossword has been adopted by newspapers and magazines in many foreign countries. Perhaps the most difficult puzzles of all are published by the staid London *Times*, which, as a visiting American once said, appears to construct its crosswords for people with IQs at the Einstein level. Its puzzle themes have included the theory of relativity, ancient Roman law, 14th-century religious history and the essays of Chaucer.

Many British magazines regularly run puzzle contests; and last year the editor of *Country Life* suspected a hoax when the signature of Princess Margaret turned up on the winning entry. But when he checked with Buckingham Palace, the Princess' secretary confirmed the signature.

"All the royal family are very keen on crosswords," she said, "but this is the first time any one of them has won a puzzle contest. The Princess will be delighted!"

Her prize was $8.82 worth of books.

Back in 1913, however, no one knew whether crosswords were popular or not; and no one—not even inventor Arthur Winn—much cared. When Margaret Petherbridge joined the *World* in 1920, she was unceremoniously handed the editorship of crosswords for

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much the same reason a cub reporter is broken in on the obituary page. Everyone else despised the job.

Margaret inherited a drawerful of crosswords submitted by fans, and dutifully selected one for each Sunday issue of the paper. They apparently did not attract much notice, although occasionally famed columnists Heywood Broun and Franklin P. Adams would write eloquently on the fun they had solving them.

Meanwhile, Margaret Petherbridge had fallen in love with crosswords; and because of the ever-increasing number of puzzle constructers who regularly supplied her, she began to suspect that their pulling power was greater than anyone realized.

WANTED:

The funniest stories you've heard lately. Accepted stories paid for on publication. Address them to: Humor Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., N.Y. 22, N.Y. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned.

At this point, the saga of the puzzle shifts to a tiny office on New York's West 57th Street, where a couple of ambitious youngsters named Richard Simon and Max Schuster had just gone into business together. A freshly-painted sign on their door read: "Simon and Schuster, Publishers."

Coming back from lunch one day, they were dismayed to see "Of What?" scrawled underneath the sign. This was a pertinent inquiry since, up to that time, they had found nothing to publish.

A few evenings later Dick Simon dined at the home of a favorite aunt nicknamed Wixie, who happened to be a devotee of crosswords. When he arrived she was filling in an eight-letter word meaning "Australian mammal which travels by leaps, and carries its young in a pouch."

At dinner, Aunt Wixie made a seemingly trivial observation. "I love crosswords," she remarked wistfully. "I wish I could find a whole book of them."

With a forkful of food midway between his plate and his month, Dick Simon felt the sudden elation of a man who has come upon a big idea. "A whole book of crosswords, eh?" he mused thoughtfully. "Maybe I'll publish one. After all, I'm supposed to be a publisher."

Next morning, Simon consulted Schuster and both agreed that Aunt Wixie's idea was an excellent one. They immediately got in touch with Margaret Petherbridge and two of her co-workers on the *World*, F. Gregory Hartswick and Prosper Buranelli and offered each $25 as advance royalty payment on a book of crosswords.

Franklin P. Adams, *World* columnist and a friend of the intrepid publishers, heard about the project. He rushed to Margaret. "For heaven's sake, discourage 'em," he pleaded. "They'll lose their shirts."

With a touching faith in crosswords, Margaret refused to do anything of the sort. Instead, she went ahead compiling the book from material in her overflowing puzzle drawer.

The final manuscript was in the publishers' office when a well-wishing book distributor dropped in to offer Simon and Schuster a piece

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of friendly advice. "If you must publish it," he told them gloomily, "at least don't do it under your own name, or you're a dead duck in the publishing business."

This one concession to prudence Simon and Schuster grudgingly made. They organized the Plaza Publishing Company as a sort of front organization and boldly ordered a printing of 3,600 copies on credit. What printer in his right mind would extend credit to an untried publisher on a crossword puzzle book? Obviously only a printer who happened to be a crossword fan himself!

The first copy off the presses went, properly inscribed, to Aunt Wixie. Shortly before publication day, April 10, 1924, a tiny advertisement appeared in the *World:* "Attention Crossword Puzzle Fans! The First Book of Crossword Puzzles—$1.35 . . . Your Money Back If Not 100% Satisfied!"

The publishers' telephone was jammed with calls—orders from fans who had seen the ad in the *World.* Also, astonished booksellers who had done Simon and Schuster a favor by displaying a single copy, now were eager to order in bulk.

Within weeks the country was crossword crazy and new printings poured off the presses. By August, Simon and Schuster had rushed through a second book, with an advance printing of 25,000—and a happy admission that the Plaza Publishing Company and Simon and Schuster were one and the same.

To meet the extraordinary demand, another book appeared by the end of 1924, and on one memorable December day, sales of a Christmas gift package of the three volumes hit the incredible high of 150,000.

Soon newspapers from coast to coast began printing daily crosswords—and few have dared to drop them since. "A fad that became an American institution," is the way Schuster describes them.

Although the enormous demand for crossword puzzle books started to fall off in 1925, Simon and Schuster continued to publish two or three new ones annually as a bread-and-butter line that helped the young firm over stormy times. Last year they issued the 73rd, and announced that they confidently expect to keep on publishing more in the future. Margaret Petherbridge Farrar, "Mother of the Crossword," still edits the puzzle books, along with her current job as crossword editor of *The New York Times.*

Who makes up crosswords? All kinds of people, says Margaret. She has regularly accepted puzzles from a New York jeweler, a 14-year-old schoolboy, an army corporal, a Canadian farmer, three freighter captains, a prison inmate, and a host of others. Each is paid from $10 to $25 per puzzle, depending upon its size and ingenuity, and although nobody makes a very good living constructing puzzles, they can become a remunerative sideline.

Do crossword constructers ever make mistakes—and do puzzle editors ever let them slip by? Often enough to prove they are human, Margaret says. During World War II, a puzzle in a big-city newspaper had American troops capturing a European town two weeks before they actually did.

There are misunderstandings,

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too. Recently, for instance, she received an indignant letter as a result of a definition that read: "Manager of the Globe Theater." The writer reported that the Globe Theater in New York had *two* managers, neither of whose names fitted in the puzzle.

"We had to break it to him gently," says Margaret, "that the manager of the Globe Theater we had in mind was a fellow named William Shakespeare."

Crossword historians have noted that the puzzles' popularity is especially high in times of tension and stress. Mental health specialists report that they are frequently used as therapy. The feeling of accomplishment derived from solving them apparently lifts people's spirits and helps them forget their worries.

In Britain, during World War II, crosswords were a favorite pastime in air-raid shelters. Even when newsprint shortages forced the papers to reduce their size to four pages, the crossword puzzle remained inviolate.

Perhaps the most unusual tribute to the crossword—and to Margaret Farrar—was paid by a sailor aboard a U.S. Navy supply ship in the South Pacific. He wrote that *The New York Times* puzzles were regularly tacked on the ship's bulletin board for sailors to solve a word at a time as they walked by.

So entertaining had the idea become that the crew now wanted a photograph of Margaret Farrar. By popular vote, they reported, she had been elected the ship's official pin-up girl!

"I MADE $118.46 IN THREE WEEKS!"

. . . writes Mrs. Hilda Rogers of Michigan

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Staged with perfect timing, the $2,000,000 theft could only be the work of an "inside" man

The Great Train Robbery

by Lawrence Elliott

Five minutes behind schedule, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul's fast mail No. 57, roared out over the flats northwest of Chicago, her headlight piercing the dark.

At the throttle, Engineer Steve Waite notched his engine up to 60 miles an hour. Behind him, Fireman E. J. Dibble poured coal into the glowing firebox. It was a few minutes before 9:30 on the evening of June 12, 1924.

Suddenly there was a muffled noise from the tender. Dibble looked up to find himself staring at a sawed-off shotgun, held by a stocky man whose face was obscured by the darkness.

"Now do exactly what I say and you won't get hurt," the man said curtly.

Frightened, Dibble wheeled toward the engineer. A second figure stood behind Waite. "Keep 'er going, pal," Dibble heard him say. "Just keep 'er going."

The 11-car train rushed on through the night. Then, up ahead, a tiny light winked in the blackness.

"All right, pal," said the man behind Waite. "Flash your light three times and start braking her down."

The big headlight faded, came on and dimmed again, then again. The train shuddered to a halt. The man with the shotgun peered out. "Now you two get on the ground and face the train with your hands in the air."

Waite and Dibble jumped down. Another man with a shotgun awaited them. They faced about, hands high. History's greatest train robbery was under way.

From a side road, three more men moved into action. One made for the rear of the train. The other two, carrying gas masks and shotguns hammered loudly on the sealed door of the mail car. "Open up in there!"

There was no reply. One of the bandits, a tall, smooth-shaven man, stepped into the dim light cast by an electric bulb in the sealed car

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and fired a single shot through the barred window.

"Feed 'em the gas," he said.

The other threw a can-shaped projectile between the bars. The home-made gas bomb shattered the glass and fell inside. In less than two minutes, the door was flung open and, one at a time, the choking mail clerks leaped to the ground.

"We'll wait until the air clears in there," said the tall bandit.

Meanwhile, the brakeman and conductor were walking toward the engine to investigate the unscheduled halt. Midway up the line, they were stopped by the third rifleman.

A few minutes passed. Then the tall man went to the open door of the mail car and sniffed. "Okay, which one of you is Phillips?"

One of the clerks detached himself from the group that had jumped from the car.

"Hop in, Phillips." The two men put on gas masks and climbed into the car. "Now—I want the Federal Reserve shipments to Milwaukee, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Helena, Butte, Seattle, Spokane and Rondout."

One by one, the clerk pointed out the pouches. As he did so, the bandit tossed them to the ground where, working in relays, the men who had held up the engine carried them to one of two automobiles on the side road.

When the last sack had been stowed, Phillips and his captor jumped to the ground and, at that moment, the one uncalculated incident of the entire operation was triggered: the tall bandit spotted a shadowy figure moving between the second and third cars.

"Who's that?" he shouted.

There was no reply. Without hesitation, the tall man fired four quick shots. The figure staggered and fell.

"Go see who it is," he ordered.

The stocky bandit ran to the second car, knelt, then called back: "It's Willie!"

The tall man cursed under his breath. "Help him," he said shortly. "I'll watch these birds."

The other two ran down the line and, between them, the three bandits carried "Willie" to one of the autos. Backing toward the cars, the tall bandit fired two shots in the air. Then the autos sped off into the night. It was exactly 9:45.

By midnight, the railroad crossing known as Buckley Road in Rondout, 32 miles from Chicago, swarmed with U. S. postal inspectors, detectives and county police. In command was Inspector Wil-

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liam Fahy, a crack post-office sleuth who only recently had solved a $380,000 robbery in Chicago's Dearborn Station; L. J. Benson, the Milwaukee Road's Superintendent of Police; Michael Hughes, Chicago's Chief of Detectives; and Captain William Shoemaker, head of the Chicago Crime Squad.

For hours, the investigators searched up and down the track where No. 57 loomed dark and silent. Not until dawn did they pause to assess the meager vestiges of a massive crime: One .44 calibre revolver, several gas masks from which all identifying marks had been removed, a bottle of nitroglycerine and quantities of dynamite.

But the most significant find was one which would never become a courtroom exhibit: a pool of blood between the second and third cars. Hospitals and doctors throughout the area were alerted to report all gunshot wounds promptly. Back in Chicago, Fahy stated positively: "Those fellows weren't amateurs. They knew their business too well."

Clerk Phillips muttered over and over: "He named off every city on the run that we had registered sacks for. He even knew all about the cash for Rondout. He knew everything . . ."

That statement made one thing clear: someone high in the Post Office Department had had a hand in the holdup. In no other way could the robbers have known so exactly what sacks held the richest rewards. Newspaper estimates of the loot ranged from $100,000 to $1,000,000. But when an accurate appraisal was finally released, even the most sensational were found to be low. The value of the 62 sacks exceeded $2,000,000!

On the evening of the 14th, police got their first break. A doctor called Capt. William Shoemaker, Chief of Chicago detectives. He had just treated a man with bullet wounds at 53 Washtenaw Avenue.

QUICKLY SHOEMAKER rounded up a squad and drove to the flat. The man who answered his knock identified himself as Walter McComb, owner of the house. The woman at his side, nervously smoothing her dress, was his wife, Catherine. In the living room was another man, who gave his name as John Wade. He said he was just a friend.

Shoemaker stepped into the bedroom where, hidden under blankets, lay a third man. He had four bullet wounds in his body.

"Just a little scrape," McComb explained tensely.

When new Federal Reserve notes for $500 and $1,000 were taken from Wade's pockets, all four were placed under arrest. An ambulance was ordered for the wounded man and a stakeout left in the house.

At 2:15 A.M., a key turned in the lock, and into the police net walked a man who called himself James Mahoney. He had come to see a sick friend, he said. He knew nothing of any robbery.

At 7:15 there was still another visitor. Obviously shaken by the unexpected police reception, he stammered that his name was H. J. Watson.

"It's all over, Watson," Detective Sergeant Fred Tapscott said harshly. "We've got the other guys who helped you hold up the No. 57

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mail. They told us all about you."

Watson refused to talk; but his wife, skillfully questioned later, revealed that Watson was, in reality, Willis Newton, a Kansas City gangster. Confronted with this information, Newton admitted that the wounded man was his brother Willie, John Wade his brother Joe, and Mahoney a Chicago politician and bootlegger named James Murray.

Only the two leaders of the holdup gang were still at large: Sam Grant and Blackie Wilcox. "And what burns me," Newton concluded, "is that they've got all the dough!"

Now the investigation rolled into high gear. Only three pieces of the Rondout puzzle remained to be filled in, but they were vital: the location of the two leaders, the hiding place of the loot and the identity of the "inside man."

To none of these three mysteries could—or would—the suspects offer a single clue.

At this point, Inspector Fahy began to play a lone hand, talking with suspects in private. Days passed into weeks. Every lead ended at a stone wall. Most perplexing was the fact that neither the police nor their regular informers had ever heard of Grant or Wilcox. Did the two men actually exist?

Once again Shoemaker approached Newton. "You gave us a bum steer, didn't you, Willis? There are no Grant and Wilcox."

Newton stared sullenly at the cell floor.

"It doesn't matter much," Shoemaker continued. "We'll get them sooner or later, whatever their names are. Only by then, they'll have stashed the dough or spent it, and you and your brothers will get nothing."

Shoemaker left Willis to stew over this. Three days later Willis sent for him. "There ain't no Grant or Wilcox. Their names are Brent Glasscock and Herb Holliday. They led the whole thing."

This was pay dirt. Both Glasscock and Holliday were criminals with long records. A nationwide dragnet was thrown out.

In Little Rock, Arkansas, Holliday was picked up while driving with his mother and niece. But although Engineer Waite identified him as the man who had forced him to stop the train, Holliday denied participating in the holdup. Still missing were Glasscock, the money and the name of the inside man.

Then, one day, an attractive young woman walked into the office of Chief Postal Inspector Albert E. Germer and blew the case wide open. Her name was Erma Fontana. Her husband, she said, had recently been sentenced to a long term for a postal robbery.

"You needn't believe me, but my husband was convicted on the testimony of a high officer in the postal service. When I read that the police

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were looking for an inside man on the Rondout robbery, I had an idea."

She had managed an introduction to this officer and he had invited her to a party, then another. "He promised me all sorts of gifts when a large sum of money came his way. Last night he had more drinks than usual. He told me he was the one who planned the Rondout robbery. *He was the inside man!*"

"Who is the man, Mrs. Fontana?"

"His name is William Fahy!"

WILLIAM FAHY, described as "the best known and shrewdest detective in the Government service," was 41. A lean, swift-moving man, he had matched wits with the most notorious criminals in Philadelphia and Chicago during his brilliant career.

Then apparently something happened to Bill Fahy. He began spending more and more of his time in cabarets. He bought liquor freely, gave women expensive presents.

Early in 1924, as police pieced together the story, Fahy got in touch with Jim Murray, the bootlegger and part-time politician. He said he knew of a foolproof way for both of them to make a great deal of money. Murray introduced Fahy to Glasscock, and Glasscock lined up the rest of the gang. Then Fahy broached his daring plan.

On August 24, Fahy was arrested at his desk and charged with conspiring to commit an offense against the United States. Substantiating Mrs. Fontana's amazing disclosure, it was discovered that before the holdup, Fahy had made a close inspection of No. 57 and obtained a detailed report on the moneys to be shipped on the train.

To all, Fahy had but one statement: "I am innocent. This is a frame-up."

The interrogation of the other suspects was intensified, but they steadfastly refused to implicate Fahy. "Somehow they think he's going to get them out of this," Shoemaker said. "We're stuck until we get a corroborating witness."

One evening in late fall, a young student in Michigan noticed a familiar face staring at him from a post-office "Wanted" circular. He raced to the Battle Creek police station: "I know where you can find Brent Glasscock!"

It turned out that Glasscock and his wife had rented a room from the student's father. An hour later, Glasscock was in custody. Nearly $80,000 in money and jewels had been found in his room.

He was taken to Chicago where he finally broke under relentless questioning. Glasscock gave complete details of the holdup. He told how Fahy had broached the idea of robbery to Murray; how he, Glasscock, had led it and accidentally shot Newton. From hiding places in Illinois and Oklahoma, he produced $1,247,000 in Liberty Bonds and cash.

Trial began on November 14. All but McComb, Murray and Fahy pleaded guilty and received sentences in Leavenworth. McComb was freed as an unwitting accomplice, but Murray and Fahy were sentenced to 25 years in Atlanta.

Holliday's $1,000,000 share of the loot was recovered through a ruse. On the day that he arrived at Leavenworth he was allowed to

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converse freely with a cellmate, his old friend of jail days in Chicago, who was about to be released. Postal inspectors trailed the ex-cellmate to Little Rock, Arkansas. A handbag checked in his name was seized by Federal agents and it contained $21,000 in bonds. They found another $79,000 in bonds hidden in a rural mail box.

Murray pleaded innocent to robbery charges at the trial, but was convicted. After serving five years in Atlanta, his wife persuaded him to reveal his "plant" of $385,000.

The case was closed with almost all the money recovered. Fahy, the once-great sleuth, was released from prison on December 22, 1937. But to the day he died, six years later, he refused to admit any part in the great Rondout robbery.

Principally About People

MANY PEOPLE are continually faced with a difficult decision: Whether to live within their incomes, or have a little fun now and then. —OLIN MILLER, *Atlanta Journal*

LOTS OF PEOPLE know a good thing the minute the other fellow sees it first. —BERTHA SULMAN

PEOPLE ARE very open minded about new things—so long as they're exactly like the old ones. —*Executives' Digest*

IT'S A GREAT kindness to trust people with a secret. They feel so important while telling it to others. —*Gosport*

PEOPLE CAN BE placed into three classes: The few who make things happen; the many who watch things happen; and the overwhelming majority who have no idea what has happened. —*Harvester*

TWO YOUNG MATRONS were discussing the difficulties of budgets. "I really don't want an awful lot of money," said one. "I just wish we could afford to live the way we are living now." —*Snap Shots*

THE BEST WAY to double your money, Abe Martin, the old Indiana philosopher, used to say, is to fold it and put it back in your pocket. —PIERCE HARRIS, *Spiritual Revolution* (Doubleday & Co., Inc.)

I ASKED A GI if he had had any combat experience and he said, "No, I'm single." —BOB HOPE

A LOVESICK youth sent his best girl his and her first orchid. He wrote on the card: "With all my love and most of my money." —WALTER WINCHELL

OSCAR WILDE was once asked if he ever engaged in outdoor sports. "Oh, yes," Wilde replied, "I like to play dominoes at a sidewalk café in Paris." —*Crackers In Bed*, VIC FREDERICKS, (Frederick Fell)

A TEEN-AGER was overheard remarking to a friend: "I could go out with him until something better comes along—but what if something better comes along—and sees me going with him?" —*Fifth Wheel*

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I Never Could Grow a Moustache

by GROUCHO MARX

The famous comedian claims he might have raised the hairs, but he would never have survived the hair-raising consequences

I KNOW THERE'S been a lot of whispering going on in high places about me; there always is about great men. My usual way of handling such whispering in high places is to whisper right back—in low places. I have found four of the lowest places in the world to whisper in and if any of you girls want to join me in a nice quiet whisper, please get in line. Or contact my agent, Miss Ducky Lucky.

My whispering fee is quite nominal in certain cases and if you don't mind my cigar. For Miss Universe of 1954, for example, I am quoting one of the lowest whispering fees in the history of the universe.

I suppose you're already wondering why people are whispering about me. Well, I simply dread telling it right out like this but all the fellers are saying that I can't grow a moustache. I mean they're coming right out and saying that hair shuns my upper lip like grass avoids the desert, or original ideas shun my competitors or even those who offer me no competition—Hope, Benny, Thurber, Twain, Farouk, to mention a mere handful. And a *merer* handful you never heard of.

Let me give you an example of how they're talking. I was walking along Fifth Avenue the other day and passed a cluster of small bearded Jerks (a political group related to the Bedouins).

"Look at him," one of the hairiest said, smirking in my direction. "Look at that bald upper lip. It looks like a peeled egg. The dread Japanese chestnut blight doubtless holds him in thrall."

"Let's thrash him on general principles," another moustachioed villain said. "No, let's thrash him right here on Fifth," said a moronic looking third, twirling the waxed ends of his schnurrbart.

Clamping my tiny fists in rage I walked over to the group and holding them with my cold blue eyes, I said: "Gentlemen, the truth is that I have one of the most fertile upper lips in history; hair grows so fast on my upper lip that it makes the Five o'Clock Shadow of your normal male look like High Noon. Without Gary Cooper. My battery-

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powered razor must be kept in almost constant service to keep me the clean-faced man my audience and I have come to love. Now skat. All of you!"

They slunk off properly chastened. But all the same the fact is that I never *could* grow a moustache. And, while I want you to keep this in strictest confidence, there is a tragic reason behind it. It has to do with women. Oh, you've already guessed it; my, you *are* quick!

Yes, the truth is that if I grew a moustache, the carnage among my feminine admirers, already historic in proportion, would get completely out of hand. Not to mention what would happen to me.

The dangers to myself and to my public if I grow a real moustache were pointed up by what historians are now calling The Stork Club Incident of 1936. This horrifying event was due to the oversight of my barber, a purblind ex-jockey lent to me by Bing Crosby's son. It seems that the barber had omitted the usual examination of my upper lip by a high-powered microscopic lens, specially ground for me at the Corning Glass Works (Adv.). So, all unwittingly, I appeared for my luncheon engagement with the fuzz breaking out all over my lip. Well, sir, when I was unveiled at my table by Mr. Club, the owner of the Stork, a small group of 100 women who had been crowding around Gable's table, admiring *his* poor excuse for a moustache, rushed me.

Unprepared as I was, I saw I could put up a very poor defense and I yielded at once. Yielding turned out to be a masterly gesture, though after half an hour of yielding I was tiring rapidly.

In desperation I mounted my chair. "Ladies," I said, "Ladies! I appeal to your reason."

"Down with reason!" cried a statuesque blonde whom I later found came from 32 Highland Avenue, Upper Sandusky, a really charming little rose-covered cottage.

"I'm only a man," I protested simply, casting my eyes down and dimpling.

"Get that dimple!" screamed a statuesque brunette from 10-02 Queens Boulevard. "No, get that moustache!" the others yelled.

I can say with certainty and gratitude that, on this occasion, I owe my life to the quick thinking of Mr. Club. Throwing a damask veil over my face (a not unflattering piece of apparel itself if you have fine brooding gray eyes like mine), he whisked me away from the inflamed group by breaking down a secret door to a secret street. Thrust-

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ing me into the arms of my expensively garbed chauffeur, he muttered: "And stay out!"

Some of my more bitter competitors have said that the Stork Club incident was pure publicity. They point to the fact that shortly afterwards, the selfsame incident occurred to me at The Mocambo, The Twenty-One, The Troc, The Twenty-Two, Jack Dempsey's, and The Twenty-Three Skiddoo. And they say that the feminine admirers who rushed me were on my payroll and that the idea originated in my office.

Envy is a bitter thing to witness and I need only point out to these detractors that my office is in my hat and my payroll is in my office. And they're not going to get *any* of it. So there! What else a man can say is beyond me.

But I do have a further answer to my detractors. (The fact is I can go on like this till you scream.) Few know, for example, that a beautiful filmed version of *Hamlet*, in which I play that great Prince, and which was made some years ago, had to be withdrawn from circulation at once and now lies musting in a vault. Why? Because the glaring lights magnified a minute line of hirsute loveliness on my upper lip.

The melancholy fates of the women who viewed the preview of my *Hamlet* forced me to withdraw the masterpiece from public sight.

At the first glimpse of me in the opening scene, fifty lovelies, led by a maddened Powers model, rushed the stage. "Get pieces of the screen for souvenirs!" screamed the leader.

"Pluck down benches, forms, anything!" screamed an old Shakespearean actress.

In a matter of moments the place was a shambles; twelve were hurt, two seriously.

When the reports of the riot came in, I was with the producer. "Box office be darned," I said, gravely concerned. "Women and children first. Particularly the women. Bury the film where it can never be seen again."

The producer begged me to reconsider. But I stood firm. It shattered him and he has never recovered. I sometimes help him out now. In little ways. A nickel now. A nickel then. Only last month I had him on my NBC television program—"You Bet Your Life." But nobody wanted him. To cheer him up I gave him a simple question which even a child could answer. He stood to receive money for the correct answer. But he failed. The man's simply broken beyond repair. Why, *everybody* knows the names of my first six movies.

And that's how it goes. But if you hear any more whispering about me in high places, please feel free to write. I'll be right down here waiting for your letter. And don't forget to enclose a photograph. You know the chances for stardom in Hollywood are ENDLESS. After all, you *know* what I look like.

Facing Facts

NATURE GIVES you the face you have at 20; life models the face you have at 30; but the face you have at 50 is the one you deserve. —*Texas & Pacific Topics*

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Drama and fear must forever walk hand in hand with this exiled Russian family

WE LIVE IN HIDING!

by LANA GOUZENKO, *as told to* ANNE FROMER

IT WAS NOTHING unusual to miss a meal in Moscow in that black year of 1942. But I can still remember one particular day on which I had no lunch. It was November 20. I used my lunch hour to get married.

Igor, the man I married, had only half an hour off, and it was a long way from where he worked, the Soviet Army Intelligence Headquarters at Kropotkin Gate, to the registry office. The ceremony was brief—if the signing of our names in a book could be called a ceremony. Actually it was no more than a statistic recording our change from single to married status.

Outside once more, Igor turned to me almost shyly, kissed me quickly and hurried off toward Kropotkin Gate. As I watched the slim, slight figure in army uniform until it was lost to sight, I had not, of course, the faintest inkling that my marriage to Igor Gouzenko would lead me to play a part in what has been called one of the greatest dramas of danger and intrigue in modern times.

Nor did I dream that it would change me, not merely from a Moscow student into a Soviet Intelligence officer's wife—but by strange fortune into a woman who forever must lead two lives: one as a Canadian wife, mother and citizen, the other as a Soviet exile whose death sentence has been pronounced in the Kremlin.

As far as the world knows, this change took place abruptly on the night of September 5th, 1945, when Igor walked out of his steel-barred office in the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa with 109 secret documents concealed under his shirt.

That night started for Igor and myself and our children a life in hiding—hiding which can only be successful as long as we live openly and normally the role of a certain Canadian family.

Because we spoke English with an accent—and still do, to a lesser extent—we are supposed to have come to Canada from a certain European country.

To learn how to become another person can be frightening. I can still remember some of the lessons in the early months

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after the Gouzenkos had ceased to exist . . . to be sitting quietly in a room when suddenly a sharp, insistent voice would demand: "Who are you—Where do you come from?"

I must not stop to think; my subconscious must remember not to answer instinctively: "Lana Gouzenko, from Moscow."

The questioner would be a friend, a member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police training us to survive. But it might have been someone else, with a different motive.

So I must remember without thinking that I am now someone I can only refer to as Olga Wandek. I must remember, too, the whole elaborate background that Canadian Intelligence experts have created for Olga and John Wandek; the town in which I was born of fictitious parents, the schools I attended, the names of the teachers, the address of our home—even the kinds of fruit trees that grew in the garden.

We have, I think, learned this lesson of survival thoroughly—the ability to play convincingly the role of our new identity, to be Olga and John Wandek to the world.

Igor has developed a caution which is now second nature. Not long ago a car stopped across the street from our house. Igor watched a man get out and start doing something to the car. "Why did he stop?" he muttered.

"He's only changing a tire," I answered, trying to reassure him.

"But why in front of *our* house?" he asked.

He telephoned one of the handful of police officers who know our secret, and presently we learned there was nothing to fear. The motorist lived on our street.

There are other problems. Probably the biggest is the fact that we must some day reveal to our children who we are—who they are. For they, too, will need the caution which this knowledge must give them. The memory of the Soviets is long and remorseless.

This incredible thing that has happened to me had its beginnings back in the days when Igor and I were students in Moscow. When I met Igor, he was one of 30 young men in a class at the Moscow Architectural Institute and I was one of the eight girls. We sat near each other, but I did not notice him more than any of the other boys.

I think the first time we ever spoke was when we met by chance one day in the architectural section of the Lenin Library. Our words were scarcely memorable, but I do remember that I spoke first. Igor has told me since that he fell in love with me that day.

On the strength of an excellent academic record, he was transferred to the Kuibishev Military Engineering Academy, and later to the Military Intelligence Academy for special training as an expert in the cipher division. When he was assigned to Intelligence Headquarters

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in Moscow, we then resumed our friendship.

So closely are the most ordinary activities of Soviet life watched by authorities that one day Igor was questioned by his superiors about "that woman who is constantly in your company." His explanation that we were to be married was not accepted until agents had questioned my parents.

Actually, having been born and brought up under the Soviet system, it became second nature to be aware that spies and informers were everywhere. The NKVD, the secret police, had informers in all residential buildings. It was wise not merely to avoid giving a potential informer any grounds for suspicion, but to placate him or her with small gifts and polite talk to avoid becoming the subject of a fabricated report.

It seems unbelievable today, those dangers large and small against which we had constantly to be on guard in our own homeland. But it is probable that we owe our lives to the caution, the alertness—almost the cunning—which the terrors of Moscow developed in us.

We must remember, for instance, to avoid being included in snapshot groups; the last photographs of us as Igor and Lana Gouzenko are in the passport files of Moscow's foreign office. I must not incautiously express an enthusiastic familiarity with any traditionally Russian dish; I must never (as I once almost did) call out "Igor" in a minor emergency . . .

One night some months after our marriage, Igor came home with the tremendous news that we were to be sent abroad—to Canada. We were both excited, though neither of us knew the difference in living conditions between Canada and Russia.

Soviet propaganda informed the Russian people, in fact, that Russia was better off than any other country. But there were hints to be gathered here and there that Canada held promise of better living.

For example, when Igor told his mother, a schoolteacher, that we were going to Canada, she said, "I remember, many years ago before our schoolbooks were changed, Canada was always described as a land of plenty." She sighed. "There must be much food there . . ."

When official arrangements were completed, they called for Igor to become code officer in the Intelligence Branch at the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa. He was to fly to Canada immediately. I was to follow by ship.

WE WERE REUNITED in Ottawa in 1943 and took an apartment at 511 Somerset Street. Our baby, a son we named Andrei, was born not long after we settled there.

The event was doubly significant for me. It was not only the birth of our first child, but my first intimate contact with the people of this other world in which we were now living —the kindly doctors, the brisk but gentle nurses, the wonderfully clean and efficient hospital. There was one nurse, in particular, of whom I became very fond.

Igor and I were amazed at the great quantity of food, clothing and other goods in the stores. What impressed us too, were the freedoms—of the newspapers to criticize the government, of the people to say what they liked.

I went shopping and brought

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home beautiful dress-lengths . . . the first time I had handled new cloth of good quality. In Moscow, I had much experience in making my own clothes and I set to work on this cloth with loving care.

The first time I wore one of the dresses, a woman neighbor with whom I had a cautious nodding acquaintance said, "What a lovely hand-embroidered dress that is, Mrs. Gouzenko—did you make it yourself?"

I was flattered, but at the same time suspicious. Why did this woman admire my clothes? What was her motive? It seemed obvious that the Canadian Government must have spies and informers everywhere, as we did in Russia. And especially, we thought, there must be secret agents watching Soviet Embassy officials.

It took a long time for us to realize that Canadians were sincere in their attitude of friendship, admiration and even gratitude toward their Russian "allies." Perhaps it was the cynical response of the Soviet Embassy officials to this Canadian sincerity that first planted seeds of doubt and dismay in our minds.

I can still remember the lavish and frequent receptions at the Soviet Embassy; guests were treated not only to the best of foods and wines, but to the solicitous attention of Embassy officers and their wives. Little did the guests know that they were carefully chosen for their possible usefulness to the Soviets—and that, on every day following a reception, the entire Embassy staff would assemble to "pool" the information they had been able to wheedle out of the guests.

These incidents troubled our consciences. For it had not taken Igor long to discover that the messages and documents he handled as coding officer were blueprints of a gigantic espionage operation directed against Canada's secrets—that the Soviet government was even then, in the middle of the war, weaving a network of aggression against the nations who were still her allies.

Gradually we realized the injustice of what was happening. But the decision to act came suddenly and unexpectedly—with the arrival of an envelope from Moscow. The order stated: "The recall of Igor Gouzenko and family to Moscow is ordered by the director."

When Igor came home that night for supper, his face pale, I knew something dreadful had happened. He told me quietly: "We have been recalled—though the date has not yet been set." We ate in silence. Suddenly Igor uttered the words which subconsciously I had been thinking, trying to find the courage to say: "We will not go back!"

Difficult as it was to make such a decision, it was easy compared with plans for carrying it out. We knew, only too well, the ruthlessness of the NKVD.

Our first thought was simply to disappear, to change our name, to try to merge into the population of Canada. But we soon abandoned that. If we were going to enjoy the privileges of this new world, we should do something in return—warn the nation that her "gallant ally" was plotting against it—that the Soviet Embassy was the headquarters for nine separate spy rings operating in Canada.

When Igor suggested going to Canadian authorities and giving

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them all the facts he could remember from messages to and from Moscow, I told him: "But Igor, they will demand proof . . . they will want to see the documents."

Igor agreed that it would be desirable to have the documents, but added: "Once I bring the papers into our home, we will all—you, and even little Andrei—be the target for the NKVD. Whereas if I were to leave the Embassy without the papers, they will be after only me."

My answer to Igor was that as far as I was concerned there was no difference between the two dangers . . .

From then on, Igor and I lived tense, anxious lives. He was at the Embassy, working under the strain of appearing natural among men who would soon be seeking his very life. But perhaps it was even harder for me at home, not knowing at what moment Igor's files at the Embassy might be subjected to a sudden typical NKVD check—fatally disclosing the cables he should have burned but had preserved.

I was even more directly concerned: Igor had brought home and entrusted to me two cables he considered of key importance if it ever became necessary for me to carry on without him. One demanded from the Canadian espionage ring immediate information about the atom bomb; the other was from Igor's chief, Colonel Zabotin, informing the Intelligence Director in Moscow that one of his top Soviet agents had just been elected to the Canadian Federal Parliament.

HOW TO BE AN ACTRESS

by Imogene Coca

A dramatic picture story of the hope and heartbreak that beset a young actress, told by a great performer who once trod the same path. In April Coronet.

These two incriminating pieces of paper I kept hidden in a cupboard, with a box of matches at hand.

Day by day we knew that our final notification was coming ever closer. "The man who is replacing me on ciphers, Koulakov, knows all there is to know about the job," Igor said one night. "The final recall order may come for us any time."

It came in August. We were to return on a ship sailing early in October, Igor told me when he came home one night. I had news for Igor, too. I was to have another child.

While Igor awaited the strategic moment to walk out of the Embassy for the last time, I took special precautions. I kept the door of our apartment locked, and we agreed on a code of knocks, without which it would not be opened: three knocks, pause, two knocks, pause, three knocks.

On Wednesday, September 5, 1945, Igor came home a little early. He knocked according to our code, and when I opened the door he seemed strangely preoccupied, and scarcely noticed Andrei.

I looked at him—and knew. "It is tonight," I said. It was more a statement than a question.

Igor nodded. "It has to be," he said. "Colonel Zabotin instructed me to turn the cipher room over to Koulakov, and serve only as advisor until we—return to Russia."

After supper, Igor went back to the Embassy to carry out our plan. When he returned to the apartment several hours later, he was trem-

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bling and wet with perspiration.

"Did something go wrong?" I asked anxiously. Igor shrugged—and told me.

Having been let into the Embassy without attracting special attention—since the work of the cipher department was secret and not questioned by other staff members—he pressed the concealed bell under the main stairway.

As usual, a curtain at the landing was drawn by an attendant, Igor was examined by a guard through a peephole in the big steel doors concealed behind the curtain, and admitted to the secret cipher-room. In his own small office he slipped the documents he had selected—109 pieces of paper, large and small—inside his shirt.

Although he felt he must be very conspicuous, and the front door of the Embassy seemed far away, Igor reached the street without being challenged. Then he boarded a streetcar and went to the office of an Ottawa newspaper, *The Journal.*

We had decided on a newspaper rather than the police or Canadian Government officials because we had faith in the papers. We had had no close contact with Canadian authorities, on the other hand, and from our knowledge of Soviet practices, Igor was certain that the NKVD had informers among them.

So Igor went to the newspaper with his dread secret. But when he stood at the editor's door, doubts assailed him. What if the newspaper, too, had an NKVD agent working there?

He decided to think it over, and returned to the elevator. On the way down, it stopped to pick up some people. Among them was a girl who looked quizzically at Igor.

"What are you doing here?" she smiled. "Is some important news breaking at the Embassy?"

Fortunately, at that moment the elevator reached the ground floor. Igor muttered something about being in a hurry, and fled. Half-running, he made his way home.

I tried to reassure him. The girl, I said, was probably only a reporter he had met at an Embassy reception. We decided that since there were probably still several hours before his colleagues would discover him missing, Igor should return at once to the newspaper and see the editor . . .

IT MUST HAVE BEEN two hours later that Igor returned, more discouraged than ever. The editor had gone home. Igor had seen an assistant who had looked briefly at the documents and then said:

"This is not in our line. You should go to the Mounted Police—or come back in the morning and see the editor."

Igor tried to explain that by morning he might either be in the hands of the NKVD—or dead. But the assistant thought he was insane.

Igor left the newspaper. It was almost midnight and he was becoming desperate. He walked to the building which housed the Ministry of Justice, thinking this would be a logical place to state his case.

At the door he was stopped by an R.C.M.P. officer. Igor told him that it was of the utmost importance that he speak to the Justice Minister. The Mountie shook his head. "You can't see anybody until morning," he said.

It was then that Igor came home

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again. The papers inside his shirt were so wet with perspiration that I had to dry them by waving them in the air. Then I put them in my purse, which I placed under my pillow.

But neither of us slept that night. Instead, we made our plans for next day. We would be at the Minister of Justice's office as soon as it opened. Igor wanted me and Andrei to go with him, because there was no knowing when the Embassy would discover his flight —and our flat would be the first place the NKVD would visit.

We also agreed that I should carry the documents in my purse. It was Igor's idea that if the NKVD caught up with us, they would make for him, and I might escape with the documents which would be my passport to protective custody from the Canadian Government.

I lived a nightmare on that bright autumn day in downtown Ottawa. The carefree shoppers who passed the anxious man, the child he carried, and the tired, pregnant wife never dreamed that the group were in imminent danger of being liquidated by the most ruthless secret police on earth.

We went from office to office and secretary to secretary at the Ministry of Justice until the word finally came out: "The Minister will be unable to see you."

Back we went to the newspaper office, only to be told: "Your story just doesn't seem to register here."

Andrei was restless. I was tired and feeling none too well in my condition. I asked a girl reporter frankly: "What should we do now?"

She suggested: "Why not see the R. C. M. P. about taking out citizenship papers, so the Soviets can't take you into custody."

We went back to the Ministry of Justice, because we had seen a Mountie there. We told him what we wanted. He explained that the R. C. M. P. had nothing to do with citizenship papers and gave us an address to go to.

We went, thinking the whole thing could be completed then and there, but a clerk told us to return next day with photographs. I asked how long naturalization would take and he said casually, "Oh, a few months . . . "

"*A few months!*" And we with possibly a few hours or minutes to live.

At this point we gave up in sheer exhaustion and frustration. The only thing we could think of was to go home.

Our flat had not been disturbed, but we knew we could expect visitors any moment. Then it happened. Someone was at our door—someone who did not knock but crashed a fist insistently on the panel. A harsh voice called out "Gouzenko!"

Igor recognized it as that of Lavrentiev, burly, iron-muscled doorman at the Embassy who was actually an NKVD operative.

He called again and again. We

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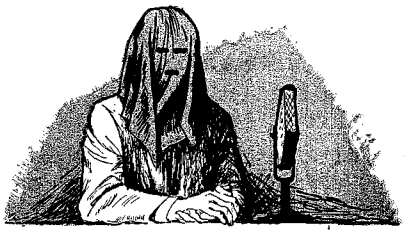

held our breaths in silence. Then the knocking ceased, and heavy footsteps started to move away. At that moment Andrei ran across the floor toward me, stumbled and fell with a clatter.

The footsteps stopped suddenly. We waited, tense, for the hammering to resume, now that the Embassy men knew we were there.

Nothing happened for a long moment. Then we heard the footsteps slowly, deliberately descending the stairs.

We dared not move. We knew that they would watch the apartment while a conference on the next move was held at the Embassy —and that they would return.

But we were not completely trapped yet. Mrs. Frances Elliott, whose apartment was across the hall, heard the disturbance and came over to find out what was wrong. When she saw me shaken, holding tight to Andrei, she invited us into her apartment. When she heard our story, she insisted we sleep there that night.

Around midnight we were suddenly awakened by low voices across the hall. Four men were at our door, all from the Embassy— and led by the man we had most to fear, Pavlov, the NKVD chief.

When their knocking brought no result from within, Pavlov started working on the door with an iron bar. The door opened with a splintering sound and they entered, closing it behind them.

Mrs. Elliott immediately called the Ottawa police. In a short time two officers arrived and caught the Embassy officials in the act of rifling Igor's desk.

What followed was a strange duel between two honest police officers, who weren't quite sure what was happening but who knew their duty, and the grim Embassy men, who knew exactly what was happening yet did not quite know how to deal with it.

One of the officers, Constable Thomas Walsh, asked Pavlov what they were doing in our apartment. Pavlov answered stiffly: "These premises are occupied by Igor Gouzenko, a member of the Soviet Embassy staff. He has gone to Toronto and left some papers here that we require. We have his permission to enter."

Constable Walsh looked at the smashed door. "Did you also have his permission to do this?"

Pavlov became indignant. "How dare you talk to me like that? The key is lost. And in any case, this lock is Soviet property and we can do as we like with it. I order you to leave this apartment!"

Walsh consulted with his partner, Constable John McCulloch, and announced that everyone was to stay put until Inspector Duncan MacDonell arrived. When he appeared, Pavlov launched a tirade against the two officers, claiming that Soviet diplomatic immunity had been invaded.

Inspector MacDonell politely suggested that the Soviet representative wait while he made some

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inquiries. But as soon as he left, Pavlov and the other three men from the Embassy hastily departed.

That was the last sight of a Soviet official that Igor or I have had to this day. In the morning, city police safely escorted us to the R. C. M. P.—and we had at last found sanctuary.

Momentous events followed fast on Igor's revelations to the Canadian Government. Men and women in trusted positions in Canada, England and the U. S. were arrested, convicted and sentenced to long terms for espionage. But above all, the West was alerted to the threat of the Soviets' secret aggression.

While this was transpiring, the time for my baby's birth drew closer. We realized that it was something which the Soviet secret police in Canada might be cunningly awaiting. Pavlov knew of my condition and the approximate date of birth. He would undoubtedly have agents watching the hospitals for miles around.

Our R.C.M.P. guards conceived an ingenious plan to safeguard me from our enemies. One night in December, 1945, a shy, anxious Polish farmer and his wife entered a hospital in the Ottawa area and asked for accommodation for the birth of their child. I was the woman; the "Polish farmer" was an R.C.M.P. officer in disguise. Because we pretended to know only a few words of English—and because my "husband" was provided with sufficient money to meet the hospital costs—I was admitted without red tape.

But after my baby was born—a fine, healthy girl—an incident occurred which showed that all the precautions being taken were fully justified. A young nurse passed my bed, stopped and said, "Hello—don't you remember me? I took care of you when you had your first baby."

I froze in terror. Of course I remembered her, and with affection. But to admit it would be to admit my identity. I shook my head and told her in halting English that I wasn't the person she thought I was. She hesitated a moment, looking puzzled.

Fortunately, at that moment my "husband," the R.C.M.P. officer, came up. That apparently convinced the girl she was wrong, and she walked on with an apology.

NEARLY TEN YEARS have passed since then. Today our home is a pleasant roomy house "somewhere in Canada." The children are growing up like any happy, normal Canadian children. Both go to Sunday School—and we attend Church. We now drink our tea out of cups instead of glasses. We speak only English.

On the surface, we live just as any other Canadian family of our means. But actually we do not, for we can put our roots down only so far. Three times we have moved to new districts—not because of any specific "incident," but to eliminate any trail the NKVD might have started to follow.

Even our way of moving is different. One firm takes our furniture and possessions to a warehouse; another picks them up there and transports them to our new home. Whenever we move, we change our name slightly to cut off contact

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with previous friends we have made.

We do not move into a new district haphazardly. The project requires a major investigation by Intelligence operatives beforehand. We must be sure there are no Communists active in the district; no Russians who might recognize our accents; or people of our new "nationality" who would know that we are not one of them.

The background of all "everyday" people with whom I will deal must be secretly checked for possible danger—the neighbors, the milkman and grocer, garbage man, postman, even the paper boy.

Although Igor is a full-time writer now, our children and friends know him as an industrial designer who has to do considerable traveling. He usually works at writing at night, after the children are in bed. The study door is always locked.

Even I must be cautious about my hobbies. One is a handicraft I cannot even mention here because it is a somewhat rare skill. The Russian authorities know Lana Gouzenko practices it. In fact, several Soviet Embassy wives received examples of it as gifts. So have some of the neighbors of Olga Wandek.

On rare occasions we will see someone who has important business with the Gouzenkos. For an hour or two, at a prearranged meeting place, these people are added to the very small circle of trusted individuals who know who we are. That is, they know we are the Gouzenkos—but they do not know our other name or where we live . . . or where we go when we leave them.

If we have been together in a hotel room, for example, we will not leave the stranger behind with access to a telephone. We must all leave the room and the hotel together, then unobtrusively separate on the busy streets.

Our caller goes one way and we go the other, back into our second life of hiding—which is the only way we can survive.

Taxing Business

THE PRESIDENT of a big cotton mill was talking to me about the Federal processing tax. This cotton mill president was excited. "Do you understand the tax?" he asked.

I was afraid to tell him I did—afraid he would ask me to explain it. And I was afraid to tell him I didn't—I was afraid he would explain it to me. He didn't give me a chance to say either yes or no. He said, "Why, it's as plain as the nose on your face. It simply works like this: the Federal government taxes the consumer to pay the producer not to produce, to raise the price of what he produces to the consumer, who pays both the price and the tax.

"Now," he said, "you understand, don't you?"

"I do—not," I said. "But I understand why you are president of the cotton mill."

—PIERCE HARRIS, *Spiritual Revolution*, (Doubleday & Co., Inc.)

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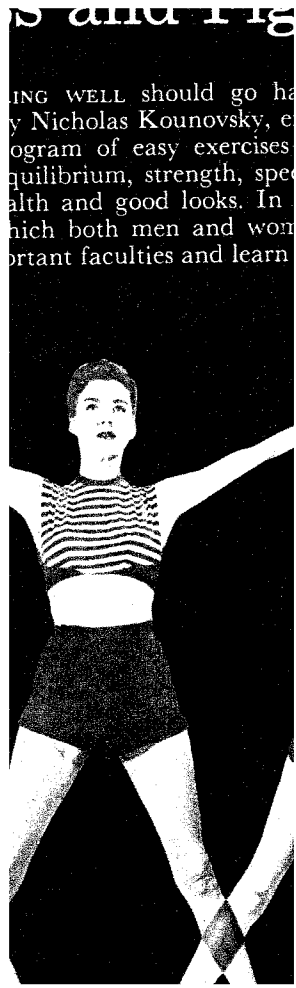
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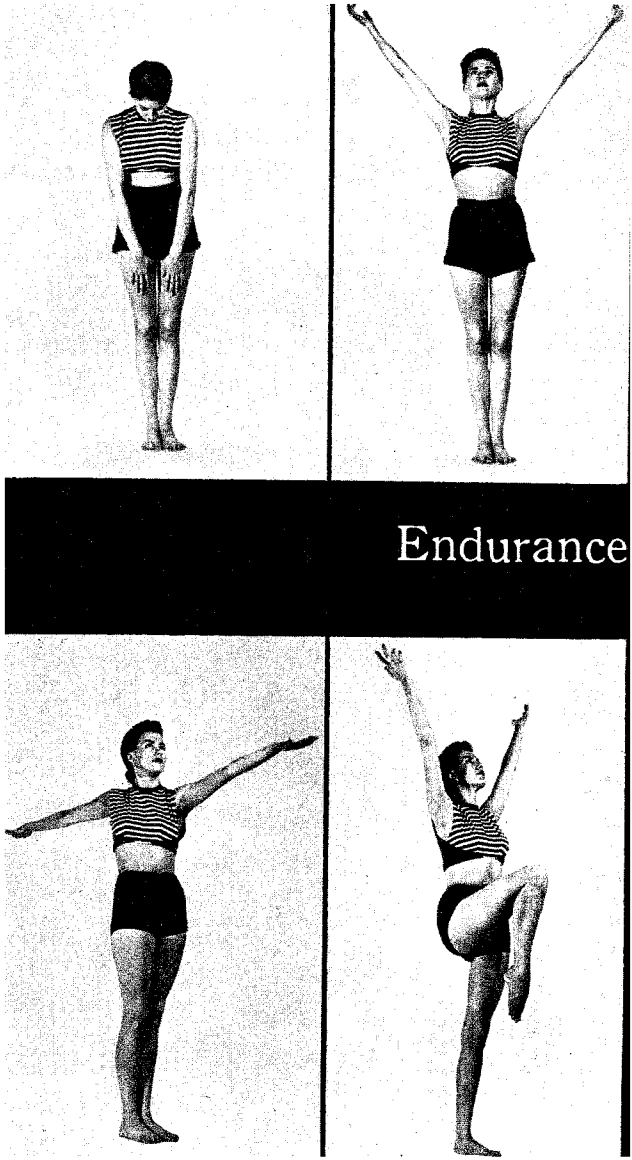

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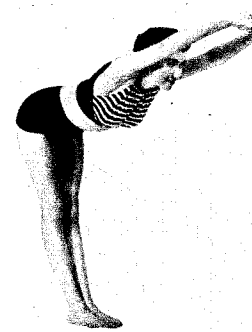
ppleness

IF YOUR BODY IS LIMBER, you will be able to do these two exercises. Left, stand with head, shoulders, back, hips and arms touching wall, wrists flexed. Right, sit with legs straight, feet together and toes pointed. See if you can touch fingers and toes without bending your knees.



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Equilibrium

) SEE if you have a good sense of balance, extend arms, raise on
with knee bent, and close your eyes. If you can stand this way fo
seconds without moving the other foot, your equilibrium is good
) IMPROVE your balance, stand in same position as above, wit
open, bend at the waist with arms extended and slightly up
ing one leg straight and the other leg pushed back. Hold thi
tion for five to ten seconds, gradually closing your eyes again

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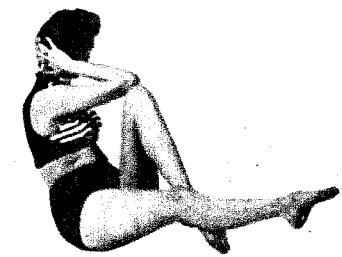
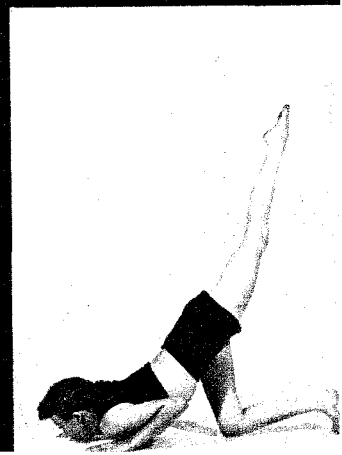


YOUR APPEARANCE and posture are affected by the strength of your muscles. To improve them, sit with fingers clasped behind your head, elbows pulled back, knees together and feet raised slightly from the floor. Extend left leg and touch left elbow to raised right knee. Return to original position and alternate.

Strength

NOTHER WAY to increase your muscle rength is by practicing this pushing ex- rcise. Rest chin and knee on the floor, ith other leg raised straight up. Press- ng with foot and hands, straighten arms, aising chin and bent knee together.



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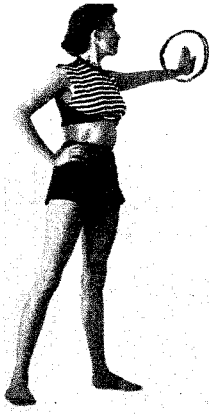
Speed



TO CHECK YOUR SPEED and to improve it, draw a circle on the wall at your own height. Standing with legs apart, touch circle with your left hand, then bend down, flexing the knees, and touch the floor between your feet with the palm of your hand. Return to your first position as fast as you can. If you do this ten times in ten seconds, your speed is good.

HERE is another way to be faster than you are. Stand with legs apart, shoulders back, arms sideways and up. Keeping legs and arms straight, touch left hand to right toes and alternate, gradually increasing speed.

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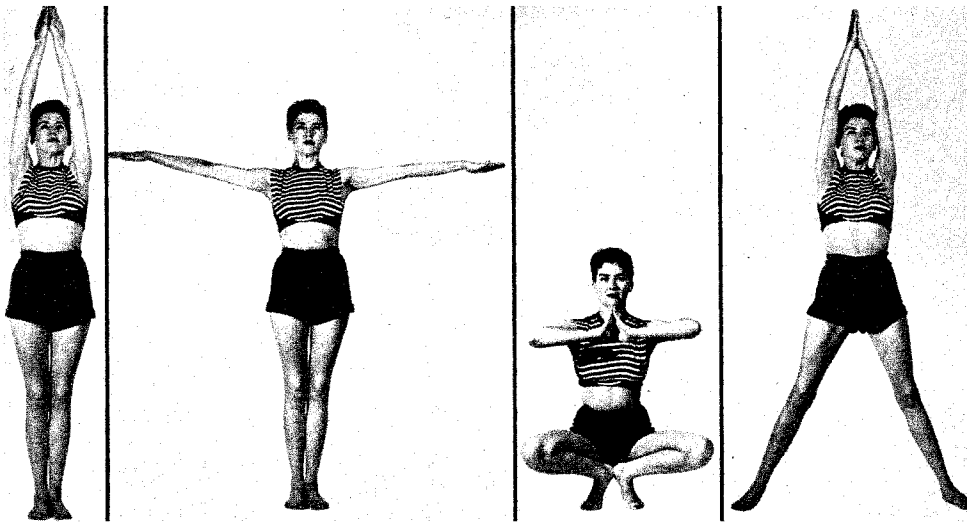

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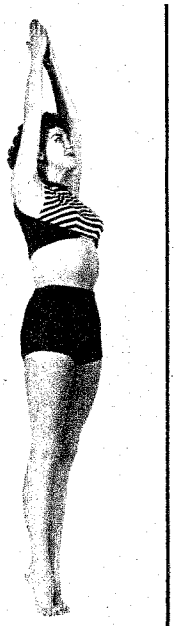

STRETCH to wake up muscles and make them lithe and limber.

BEND to relieve morning stiffness. Twist slowly to each side.

RAISE arms and stretch far out, breathing in as deep as possible.

Quick Exercises for a Busy Day

DROP arms to relax, bending shoulders, head slightly forward.

BEND forward keeping legs straight, until hands meet floor.

BALANCE on your toes, open and shut eyes, and spring up.

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Old Man of the Mountains

by KENNETH GILBERT

THERE IS NO record of any mountain goat's appraisal of man, but frustrated cameramen and hunters report that he appears amused as he gazes down at their pathetic human struggles to scale a mountain side that he has scrambled up in nothing flat.

Tourists first catch sight of the snowy-bearded Old Man of the Mountains as he stands on a high crag, in characteristic silhouette against the sky. Always shy and aloof, the animals are found on the highest peaks of the Cascades, the Rockies and other Northwestern ranges.

Although the Old Man is called a goat, he is really a goatlike antelope, related to the Alpine chamois and the Himalayan serow. He is a sturdy beast, set on short, stout legs and weighing up to 300 pounds. A fleece of fine wool next to the skin, with an outer covering of long hair, insulates him against freezing mountain winds. A chin-whisker beard gives him an air of antiquity which, combined with a solemn expression, makes him look profoundly wise.

Both sexes are armed with slender black horns that are as deadly as twin daggers when it comes to infighting. A fullgrown male will be five feet in length and stand three feet at the shoulder. His black hoofs are a combination of rubber-pad inside and knife-edge outside to give him solid traction on snow, ice or bare rock.

Aside from man, a mountain goat's principal foes are bald eagles and cougars. How can an eagle possibly conquer a goat? It is estimated that the bald eagle, with its seven-foot wingspread, is powerful enough to carry off a young mountain goat weighing up to 20 pounds. While the average cougar probably prefers a toothsome young mountain goat to a tough old billy, the big cat will not hesitate to attack even the herd-master, despite the latter's dangerous horns.

Occasionally, a cougar will make a mistake in judgment and timing, with disastrous results to himself. A sheepherder grazing his flock in the Okanogan country, found a very dead cougar at the base of a 50-foot cliff. The cat's belly appeared to have been slashed open with knives. Draped from its cruel claws were strands of white goat-hair.

Obviously the cougar had taken on a veteran battler who knew a few tricks himself, and had been tossed to death on the rocks below.

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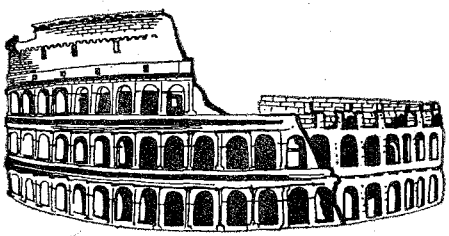
Why Italians Dislike Us

by INDRO MONTANELLI
Staff writer for *Corriere della Sera*, Milan, Italy



Although we have given them money and aid, there is a reason for our unpopularity

AMONG THE FRIENDS I made on a visit to America, there is one who writes me long letters once a month—letters that are really questionnaires on the Italian situation.

In the letters, in which my friend asks for information about us to communicate to his friends, there is one question which I invariably try to ignore when answering. It is this:

Why is America so unpopular even in those countries which she has liberated with her army and subsequently helped to rebuild and rescue from starvation?

It is a legitimate question which I myself would ask if I were an American and, as such, had lost, let us say, one son in Normandy to save France and had another in the Army of Occupation in Germany and must, moreover, submit to increased taxation for the industrial reconstruction of countries which in return kept out my products by high tariffs. So let us speak frankly. Why have things come to this state between us Europeans and the average American taxpayer?

The only country which might have some reason for ingratitude is Germany. She, without American intervention, would have been slave of Hitler but master of the world! Yet Germany is the only country which looks amicably at the ex-enemy. Therefore, since I cannot deny animosity on the part of Europe, and Italy too, toward America, I try to dodge my friend's questions and speak of other things.

It's not because I don't know the explanation. I know it: we all know it well. But it's not pleasant for one who cares for the good name of his country and fellow citizens to recognize it and admit it. Because there's nothing you can do about it.

Of all the objective causes with which we justify our feeling of rancor against an enemy, guilty of having beaten us in a war which we declared, there's not one that holds good. They have taken from us neither ships nor cannons nor land; they treated our prisoners with great humanity; they have given us well over a billion dollars.

Unfortunately, all these claims on our gratitude are obscured by

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one defect of which there isn't the slightest hope that Americans can be cured because it's in their blood; it's constitutional. It is the craze for improving us, for making us kinder to each other, juster, richer, happier.

I need some courage to write these words because I can imagine the skeptical smile of many Italian readers, particularly of those who have never been in the States. Good faith and honest intentions are such rare commodities on the European market that we scarcely expect to find them anywhere else.

Perhaps it wasn't only good faith and honest intentions which guided Franklin Roosevelt and the State Department. But it really was with the American people. They believed in these things when they gave their sons to the Army, Navy and Air Force, to obey the will of God. They never insisted on their government obtaining any direct material advantages from their victorious intervention.

They asked for no colonies, no commercial servitude. On the contrary, they accepted further taxation to succor the defeated. All they asked was that these defeated nations should become better, that they should love each other and America, renounce their rivalries, carry out social reforms and use DDT and refrigerators! And this was their mistake, since from this developed the antagonism toward America.

"Never do a good turn to anyone if you don't want trouble," said Lord Melbourne, Queen Victoria's prime minister. He was right, because the benefactor is the most detested of humans, especially by those who have received benefits from him.

The real trouble—the great inexplicable crime of the Americans—is that they really *are* better than us Europeans. I don't say more intelligent, which in itself would signify little because intelligence has not that position among human values of absolute supremacy which we Italians, and still more the French, attribute to it.

Neither would I say that the Americans are more cultured, capable, refined or courageous. I only say that they are better intentioned, more candid, more trustful of others and ready to see the good rather than the bad side of things. And all this annoys us horribly, it upsets all our criteria which for centuries have trained us to look for evil behind the mask of innocence and to oppose it with malice even more subtle and perverse.

Neither do I say that this moral superiority of the Americans is a free gift from an Almighty God determined to make them His beloved sons, a kind of chosen race. They are only the beneficiaries of certain circumstances, due to chance and good luck rather than to their own merits.

NEVERTHELESS, one cannot deny that what strikes the eye of every impartial observer who crosses the ocean is the optimistic and trustful outlook of a people who believe in others and attribute good intentions to everyone because they themselves have them in abundance.

But will you tell me how I am to explain this to my New York correspondent who asks me for rea-

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sons? He is open and trustful to such an extent that he wouldn't believe me if I began the list with the ugliest of sentiments, "envy."

Yet that is what it is. The whole of Europe is envious of America, envious of her power, her well-being, of those thousands of miles of ocean which will still protect her from the calamities to which we are directly exposed. With what pleasure, even we, who love Americans, sometimes find ourselves saying or thinking: "With all this modern technical progress, not even they, over there, can feel tranquil now."

We are envious of their corned beef and of their very childlike innocence and enthusiasm indicative of happiness and good health. And the Americans, you must admit, do nothing to help us overcome this ignoble but very human sentiment. On the contrary, they do everything to aggravate it. Their papers, books and films flaunt the theme of happy, easygoing life in America.

We, as they say in Rome, lose our patience and manners and call their happiness "stupidity" (as if happiness isn't always a little stupid) and their easygoing ways "slackness." And with what secretly envious delight do we succeed in persuading ourselves that "one is better off over here," proving it with the fact that many Americans have spontaneously made their homes in Italy.

We all know that if we are alive and free today, it's only thanks to them. It's only due to them that we have not become attendants on a German colonel, or, as yet, on a Soviet one. And yet every misfortune of theirs gives us the bitter, subtle pleasure almost of revenge.

But how am I to explain this to my trustful correspondent in New York? Must I confess that at times I, too, hate the whole of the United States and him in particular for their inability not only to behave basely but to understand it in others —for this position in which they have placed me of having to recognize my own inferiority?

No, it's better to elude the question. For my part, I like to imagine my correspondent in New York too stupid to understand the answer. That "wise fool" consoles me and compensates me for every thing; for having lost the war, for living at his expense, for living freely because of the pledge he gave. Surely, he would not expect me to add gratitude to all I owe him?

The Right View

A YOUNG WOMAN SAT NEAR ME in the park, jogging under the bounces of a lively baby. Her three other children nearby became embroiled in a lusty "three-for-all" and ran to her for mediation. For a brief moment irritation crossed her face, then quickly erased itself, as she calmly and lovingly smoothed their noisy differences.

As the children ran back to play, I asked: "How on earth do you manage to keep serene with four young children?"

"It's easy," she said. "You see, my own mother is dead. So whenever I feel irritable with my children, I simply think how wonderful they would look to their grandmother."

—VIRGINIA GREER in *Your Life*

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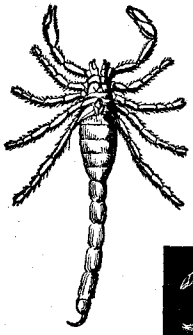
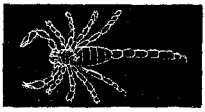


Arizona's "Scorpion Man"

by KEITH MONROE



In his strange laboratory, Dr. Stahnke fought a deadly menace

"I NEED 10,000 deadly scorpions—alive," Dr. Herbert L. Stahnke appealed to Arizona parents back in 1951. "Will you catch some for me?"

This request was no crazy whim. It was a grim plea from one of the world's leading authorities on venomous creatures.

After almost a quarter-century of dangerous research, Dr. Stahnke had at last found a way to win Arizona's age-old war against scorpions—if people would help him. They would have to hunt the vicious little animal whose two lethal species are more dangerous than all other poisonous creatures in the Southwest. And when they found one, they would have to get it safely to the sinister-looking laboratory at Arizona State College where Dr. Stahnke works, surrounded by hundreds of live creatures—many of them lethal.

Now he wanted 10,000 live specimens of the two deadly types of scorpions: the *sculpturatus* and the *gertschi*. But Arizonans respect Stahnke so deeply that they promptly went after them. If he said that catching live scorpions would wipe out a widespread danger in Arizona, it must be so!

Some 3,000 people are stung by scorpions in Arizona each year. Most of the victims are children poking into places where these little menaces lie hidden: under rocks and logs, behind the loose bark of trees, in trash piles and lumber stacks, in cellars or attics.

It isn't unusual for the little scorpions to scuttle into a house through a door-crack or crevice. When inside, they are not easy to see because they are straw-colored and avoid the light, and hide in dark corners.

At night they crawl out and explore the floors—where any bare foot may step on them. When daylight returns they again seek a dark hiding-place—which may be a shoe or the folds of blankets.

At least 40 different species of scorpions (some growing to lengths of eight inches) are scattered across

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three-fourths of North America. But only two species are known to be deadly, and both of these are found mostly in and around Arizona. Even these usually fail to kill an adult in good health—but without prompt treatment, their sting can be fatal to a child, or an adult in poor health.

There seemed to be no sure treatment until Dr. Stahnke developed a serum at the end of a 23-year fight against the scorpions.

The doctor had arrived from Chicago in 1928, married a year later, and eventually became head of the Department of Biological Sciences at Arizona State College in Tempe.

By the time his first child was a few years old, Stahnke was as troubled as are all Arizona parents by the recurring news items about children killed by scorpions. Instead of just fretting, he went to work to wipe out the hazard.

Because no college funds were available for such research, Stahnke had to make his own laboratory equipment by hand, and perform experiments at night, on week-ends and in his spare time.

He learned how to "milk" live scorpions of the venom in their tails, how to freeze it, then dehydrate it, re-dilute it with distilled water and inject it little by little into a cat's bloodstream until the animal built up immunity. Then he drew blood from the cat and put this through other complex treatments to make a serum. The serum worked. All he needed now was enough scorpions and money.

In the spring of 1951, he began explaining these needs to the public. The Tucson *Daily Citizen* joined his efforts and launched a campaign to persuade people to catch scorpions. It also appealed for funds to buy equipment with which Stahnke could manufacture serum.

Thousands of Arizonans put on gloves and boots, and began prying into dark places where scorpions might lurk. Everyone knew the first-aid method Stahnke had developed for treating snakebite or scorpion sting: wrapping a string tightly around the injured part, then keeping it in ice water for several hours.

Boxes and bottles of scorpions poured in to the Poisonous Animals Research Laboratory that Stahnke directed at Arizona State College. On June 26, 1951, the *Daily Citizen* invited Stahnke to Tucson to receive a check for $4,500. Two days later the state legislature appropriated $1,500 more.

In appreciation of the Tucson donations, he took with him the only two vials of his precious serum and presented them to the Tucson Health Center. Three days later a four-year-old girl was stung, and the serum saved her life.

Today there are vials of Stahnke's antitoxin in hospital refrigerators all over the state. The menace of the scorpion has been conquered and Stahnke cherishes a stack of letters from parents whose children are alive today because of his serum.

WHAT THIS COUNTRY needs today is fewer "experts" on what this country needs. —*Wall Street Journal*

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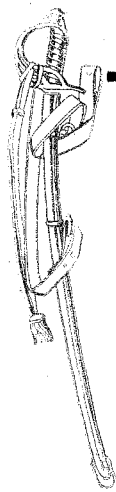

Why Doesn't The North Forget The Civil War?

by LYDEL SIMS

Ask any Southerner—it's the Yankees who keep the fight alive

I WAS TALKING recently to a friend in New York City. The conversation moved casually from weather to dogs to curiosities of history. My friend mentioned a tale he had heard about Theodore Roosevelt, and I was reminded of one about that great cavalry wizard, General Nathan Bedford Forrest.

As I told it, my friend's brow darkened. "That's the trouble with you so-and-sos!" he burst out indignantly. "Always fighting the Civil War!"

I had not accused him of fighting the Spanish-American War when he told his story about Teddy Roosevelt, and I did not bother to do so after his outburst. We of the South have grown accustomed to accept with tolerance, though with a growing sense of weary concern, this strange quirk of our brothers to the North.

It is they who can't quit fighting the Civil War. And childlike, to keep the subject alive, they accuse us of fighting it.

If you think this is an exaggeration, let me propose a simple experiment. Next time you are in an intersectional group and the War Between the States comes up, think back over the conversation and note who started it. Nine times out of ten you will find it was a Yankee.

But you will have to reconstruct (if I may use the word) the conversation carefully, for the Northerner's genius for inversion on this score is dramatically misleading. He introduces the subject exactly as if he were replying to something already said. In fact, I am convinced many a Yankee honestly believes this is what happens. The very sound of a Southern accent sets the Minié balls crackling in his ears and he thinks the subject is already under discussion.

A beautiful Memphis girl told me recently that she actually dreads

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dates with young men from the North. "The minute I say hello to them," she said sadly, "they want to know how many of my ancestors fought in The War. Honey, for a long time I didn't even know what war they meant."

Every Southerner who has visited in the North has been exposed to the inane Yankee condescension toward our way of speech—an attitude which does more toward emphasizing sectional differences and, eventually, bringing the talk around to The War than any other factor.

A young man I know walked into a Chicago shop to buy a pair of shoes, and ran into such an experience. Midway through his careful explanation of what he wanted, he realized the salesman wasn't paying a bit of attention. He was just standing there, grinning like a jackass eating briars.

My friend sighed and steeled himself for the inevitable question. It was not long in coming. "Whut paht uh da Souf," the oaf chortled, "does you-all come frum?"

As any Southerner will realize, this cretin was not a displaced person seeking news from home. He was just another Yankee clown.

Two facts make that clear: first, only Yankees (and of course not quite all of them) have the provincialism, the effrontery and the abysmally bad grace to explode into hoots and brays at the sound of speech that differs from their own.

And second, only Yankees imitating Southerners ever use "you-all" in the singular. Such misuse of a fine old term is enough to make a Southerner so sick *to* his "stummick" (as the New York radio and television announcers say) that he wants to "wawrsh" his ears out.

Only the other day, a visiting Northerner in one of our supermarkets displayed hilarious horror at hearing a housewife say to a friend: "All you-all come see us." That, insisted the visitor, was proof positive that "you-all" is normally used in the singular—else why would she use the first "all?"

Actually, of course, it was an utterly correct invitation. It distinguished between *some* of the neighbor's "you-all" and *all* of "you-all," probably referring with true Southern hospitality to the smallest children.

This "you-all" matter is especially appropriate to the problem at hand because it demonstrates the way the Northerner lives on false illusions about the South. The idea that "you-all" is used in the singular south of the Mason-Dixon Line, is one of the North's most treasured convictions, along with the one about who really won The War.

I never convinced a Yankee of the facts of "you-all" but once in my life. That was when I was an enlisted man in the Army, and I probably wouldn't have managed it then except that the company commander, a sterling officer and gentleman from South Carolina, heard the orderly room argument and joined in. There is something

I LOVE SECRETARIES!
by Frank Sinatra
The popular singer-actor praises the nation's "Girl Fridays" and tells how much they mean to every boss. In April Coronet.

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very impressive about the way a lieutenant can convince a corporal he is in error.

Time and again in the armed forces, young men from other regions of the country brought up the Civil War to me, and friends who have served more recently tell me the habit prevails. Now, the average Southern youth actually knows far less than he should about the historic events of 1861-65, and thinks of them not at all.

You will see many Confederate monuments in our region, of course, but that is largely because most of the fighting was done down here. There are women's organizations that display flags on Memorial Day and sponsor essay contests, but this hardly seems offensive. Are the Daughters of the American Revolution accused by the British of fighting the Revolutionary War?

When the average Southerner, soldier or civilian, is buttonholed about The War, he is frankly confused. What's this all about? Wasn't that war fought and forgotten long since?

Northerners of the highest eminence enjoy their little jokes based on their conviction that the South still smolders from the shame of Sherman. Andrew Tully, a Scripps-Howard newspaper writer, told last spring of an experience Supreme Court Justice Sherman Minton had, during a motor trip in Georgia.

A motorcycle policeman stopped Justice Minton and asked his name, Tully reported, and the Justice answered: "Sherman Minton." Then, according to the story, the Georgian officer said: "Wha-at?" and, quick as a flash, "the quick-thinking Justice" replied: "*Herman* Minton."

This is hilarious enough if you don't take it seriously, but a graduate student from some Northern college might amaze his colleagues permanently by doing some research into the number of Georgia children christened "Sherman," with never a thought of the past.

If you want to get right down to a literal approach to the charge of "fighting the Civil War," the best example I can find comes from Maryland, where the Yankee town of Frederick was captured by a Confederate force under General Jubal Early, in 1864.

General Early could have burned the place as Sherman burned Atlanta. Instead, he showed his kindly nature. The Confederacy needed money more than it needed the destruction of Frederick; why be vindictive? He offered to spare the town in return for $200,000 from its private and public coffers—surely a better fate than utter destruction.

Well, sir, the folks paid off—and doggoned if they weren't up in Washington at the very last session of Congress, *still* trying to get their money back! That, I submit, is the clearest-cut case of fighting the Civil War in our own day.

I do not cite seriously the example of Philadelphia in the late 1800s, for I have been unable to confirm the story. But reports do persist that, when the Post Office Department put gray uniforms on its letter-carriers, six of them were shot on the streets of the City of Brotherly Love the first day of the change.

The mention of uniforms leads us inevitably to the recent fad of wearing Civil War caps and dec-

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orating jalopies with Confederate flags. More in regret than in triumph, I must point out these gay mementoes were manufactured in the North. In fact, a department store in my own town was sent a shipment of *blue* caps by mistake, and had practically sold out before anybody noticed the difference.

But to get on to the broad, understood meaning of the charge, "Fighting the Civil War:" as I take it, this means the illogical, unreasoning nursing of regional animosities and misconceptions; the habit of generalizing about an entire region on the basis of prejudice and misinformation; the attitude that an individual from the other region is objectionably or laughably different.

On each of these scores, the North has it all over the South in fighting the Civil War. Oh, we have our professional Southerners, of course, but they are scarce and consist mostly of transplanted Yankees. By and large, it is the North's reverse-twist prejudice and its lofty condescension that have kept alive memories which the South, left to itself (and don't we *always* ask to be left to ourselves?), would long since have forgotten.

We try to be patient with such attitudes down here. The North is insecure, we realize, and it is frightened. And, though I hesitate to say it from the certain foreknowledge that I will be accused of fighting The War, it has never got over its understandable feeling of military inferiority, its repeated defeats at the hands of Southern football and basketball teams, its unwholesome reliance on the South as a whipping boy for all its own faults.

But even though we understand the problems involved, sometimes the provocations become unbearable. Only recently, I was trying to tell another story about General Forrest to another Yankee friend. It was about the night the General's forces, led by his brother, Captain Forrest, raided Memphis and chased a Yankee general around the lobby of the old Gayoso Hotel in his nightgown—a fine, stirring tale that anybody could enjoy.

Right in the middle of it, this fellow interrupted. "Is it really true," he asked, "that every time a waiter serves an order of Yankee pot roast down there, he sticks a Confederate flag in it?"

This is the sort of thing that is wrecking our country's intersectional harmony. If anybody down here did have the gall to order Yankee pot roast, he wouldn't be given a Confederate flag, you can count on that. But don't try to tell *that* to a Northerner, either. He's too busy fighting the Civil War to understand.

Story in Stone

A SHORT, SHORT STORY of loyalty is written on a grave stone in the Hartsdale (New York) Dog Cemetery. It reads:

"Jack, As Ever, Precedes His Master By a Few Steps." —*Dog Owner's Digest*

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The HERB SHRINER Story

by RALPH H. MAJOR, JR.

With his homespun humor, the comedian has gently talked his way to fame

A FEW MINUTES after one of his recent CBS-TV shows, Herb Shriner was surrounded by a gang of teen-agers who jostled about this well-known comedy star. A casual observer would have guessed that they were begging for autographs.

Actually, they were asking Shriner's opinion on the different kinds of sports cars. The tall, lanky Hoosier pulled a sheaf of paper and pencil from his pocket and proceeded to illustrate a point he was making.

Shriner appeared perfectly at home with his non-show-business topic, and one of his listeners asked informally, "Herb, how'd you get mixed up in this comedian racket? You'd have made a fine mechanic!"

Herb scratched his head in a gesture familiar to millions of video fans and replied slowly, "Gosh, I can't say that I really know myself."

Then he leaned back against the stage door and dug his hands into his pockets—a motion many Americans would recognize as the signature of this Hoosier who steadfastly refuses to admit that he is a "hot-shot." A dreamy, somewhat puckish look came into his eyes.

"We never knew we had anybody who could act in my family," he said. "But one day folks at home found an old picture in the attic. Thought it was my uncle on an ornate stage. Well, it inspired me, you might say. Decided to get into show business. Anyhow, it wasn't until years later that I got a good look at that picture. Turned out he wasn't an actor at all. His number had just been called in a turkey raffle. That's how he got on the stage. Well, anyway, by then it was too late to stop me."

His teen-aged listeners—unquestionably America's most hypercritical audience—exploded into guffaws. They knew the story was a

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bit far fetched, yet it had a hidden ring of sincerity. They figured the incident *could* have happened. This was probably because Herb always talks that way; and on such dead-pan yarns, delivered in a manner to inspire credulity, he has built a reputation as television's most grass-rooted comedian.

According to veteran critics, the appeal of this shy, stoop-shouldered "country boy" lies in personal devotion to a mysterious "double-S" that most video comedians do not find worthy of their repertoire—simplicity and sincerity. His tales are homespun, pulled gently from the earth of his native Midwest and adaptable to situations in the home towns of most of his listeners.

"My home town," he'll drawl, slumping into a comfortable slouch, "splurged on a shipment of one-way street signs. So they put in a bunch of one-way streets . . . and all the cars got trapped outside town. Trouble was, they forgot to make any streets coming back."

From his home town, Shriner has assembled a roster of zany village characters—like the community's wealthiest citizen, who got rich after he invented a dog food that tasted like a postman's leg.

These likeable folk are becoming friends of millions who have never seen Indiana. And they have helped make Herb Shriner what caustic critic John Crosby once called "an earthy, observant native humorist—something that hasn't been around for a long time."

Many quite bluntly say that no one like him has been around since the late Will Rogers. For old-timers agree that no successor has captured so well Rogers' talent for coining timely yet timeless quips. Shriner's wry comments on people's foibles and his deliberately underplayed anecdotes should fit tomorrow's world as well as today's.

And, like the Oklahoma cowboy with the forelock that resembles his, Shriner's humor reflects an unabashed sincerity and love of people. Also, just as Rogers capitalized on his native Oklahoma for material, so does Herb reach into the vast reservoir of down-to-earth humor that characterizes all rural life, and Indiana in particular.

ACTUALLY, Herb is a Hoosier by adoption, for he was born 36 years ago in Toledo, Ohio. But he hurriedly explains that his family moved to Fort Wayne, Indiana, before any Buckeye culture had a chance to rub off on him.

His father was an engraver when not creating improbable inventions. His mother hoped Herb would become a famous violinist. But he early discovered that the harmonica was a more earthy instrument for a boy of his tastes. In fact, his early memories revolve more about crescendos and train imitations than books or lessons.

"We just had a little school at home," he explains. "So small they had to put all the little kids in the front row so they could see. Big ones sat in the rear. When you got bigger, you got moved back. And when you were too big even for the back row, you were graduated. Couldn't flunk you; they'd have to sit the big boys in the front row again."

But before Shriner backed his way out of school, he won a local reputation as a mouth-organ artist.

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In addition to teaching a serious class at Fort Wayne's Central High School, Herb organized a harmonica quintet called "Harmonica Herb and His Harmaniacs." They promptly began to play on the radio and at amateur nights.

"I remember those amateur nights," Herb recalls sadly. "The big prize was always $5. A girl named Marilyn Maxwell usually won it and I was too young then to figure out why. She's in movies now."

From harassing local radio stations, Shriner graduated to vaudeville, where he "set a record for playing theaters nobody ever heard of." He finally wound up in Australia, where his agent had booked him for reasons Herb can only regard as sinister—since the harmonica virtuoso had thought all along he was headed straight for Sidney, Ohio.

Down Under, he became an immediate hit, the feat probably having been abetted by several coils of neon tubes which he somehow festooned about an over-sized mouth organ. The resulting burst of color and sound created an effect not unlike that of a pinball machine hitched to a juke box.

Returning to the U.S. when World War II broke out, Herb discovered that practically no one remembered him. He did a few stage-show spots in the Northwest. Then followed a contract to star, along with a flock of several other unknowns, on a network program that was called "Little Old Hollywood."

Despite the low pay—which forced him to give luncheon-club lectures to foot his bills—Herb harbors fond memories for radio. "I almost wish," he says, "that TV had come before radio. Then dealers could sell radios by advertising, 'You don't have to bother with those unsightly pictures!' "

Shriner received the customary greetings from Uncle Sam and was shipped abroad, at a considerably lower salary than he received even in radio, to earn five battle stars in Europe. During his service abroad, he also entertained GIs. While quipping his way through France and Germany, he found time to pick up valuable gag material in the form of odd bits of old movie film.

"They used to call me the 'Burton Holmes of the wastebasket,' " Herb recalls. But much of this film found its way years later into a series of "goofy movies"—exaggerated TV commercials that feature maelstroms, jungle animals, man-eating fish and other strange characters spliced into more serious commentary.

The war over, Shriner was shipped back to Camp Lee, Virginia, where he bought a motorcycle on which he and another GI used to roar off to New York on weekends.

Soon after his discharge from the Army, Herb met a pretty, red-haired dancer named Eileen McDermott. She and Herb were mar-

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ried in Maryland on December 22, 1949. Now, "Pixie," as her friends call her, runs the Shriner household and rides herd on her three-year-old daughter, Indy (named after guess what state?) and her one-year-old twin sons, Kin and Will.

"Never forget the day Indy was born," Herb shudders. "There I was, pacing up and down the floor. Nothing to read or anything. Well, it sure was tough. I'm certainly glad the baby was a girl—so she'll never have to go through the same ordeal I did!"

DURING the five years following the war, Herb had two radio programs of his own and also a short daily TV show. But his first real break into big-time television came in the summer of 1951 when he was engaged as a replacement for Arthur Godfrey on the "Talent Scouts" program.

This was followed by a TV show of his own, "Herb Shriner Time." For that series, Shriner drove himself through an 18-hour work day, writing, rewriting and polishing his material.

For the last three seasons, his stint on "Two for the Money," however, has not demanded so much preparation. On this Old Gold show, he can just let his talent for repartee carry him through the evening. This means, as he gleefully admits, more time for his bulging portfolio of outside interests.

It is safe to say that no comedian in recent times has ever boasted as many and varied extra-curricular activities as Herb Shriner. He is planning a series of filmed commercials for television, bobbing about the East Coast giving humorous lectures, writing scripts. And, as soon as he finishes splicing together several miles of his "goofy film," he plans to give a series of humorous lectures billed as "Herb Shriner and His Home Movies."

Out on Long Island Sound, he moors an auxiliary ketch which is his summertime pride and joy. But unquestionably the most engrossing of his activities is his International Motor Sports Show, an exhibition of sports and foreign cars which he has staged the past few years in New York.

In the modern humor business, Herb is distinguished among his colleagues as a comic who has a healthy respect for the medium in which he operates—"jokes," he calls them simply. Although he can carry an audience just by his ad libing, Herb is still a dogged perfectionist who slaves to polish a line to spark the audience response. He claims his slightly embroidered yarns about Indiana folks are so true that he wasn't funny until he left the state.

"When I told my home folks these stories," he recalls, "they were just bored. I even tried switching the home towns to Ohio. Didn't do any good. Ohio ain't a funny state. Actually, there's only three funny states where you start laughin' the minute a fellow mentions 'em—Indiana, Texas and Brooklyn."

Many another comic, equipped with a humor storehouse like Indiana, would proceed to pick it savagely to pieces. Not so Herb. He has a genuine respect for his state, and his "jokes" are gentle, kind and whimsical.

He tells, for instance, about the local society leader "who'd be in

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the 400 if we had that many people there," and about the moronic millionaire who, "being dumb like that, he almost had to get rich or he couldn't make a living."

One of his favorites is about the big amusement park in his home town. "We had a pretty special roller-coaster everybody liked to ride. Well, the thing started to get along in years. First thing we knew, the big humps started to get smoothed down. Then nobody'd go on that roller coaster any more. Was like riding a streetcar."

Off stage, Herb is as kind and warm hearted as his jokes. With Pixie, Indy, and the twins, and a miniature greyhound named Gypsy, he occupies a waterfront home in Larchmont, N. Y. He loves to fool around in loose, floppy suits such as he wears on television, and to play with his children. Now that the twins are starting to walk, however, Herb has to be more careful where he puts things.

This is because Shriner is one of the world's most inveterate collectors, and furniture is usually littered with such impedimenta as old harmonicas, books, sailboat gear, snarled movie film and motorcar parts. For years, Herb has toted around a growing mass of odds and ends which he keeps adding to it.

"Just this morning, I rescued this from the mail," Pixie said recently, holding up a postal card with a coupon pasted on the back. "Herb was going to send for *another* midget radio. He already has three or four. And none of them works."

Today, six huge filing cabinets hold Herb's albums of automobile photographs, yachting pictures, literature on underwater-diving equipment, recordings, advertisements for mechanical gadgets, 20 years of *National Geographic* magazines, and unclassified bits of motion-picture film.

From Australia he brought back several boxes of boomerangs, Add to this a museum's stock of some 250 new and out-of-date harmonicas, a large collection of recorded gypsy music, and all the latest equipment for his favorite sport, skin-diving, and you get some conception of the chaotic order that prevails in the Shriner home.

Stored in the garage is a 1937 Cord and a 1934 custom-built Packard 12, testimonials to Herb's preoccupation with bizarre autos.

What Shriner is going to do next worries none of his friends, for nobody could conceive of his imagination running dry. He now nurtures so many well-paying outside interests that, should the public tire of his jokes, he could always make commercials, give lectures, promote sports-car shows—or sell those old *National Geographics*.

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Millions of headache sufferers will be interested in the answer to this question:

Ever Had Migraine?

by CARO W. LIPPMAN, M. D., AND MARGARET LIPPMAN

DO YOU HATE to get up in the morning?

Are you bad-tempered until you have your first cup of coffee?

Do you do your best work at night?

Do you often feel compelled to perform certain silly acts, even though you know they are silly?

Are you "finicky" about what you eat?

Do you have a keen sense of smell?

Do you have an aversion to certain strong odors?

Do bright or flickering lights bother you?

Do you sometimes bump into furniture or doors when you think you are avoiding them?

Do you like perfection in everything around you?

Do crowds annoy or tire you?

Do you ever suddenly feel dizzy?

Does time ever seem to stand still?

Are you a picture-straightener?

Do you ever "see double"?

Do you ever start to say one thing, and find yourself saying something entirely different?

Did you have "bilious spells" when you were a child?

Check the above questions. If you answer "yes" to twelve or more, it's a pretty sure bet that you suffer from migraine.

The word "migraine" (pronounced mē-grān) means a type of recurrent, one-sided headache associated with certain eye symptoms and accompanied by nausea and vomiting.

A migrainoid is a person who has inherited the migraine factor. Even if you have never had a headache, that factor dominates your life and everything you do. It has much to do with how you get along with other people, and with yourself. It may even determine whether you are successful or unsuccessful at school, at home, in marriage, in your job, in your social contacts.

Twelve million Americans are known to have migraine headaches. For each of these, possibly two others have migraine, although

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they may not be aware of the fact. That makes around 30,000,000 migrainoids.

The ailment has puzzled medical men for centuries. Volumes of medical literature have been written about migraine since the time of the Sumerians. From this work of centuries there emerges a strange, many-sided picture of the pattern called "migraine." One thing becomes evident: the headache itself is one of the least important facets of the whole picture. As a matter of fact, the headache just happens to be the most common symptom of a deep, underlying general disorder which involves the entire body.

The human body is a complex and delicate chemical machine. The person of so-called "average" or "normal" health has a fairly well-balanced body chemistry. His chemical machine is continually adjusting itself to rapid changes as his body reacts to its environment and to what we call "the problems of life."

Migraine is an inherited chemical imbalance which renders the body over-sensitive to all mental and physical influences. The migrainoids are normal people who, because of their chemical inheritance, often appear to be abnormal. One may have a "typical" headache; another may go all his life with no headaches. One may be a fussy, immaculate perfectionist; another will be a "Sloppy Sue" or "Dirty Dan."

On certain days the migrainoid may be extremely disturbed by his environment; on other days he may appear oblivious to everything that goes on around him. He may be cheerful and optimistic one hour and depressed and discouraged the next. One migrainoid may be brilliant, dynamic and energetic; another, dull, lackadaisical and apparently lazy.

The physical symptoms of migraine appear in a great variety of forms. The elusive one-sided headache has a nasty habit of leaving or by-passing the head and reappearing in different parts of the body. Many migrainoids have recurrent abdominal pains. Sometimes these people will have attacks of facial "neuralgia," periodic "sinus trouble," or "toothache," although they have consulted doctor after doctor to be told that the most expert examinations, x-rays or tests have revealed no organic condition to account for the attacks of pain.

The mental symptoms are even more varied. Briefly, these include queer disturbances of the sense of balance and the sense of motion, certain speech disorders, sudden personality changes, feelings of unreality, attacks of mental confusion and exhaustion, and sudden compulsions.

In summary, then, migraine is not "just a headache." Headache is the most commonly recognized symptom, but "migraine equivalents" are as common as the classic headache. Because they resemble so many organic disturbances, they are difficult to recognize.

Blind Spots. At the place where the optic nerve enters the retina of the human eye, there exists a point on the field of vision known as "the blind spot." At this point there is no sight. It is so comparatively small that one is not conscious of the break it causes in the field of

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vision. Objects moving from right to left, or from left to right, become invisible for a fraction of a second when they cross the blind spot.

Many people who inherit the migraine factor have blind spots which are larger than normal. Take, for instance, the case of Susan, who had classic migraine headaches. She was an excellent driver who had driven for years without having an accident. Then one day as she drove along an almost deserted street on the outskirts of town, she ran down an unidentified man who was crossing the street.

"I hadn't taken my eyes from the road for a second. I didn't see any movement on either side of the street. Yet all of a sudden this man appeared directly in front of the car, and before I could stop, I hit him."

At other times the migrainoid is only too aware of his blind spots; in fact, no matter where he looks, he sees them! Even with his eyes closed he can see them.

A blind spot which is visible to you is known as a "scotoma." Sometimes scotomata appear gradually; at other times they appear suddenly.

Scotomata occur in endless variety. One point of interest: nearly all migrainoids see brilliantly-colored scotomata just before they fall asleep at night. Here are some individual descriptions:

". . . Distorted angular figures, brilliantly colored, which fade and melt into each other . . ."

". . . Funny dark figures like cut-out paper dolls with polka-dots of sparkling light shining through them . . ."

The peculiar body chemistry of the migrainoid endows him with an extremely sensitive nervous system and with a set of very impressionable sense-receptors. Consequently he perceives the surrounding world and his own life processes far more acutely and sharply than does the "average" person.

"WHY BE A SLAVE TO YOUR CHILDREN?"

A challenging and provocative answer to the searching question that plagues the conscience of every parent. In April Coronet.

This acute sensitivity is one of the main reasons why so many migrainoids are misunderstood by their friends and relatives. Migrainoid reactions are not the same as those of "average" people, who are inclined to be impatient with and critical of migrainoid behavior—chiefly because it is "different."

In order to understand these "different" reactions, let's see what happens to the migrainoids as a result of unusually sensitive perception. Prolonged exposure to brilliant light can precipitate a headache or an attack of nausea. Bright sunlight is torture to the highly sensitive eyes of the migrainoid.

Migrainoids have ears which are as sensitive as their eyes. They hate loud or sudden noises, or any prolonged loud sound. They become uneasy, restless and irritable, for instance, in the presence of a blaring juke box. Twangy or shrill sounds disturb the ears and the nerves; migrainoids instinctively dislike people who have unpleasant, high-pitched voices.

Migrainoids have a very keen sense of taste and a very keen sense

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of smell. Certain cooking odors are particularly obnoxious. Though many migrainoids have no objection to eating fish, they usually cannot stand the smell of fish cooking. Very few can tolerate the odor of boiling cabbage, and they are practically unanimous in their dislike of turnips.

Sometimes within 12 hours before a periodic headache, the classic migrainoid may feel a sudden surge of energy which he seeks to release in a burst of strenuous physical activity. Usually easy going and pleasant, he appears one morning and bellows at the office force that "It's time somebody did some work around here!" For the rest of the day he is a merciless slave-driver. Like the housewife and her housecleaning, he is driven to get things "cleaned up" before he succumbs to his migraine attack.

Every migrainoid is a perfectionist about something. Perhaps he desires perfection in his work, his appearance or his home, or in all three. He may go so far as to try to dominate everyone around him in an effort to make them conform to his ideas of "perfect" conduct.

Fortunately for the rest of us, the extreme perfectionist is rare. The migrainoid housewife who is an extreme perfectionist makes life miserable for her family. She can't stand to have a chair moved; she rushes over when you rise from the sofa and plumps the cushions back into shape.

There are two definite personality patterns in the migrainoid group: positive perfectionists and negative perfectionists. The positive perfectionists drive themselves to exhaustion to attain perfection in whatever they do. This applies to all things, whether managing a business, creating a work of art or washing the dishes. Fortunately for them, they possess the knack of organizing their activity so as to achieve the maximum of efficiency with a minimum of effort.

Personal physical cleanliness is a necessity to the positive perfectionist. He may have a limited pocketbook, and his clothes may be cheap, but they are always immaculate. The women of this group are especially versatile at making the most out of what they have.

THE NEGATIVE PERFECTIONISTS are no less intelligent, gifted or idealistic. However, they are victims of an inherent chemical pattern which renders them inadequate to the monotonous tasks of daily life. They have a very low energy level, with the result that they are dreamers rather than doers.

All migrainoids of this type admit to an intense desire for perfection, but they only dream about it. They cannot, or will not, make the effort to attain the things they desire. They admire perfection and appreciate it—as long as someone else does the work.

These migrainoids are only capable of working at jobs which hold their interest or which require little physical effort or labor or responsibility. They rarely finish a job because their interest, or desire to accomplish, is quickly exhausted. They live in a world of words and thoughts rather than deeds. They excel in matters of debate and conversation.

There is no "cure" for migraine. You inherit the factor, and it re-

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mains with you from cradle to grave. The characteristic symptoms of a single individual may disappear for long periods of time without any known reason, or they may be replaced by a totally different group of recurrent symptoms.

Every year brings claims of new "cures." The wise physician listens to such claims skeptically, because he knows that anything can happen where migraine is concerned. Medication can be divided into four general groups:

1. Vitamins. These include thiamin, nicotinamide, etc. Such substances have been used from time to time, and varying degrees of success have been noted.

2. The analgesics and hypnotics. These include the more familiar aspirin and other salicylates, and the derivatives of urea, all of which are mild and not habit-forming. Stronger hypnotics include the barbiturates—familiarly known as "sleeping pills." Their use is forbidden by law except under supervision of a doctor.

3. The narcotics. These include morphine, codeine, opium, etc. Although they conquer the headache, their use is to be avoided because of the danger of addiction.

4. The ergotamine derivatives. It is claimed that they relieve 80 per cent of individual headache attacks. However, it must be remembered that, like the narcotics and hypnotics, ergot is itself a poison and may eventually have a cumulative poisonous effect upon the body.

No doctor should be expected to do all the work in handling migraine. Medical treatment can only succeed if there is a good doctor, a good patient, and a lot of luck. If you are a migrainoid, you must learn to cooperate with your doctor, and you must learn how to live with yourself. You can learn your own peculiar "trigger factors," and you can diminish the number of migraine attacks by avoiding these factors as much as possible.

Protect yourself from exposure to bright light. If night-driving gives you a headache or exhausts you, avoid it. Avoid loud noises or loud music. Overeating or overdrinking are sometimes trigger factors. Above all, avoid becoming overfatigued.

Prolonged strain, emotional disturbances, business or marital worries, economic difficulties—these are all trigger factors which are ever-present in our complex modern world. All a migrainoid can do is to learn to rest and relax whenever possible, and maintain his sense of humor. A good laugh is always first-rate therapy.

Properly Tagged

IN A SPEECH at an American college, a professor of English literature from the Sorbonne was telling of reading a French translation of Sinclair Lewis' *Babbitt:* "I came to the passage where Mr. Babbitt says to Mrs. Babbitt, 'Now look here, hon . . . ' There the French translator had inserted this explanatory note: 'Hon: abbreviation of *honorable.* American husbands often address their wives by this title.' " —*Swing*

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"Where I First Met You"

by ROBERT Q. LEWIS

IT WAS A MILD Sunday afternoon at the turn of the century in Findlay, Ohio, as young Tell Taylor and his best girl strolled along the bank of the placid Blanchard River. They were very much in love, this carefree lad with the boyish grin and the blue-eyed blonde in the gingham dress.

Near the old mill at the bend of the stream, they sat down and Tell began lazily tuning his guitar.

"Stop it, Tell," the girl exclaimed, suddenly serious, "and listen to me! Won't you *please* settle down? Already you've been a hardware salesman, a schoolteacher, a shoe clerk—and now you want to go to New York and become a songwriter."

"I *am* going to New York," the boy said stubbornly. "When I get my break, I'll come back and we can get married."

"But you know how my folks feel about you, Tell. Going away will only make it worse." She hesitated, tears in her eyes. "Tell, they've—they've ordered me not to see you any more. . . ."

Tell Taylor went to New York and wrote songs of a sort. Then he became an actor, finally a good one. Later, he came back to Findlay—as he had promised—to find that the girl had married.

As Tell wandered the familiar streets, where they had walked so many times, he found himself drawn to their trysting place by the old mill. And as he sat on the bank disconsolately strumming his guitar, the chords and the haunting memories of the girl in the gingham dress combined somehow into a song.

Taylor returned to Broadway and for years the song lay forgotten in his trunk until one day when a song-and-dance team appearing with him needed a new number, and he remembered it. They introduced it in Kalamazoo, and overnight it became one of the smash hits of all time.

Its success inspired Tell to write more songs. But like his two unhappy marriages, none was successful. Then, in 1937, his hopes were raised when he heard that Hollywood planned to produce a picture based upon his famous song. But on his way to California, Tell was stricken by a sudden heart attack in Chicago and died.

When the obituaries appeared, his name had been long forgotten as an actor. But the world would never forget the song he had written about a girl who could not be his, yet whom he had made the sweetheart of a nation—"Down By The Old Mill Stream."

Robert Q. Lewis stars on his own program Monday-Friday, CBS-TV, 2:00 to 2:30 P. M., EST.

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Check your Emergency Quotient with this first-aid quiz prepared by the American Red Cross

What's Your E.Q.?

MILLIONS OF AMERICANS have taken courses in first-aid over the past 40 years. Most of them feel that the information once acquired is standard practice from that time forward.

First-aid information should keep abreast of the latest developments in medical science. This test is designed to bring you up to date concerning the first-aid procedures now being taught by the American Red Cross.

An average score is 17 correct answers. But anything less than a perfect score indicates that you should enroll in a first-aid course without delay. Mark each question "true" or "false." Answers are listed following questions.

1. If a person is found unconscious after an automobile crash, it is usually a result of concussion.

2. Tourniquets may be applied to stop bleeding at any part of the body.

3. A tourniquet should be loosened every 15 or 20 minutes.

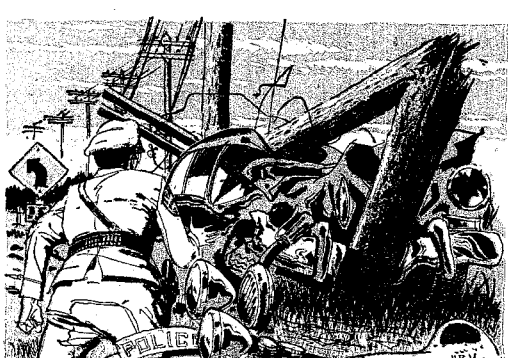
4. Stimulants are beneficial to persons suffering from shock.

5. Shock victims should be kept lying down with the head lower than the rest of the body.

6. Application of external heat to the body (hot water bottles, etc.) is beneficial in cases of shock.

7. When breathing has stopped send for an oxygen-feeding device and do nothing until it arrives.

8. The only important consideration in applying artificial respiration is to maintain a steady rhythm.



WANT TO LEARN FIRST AID?

Your local Red Cross Chapter welcomes inquiries about where and when you or members of your club or organization can enroll for first-aid training. You will find the Chapter listed in your telephone directory under "American Red Cross."

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9. A moist handkerchief held tightly over the nose and mouth is a good gas mask.

10. When a poison has been taken, give large quantities of fluids immediately.

11. A small wound will not become infected but a large one may.

12. Accident victims should be rushed to the hospital immediately, using the fastest means of transportation available.

13. Persons exposed to freezing temperatures for a long period are often found unconscious. In these cases the persons should be placed in a cold room and the frozen parts bathed with cold water.

14. Rubbing a frostbitten ear with snow will quickly restore circulation in the part.

15. Sunburns are a frequent occurrence on cloudy days.

16. Cover severe burns with thick layers of cold cream, lard, butter or any other greasy substance at hand.

17. A hot water bottle placed on the stomach is a good remedy for "stomach ache."

18. Blisters should be opened promptly.

19. When a bandage becomes blood-soaked, it should be removed and replaced with a clean one.

20. Rubbing the eye will remove foreign objects embedded there.

21. Placing the head lower than the rest of the body will often prevent fainting.

22. When lifting a heavy object, the back should be held straight and the lifting done with the leg and thigh muscles.

23. A handkerchief is the best substitute for a sterile dressing.

24. Failure to find a pulse means the victim is dead.

25. Accidents cause more deaths among young children than all communicable diseases.

Answers

1. True—Unconsciousness after any violent accident is usually the result of a head injury of some kind.

2. False—Tourniquets may be applied only on the body extremities.

3. False—Once a tourniquet has been put in place, it should not be removed until the victim is brought to a doctor or hospital.

4. False—Stimulants have little or no value in shock care.

5. False—Shock victims should be placed in this position only if there are no head or chest injuries present.

6. False—You should only keep the victim from becoming chilled.

7. False—Stoppage of breathing requires immediate action. A delay in starting artificial respiration for even a few minutes may prove fatal.

8. False—The mechanical action of increasing and decreasing the size of the thoracic cage will have little effect if the air passages are obstructed.

9. False—A moist handkerchief will not act as a filter for toxic gases.

10. True—Follow the directions on the label of the poison container, wherever possible. If the poison is unknown, the immediate objective is to dilute it.

11. False—Any break in the skin or the mucous membrane which lines the body cavities may result in

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infection if proper care is not given.

12. False—Accident victims *generally* should be transported slowly and carefully. Much harm usually results from "break-neck" speed to the hospital.

13. False—The person should be brought into a warm room (80-82°F.)and bathed with warm water (80-82°F.).

14. False—See answer 13.

15. True—The rays of the sun are capable of causing sunburn even though the sun itself may not be visible.

16. False—In first-aid, no substances should be applied to severe burns. Merely cover the areas with thick layers of clean or sterile dressings.

17. False—The cause of "stomach ache" is rarely known. Heat should not be applied to the area unless ordered by a doctor.

18. False—One should try to prevent blisters from breaking. They should be opened by a doctor.

19. False—Dressings should remain untouched. Additional material should be placed over the original bandage if it becomes blood-soaked.

20. False—It is more likely that the object will become more deeply embedded or the eye damaged.

21. True—Fainting is usually caused by a lack of blood supply to the brain. Placing the head lower than the rest of the body will help correct this.

JOIN
RED CROSS

22. True—All lifting should be done with the leg and thigh muscles, *not* the back muscles.

23. False—A handkerchief is one of the poorer substitutes for a sterile dressing. Even clean ones usually have been in contact with the mouth and nose. Other pieces of wearing apparel would be preferable.

24. False—When an injury occurs to the body, the action of the heart is often affected. The pulse may be slow, thready, weak, rapid, etc. Occasionally the pulse may be detected only by a stethoscope, used by the doctor.

25. True—Accidents do cause more deaths in this age-group than all communicable diseases.

These Women

A WOMAN PHONED the news room of a Midwest paper and asked: "Will you give me his home phone number?"

"Whose phone number?" asked the reporter who answered.

Said the woman: "Don't start asking me questions, Buster. I'm asking the questions around here." —*Tempo*

A NEW YORK TAXI DRIVER reports the shortest fare in his 25-year career. During a recent rainfall a woman flagged him at a street corner. She proceeded to step into one door of his cab and out the other—paying him 25 cents to avoid stepping in a puddle. —BY GARDNER

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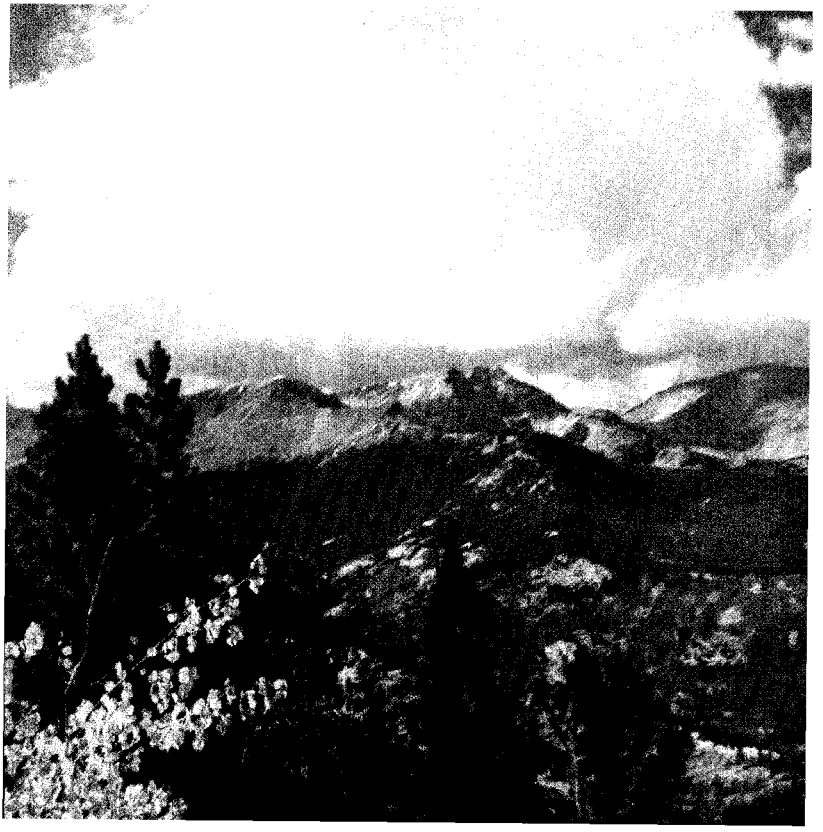

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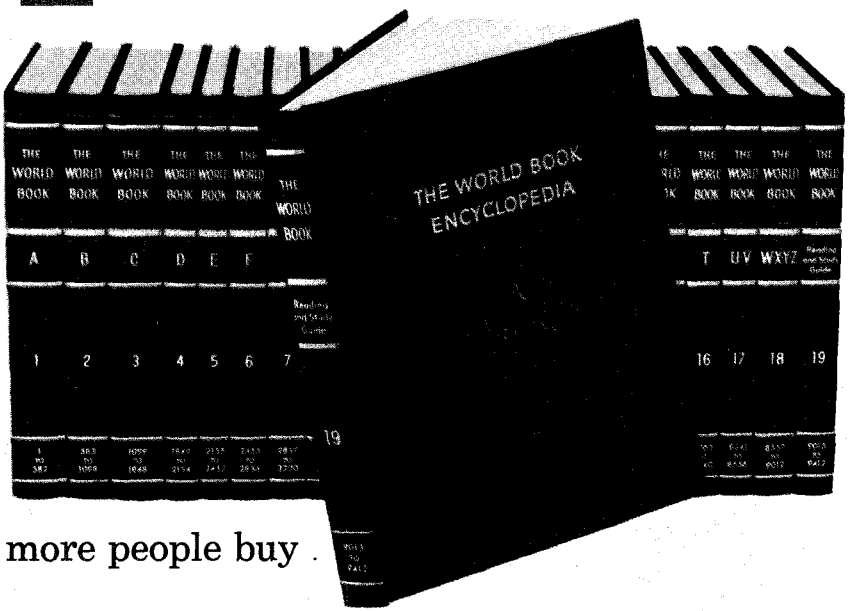

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